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THE RIGHT HON ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, M.P.

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COMFORT PEASE AND HER GOLD RING.

By MARY E. WILKINS.

CHAPTER I.

NE of the first things which Comfort remembered being told was that she had been named for her Aunt Comfort, who had given her a gold ring and a gold dollar for her name. Comfort could not understand why. It always seemed to her that her aunt, and not she, had given the name, and that she should have given the ring and the dollar; but that was what her mother had told her—"Your Aunt Comfort gave you this beautiful gold ring and this gold dollar for your name," said she.

The ring and the dollar were kept in Mrs. Pease's little rosewood workbox, which she never used for needlework, but as a repository for her treasures. Her best cameo brooch was in there too, and a lock of hair of Comfort's baby brother who died.

One of Comfort's chiefest delights was looking at her gold ring and gold dollar. When she was very good her mother would unlock the rosewood box and let her see them. She had never worn the ring—it was much too large for her. Aunt Comfort and her mother had each thought that it was foolish to buy a gold ring that she could outgrow. "If it was a camelian ring I wouldn't care," said Aunt Comfort, "but it does seem a pity when it's a real gold ring." So the ring was bought a little too large for Comfort's She was a very small woman, and Comfort was a large baby, and moreover favoured her father's family, who were all well grown, and Aunt Comfort feared she might have larger fingers.

"Why, I've seen girls eight years old with fingers a good deal bigger than yours, Emily," she said; "suppose Comfort shouldn't be able to get that ring on her finger after she's eight years old, what a pity 'twould be, when it's real gold, too!"

But when Comfort was eight years old she was very small for her age, and she could actually crowd two of her fingers—the little one and the third—into the ring. She begged her mother to let her wear it so, but she would not. "No," said she, "I sha'n't let you make yourself a laughing-stock by wearing a ring any

such way as that; beside, you couldn't use your fingers. You've got to wait till

your hand grows to it."

So poor little Comfort waited, but she had a discouraged feeling sometimes that her hand never would grow to it. "Suppose I shouldn't be any bigger than you, mother," she said, "couldn't I ever wear the ring?"

"Hush! you will be bigger than I am; all your father's folks are, and you look just like them," said her mother, conclusively, and Comfort tried to have faith. The gold dollar also could only impart the simple delight of possession, for it was not to be spent. "I am going to give her a gold dollar to keep beside the ring,"

Aunt Comfort had said.

"What is it for?" Comfort asked sometimes when she gazed at it shining in its pink cotton bed in the top of the work-box.

"It's to keep," answered her mother. Comfort grew to have a feeling which she never expressed to anybody that her gold dollar was somehow like Esau's birthright, and something dreadful would happen to her if she parted with it. She felt safer, because a "mess of pottage" didn't sound attractive to her, and she did not think she would ever be tempted to spend her gold dollar for that.

Comfort went to school when she was ten years old. She had not begun as early as most of the other girls, because she lived three-quarters of a mile from the school-house and had many sore throats. The doctor had advised her mother to teach her at home, and she could do that, because she had been a teacher herself when she was a girl.

Comfort had not been to school one day before everybody in it knew about her gold ring and her dollar, and it happened in this way: she sat on the bench between Rosy and Matilda Stebbins, and Rosy had a ring on the middle finger of her left hand. Rosy was a fair, pretty little girl, with long light curls, which all the other girls admired and begged for the privilege of twisting. Rosy at recess usually had one or two of her friends

standing at her back twisting her soft

curls over their fingers.

Rosy wore pretty gowns and aprons too, and she was always glancing down to see if her skirt wa spread out nicely when she sat on the bench. Her sister Matilda had just as pretty gowns, but she was not pretty herself; however, she was a better scholar, although she was a year younger. That day she kept glancing across Comfort at her sister, and her black eyes twinkled angrily. Rosy sometimes sat with her left hand pressed affectedly against her pink cheek, with the ring finger bent slightly outward, and then she held up her spellingbook before her with her left hand, and the same ostentatious finger.

Finally Matilda lost her patience, and she whispered across Comfort Pease. "You aet like a ninny," said she to Rosy, with a fierce pucker of her red lips and a

black twinkle of her eves.

Rosy looked at her, and the pink spread softly all over her face and neck, but she still held her spelling-book high, and the middle finger with the ring wiggled at the back of it.

"It ain't anything but brass, neither,"

whispered Matilda.

"It ain't," Rosy whispered back.

"Smell of it."

Rosy crooked her arm around her face and began to cry. However, she cried quite easily, and everybody was accustomed to seeing her fair head bent over the hollow of her arm several times a day, so she created no excitement at all. Even the school-teacher simply glanced at her and said nothing. The school-teacher was an elderly woman who had taught school ever since she was sixteen. She was called very strict, and the little girls were all afraid of her. She could ferrule a boy just as well as a man could. Her name was Miss Tabitha Hanks. She did not like Rosy Stebbins very well, although she tried to be impartial. Once at recess she pushed Charlotte Hutchins and Sarah Allen, who were twisting Rosy's curls, away, and gathered them all up herself in one hard hand. "I'd cut them all off if I was your mother," said she, with a sharp little tug; but when Rosy rolled her scared blue eyes up at her, she only laughed grimly and let go.

Now Miss Hanks just looked absently at Rosy weeping in the hollow of her blue gingham arm; then went over to the blackboard and began writing in fair large characters, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," for the scholars to copy in their copy-books. The temptation and the

opportunity were too much for Comfort Pease. She nudged Matilda Stebbins and whispered in her ear, although she knew that whispering in school was wrong. "I've got a real gold ring," whispered Comfort.

Matilda turned astonished eyes upon her "You ain't."

"Yes; I have."

"Who gave it to you?"

"My Aunt Comfort, for my name."

"Were you named for her?"

"Yes, and she gave me a real gold ring for it."

"Matilda Stebbins and Comfort Pease, stand out on the floor," said Miss Tabitha Hanks sharply. Comfort gave a great jump—the teacher had been standing at the blackboard with her back toward them, and how had she seen? Never after that did Comfort feel quite safe from Miss Tabitha's eyes—even if they were on the other side of the wall she could not quite trust it.

"Step right out on the floor, Matilda and Comfort," repeated Miss Tabitha, and out the two little girls stepped. Comfort's knees shook, and she was quite pale. Matilda looked very sober, but her black eyes gave a defiant flash when she was out on the floor and saw that her sister Rosy had lowered her arm and was looking at her with gentle triumph. "You see what you've got because you called my ring brass," Rosy seemed to say, and Matilda gave a stern little nod at her, as if she replied, "It is brass."

Poor little Comfort did not feel much sustained by the possession of her real gold ring. It was dreadful to stand out there facing the school, which seemed to be a perfect dazzle of blue and black eyes all fastened upon her in her little red gown and gingham tier, in her little stout shoes, which turned in for very meekness, with her little dangling hands, which could not wear the gold ring, and her little strained face and whispering lips, and little vain heart, which was being punished for its little vanity.

They stood on the floor until recess. Comfort felt so weak and stiff that she could scarcely move when Miss Hanks said harshly, "Now you can go." She cast a piteous glance at Matilda, who immediately put her arms around her waist and pulled her along to the entry, where their hoods and cloaks hung. "Don't you cry," she whispered; "she's awful strict, but she won't hurt you a mite. She brought me a whole tumbler of currant jelly when I had the measles."

"I sha'n't whisper again as long as I live," half sobbed Comfort, putting on her hood.

"I sha'n't either," said Matilda. never had to stand out on the floor before. I don't know what my mother will say when I tell her."

The two little girls went out in the snowy yard, and there was Rosy, with Charlotte Hutchins and Sarah Allen, and she was showing them her ring. It was again too much for sensible little Matilda, weary from her long stand on the floor. "Rosy Stebbins, you are a great ninny, acting so stuck up over that old brass said she. "Comfort Pease has a real solid gold one, and she don't even wear it."

Rosy and Charlotte Hutchins and Sarah Allen all stared at Comfort, "Have you?" asked Charlotte Hutchins, in an awed tone. She was a doctor's daughter, and had many things that the other little girls had not, but even she had no gold ring, nothing but a camelian.

"Yes, I have," replied Comfort, blushing modestly.

"Real gold?" asked Rosy, in a subdued voice.

"Yes."

Some other girls came up, some of the older ones, with their hair done up, and even some of the boys, towering lankily on the outskirts. Not one of these scholars in this country district school fifty years ago had ever owned a gold ring. All they had ever seen were their mother's wellworn wedding circlets.

"Comfort Pease has got a real gold ring," went from one to the other.

"Why don't she wear it then?" demanded one of the big girls. She had very red cheeks, and her black hair was in two glossy braids, crossed and pinned at the back of her head, and surmounted by her mother's shell comb she had let her wear to school that day. She had come out to recess without her hood to show it.

"She's waiting for her hand to grow to it," explained Matilda, to whom Comfort had slyly whispered the whole story.

"Hold up your hand," ordered the big girl; and Comfort held up her little hand pink with the cold.

"H'm! looks big enough," said the big girl, and she adjusted her shell comb.

"I call it a likely story," said another

big girl, in an audible whisper.
"The Peases don't have any more than other folks," said still another big girl. The little crowd dispersed with scornful Comfort turned redder and

Rosy and Charlotte and Sarah redder. were looking at her curiously, only Matilda stood firm. "You are all just as mean as you can be!" she cried. "She has got a gold ring!"

CHAPTER II.

Matilda Stebbins put her arm around Comfort, who was fairly crying. "Come," said she, "don't you mind anything about em, Comfort. Le'ss go in the schoolhouse. I've got a splendid Baldwin apple in my dinner-pail, and I'll give you half of it. They're mad 'cause they haven't got any gold ring."

"I have got a gold ring," sobbed Comfort: "Honest and true, Black and blue, Lay me down and cut me in two." That was the awful truth-testing formula.

of the village children.

"Course you have," said Matilda, with indignant backward glances at the others. "Le'ss go and get that Baldwin apple."

Comfort went with Matilda, but it took more than a Baldwin apple to solace her, and her first day at school was a most unhappy one. It was very probable that the other scholars, and especially the elder ones, who had many important matters of their own in mind, thought little more about her and her gold ring after school had begun; but Comfort could not understand that. She had a feeling that the minds of the whole school were fixed upon her, and she was standing upon a sort of spiritual platform of shame, which was much worse than the school-room floor. If she saw one girl whisper to another, she directly thought it was about her. If a girl looked at her, her colour rose, and her heart began to beat loudly, for she thought she was saying to herself, "Likely story!"

Comfort was thankful when it was time to go home, and she could trudge off alone down the snowy road. None of the others lived her way. She left them all at the turn of the road just below the school-

house.

"Good - night, Comfort." Stebbins sang out loyally, but the big girl with red cheeks followed her with-"Wear that gold ring to school to-morrow, an' let us see it." Then everybody giggled, and poor Comfort fled out of sight. seemed to her that she must wear that ring to school the next day. She made up her mind that she would ask her mother, but when she got home she found that her Grandmother Atkins had come, and also her Uncle Ebenezer and

Aunt Susan. They had driven over from Barre, where they lived, and her grand-mother was going to stay and make a little visit; but her uncle and aunt were going home soon, and her mother was hurrying to make some hot biscuits for

supper.

So when Comfort came in she was stopped short at the sight of the company, and had to kiss them all and answer their questions with shy politeness. Comfort was very fond of her grandmother, but this time she did not feel quite so delighted to see her as usual. As soon as she had got a chance she slipped into the pantry after her mother. "Mother," she whispered, pulling her apron softly, "can't I wear my gold ring to school to-morrow?"

"No, you can't. How many times have I got to tell you," said her mother, mixing

the biscuit-dough energetically.
"Please let me, mother. They didn't

believe I've got one."

"Let them believe it or not, just as they have a mind to," said her mother.

"They think I'm telling stories."

"What have you been telling about your ring in school for, when you ought to have been studying? Now, Comfort, I can't have you standing there teasing me any longer; I've got to get these biscuits into the oven; they must have some supper before they go home. You go right out and set the table. Get the clean tablecloth out of the drawer, and you may put on the best knives and forks. Not another word. You can't wear that gold ring until your hand grows to it, and that settles it."

Comfort went out and set the table, but she looked so dejected that the company all noticed it. She could not eat any of the hot biscuits when they sat down to supper, and she did not eat much of the company cake. "You don't feel sick, do you, child?" asked her grandmother

anxiously.

"No, Ma'am," replied Comfort, and she swallowed a big lump in her throat.

"She ain't sick," said her mother severely. "She's fretting because she can't wear her gold ring to school."

"Oh, Comfort, you must wait till your hand grows to it," said her Aunt Susan.

"Yes, of course she must," said her

Uncle Ebenezer.

"Eat your supper, and your hand will grow to it before long," said her father, who, left to himself, would have let Comfort wear the ring.

"It wouldn't do for you to wear that

ring and lose it. It's real gold," said her grandmother. "Have another piece of the sweetcake."

But Comfort wanted no more sweetcake. She put both hands to her face and wept, and her mother sent her promptly out of the room and to bed. Comfort lay there and sobbed, and heard her Uncle Ebenezer's covered wagon roll out of the yard, and sobbed again. Then she fell asleep, and did not know it when her mother and grandmother came in and looked at her and kissed her.

"I'm sorry she feels so bad," said Comfort's mother; "but I can't let her

wear that ring."

"No, you can't," said her grandmother, and they went out shading the

candle.

Comfort said no more about the ring the next morning. She knew her mother too She did not eat much breakfast, and crept off miserably to school at a quarter-past eight, and she had another unhappy day. Nobody had forgotten about the gold ring. She was teased about it at every opportunity. "Why didn't you wear that handsome gold ring?" asked the big girl with red cheeks, until poor Comfort got nearly distracted. It seemed to her that the time to go home would never come, and as if she could never endure to go to school again. That night she begged her mother to let her stay at home the next day. "No," said her mother; "you've begun to go to school, and you're going to school unless you're sick. Now, this evening you had better sit down and write a letter to your Aunt Comfort. It's a long time since you wrote to her."

So Comfort sat down and wrote laboriously a letter to her Aunt Comfort, and thanked her anew, as she always did, for her gold ring and the gold dollar: "I wish to express my thanks again for the beautiful and valuable gifts, which you presented me for my name," wrote Comfort, in the little stilted style of the day.

After the letter was written it was eight o'clock, and Comfort's mother said she had better go to bed.

"You look tired out," said she; "I guess you'll have to go to bed early if

you're going to school."

"Can't I stay at home to-morrow, mother?" pleaded Comfort, with sudden hope

"No," said her mother. "You've got

to go if you're able."

"Mother, can't I wear it just once?"

"Don't you bring that ring up again," said her mother. "Take your candle and go right upstairs."

Comfort gave a pitiful little sob.



A LITTLE FIGURE IN A WHITE NIGHTGOWN, HOLDING A LIGHTED CANDLE, PADDING SOFTLY ON LITTLE COLD BARE FEET, CAME DOWN THE STAIRS.

"Now don't you go to crying over it," ordered her mother, and Comfort tried to choke back another sob as she went out of the room.

Comfort's father looked up from "The

Old Farmer's Almanac." He was going to Bolton the next day with a load of wood, and wanted to see what the weather was to be, and so was consulting

the almanac.

"What was it Comfort wanted?" he inquired.

"She wanted to wear that gold ring her Aunt Comfort gave her to school," replied Mrs. Pease. "And I've told her over and over again I shouldn't let her do it.'

"It's a mile too big for her. and she'd be sure to lose it off," said Grandmother Atkins; "and it would be a pity to have anything happen to it, when it's real gold, too."

"She couldn't wind a rag round her finger under it, could she?" asked Comfort's father

hesitatingly.

"Wear a rag round her finger under it!" repeated Mrs. Pease. "I rather guess she can wait till her finger grows to it. You'd let that child do anything."

Mr. Pease did not say anything more, but studied "The Old Farmer's Almanac" again, and found out it was likely to be fair weather for the season.

It was past midnight, and the hearth fire was raked down, and Comfort's father and mother and grandmother were all in bed and asleep, when a little figure in a white nightgown, holding a lighted candle, padding softly on little cold bare feet, came down the stairs. Comfort paused in the entry and listened. She could hear the clock tick and her father snore. The best parlour door was on the right. She lifted the brass catch cautiously, and pushed the door open. she stole into the best parlour. The close icy air smote her like a breath from the North Pole. There was no fire in -the best parlour except on Thanksgiving Day, and perhaps twice besides, when there was

company to tea, from fall to spring. The cold therein seemed condensed and concentrated, the haircloth sofa and chairs, and the mahogany table seemed to give

out cold as stoves did heat.

There were two coffin-plates and funeral wreaths, which had belonged to the uncles of Comfort who had died before she was born, in frames on the wall, and these always scared Comfort.

She kept her eyes away from them as she went swiftly on her little bare feet, which had no feeling in them as they pressed the icyflocr, across to the mahogany card-table, whereon was set the rosewood

workbox.

Comfort set her candle on the table, and turned the key of the box with her stiff fingers. Then she raised the lid noiselessly, and there lay the ring in a little square compartment of the tray—next to it in the corner square lay the gold dollar.

Comfort took the ring out, shut the box-lid down, turned the key, and fled. She thought someone called her name as she went upstairs, and she stopped and listened, but all she heard was the clock ticking, and her father snoring, and her heart beating. Then she kept on to her own chamber and put out her candle and crept into her feather bed under the patchwork quilts. There she lay all night, wide awake, with the gold ring clasped tightly in her little cold fist,

CHAPTER III.

When Comfort came downstairs the next morning there was a bright red spot on each cheek, and she was trembling as if she had a chill.

Her mother noticed it, and asked if she was cold, and Comfort said, "Yes,

Ma'am.'

"Well, draw your stool up close to the fire and get warm," said her mother. "Breakfast is most ready. You can have some of the pancakes to carry to school for your dinner."

Comfort sat soberly in the chimneycorner until breakfast was ready, as her mother bade her. She was very silent, and did not say anything during breakfast unless someone asked her a question.

When she started for school, her mother and grandmother stood in the window and

watched her.

It was a very cold morning, and Mrs. Pease had put her green shawl on Comfort over her coat, and the little girl looked very short and stout as she trudged along between the snow ridges which bordered the path, and yet there was a forlorn air about her.

"I don't know as the child was fit to go to school to-day," Mrs. Pease said

doubtfully.

"She didn't look very well, and she didn't eat much breakfast, either," said Grandmother Atkins.

"She was always crazy after hot pan-

cakes, too," said her mother.

"Hadn't you better call her back,

Em'ly?"

"No, I won't," said Mrs. Pease, turning away from the window. "She's begun to go to school, and I'm not going to take her out unless I'm sure she ain't able to

go."

So Comfort Pease went on to school; and she had the gold ring in her pocket. which was tied around her waist with a string under her dress skirt, as was the fashion then. Comfort often felt of the pocket to be sure the ring was safe as she went along. It was bitterly cold, the snow creaked under her stout shoes. Besides the green shawl, her red tippet was wound twice around her neck and face, but her blue eyes peering over it were full of tears which the frosty wind forced into them, and her breath came short and quick. When she came in sight of the schoolhouse she could see the straight column of smoke rising out of the chimney, it was so thin in the cold air. There were no scholars out in the yard, only a group coming down the road from the opposite direction. It was too cold to play out of doors before school, as usual.

Comfort pulled off her mittens, thrust her hand in her pocket dangling against her blue woollen petticoat, and drew out

the gold ring.

Then she slipped it on over the third and fourth fingers of her left hand, put

her mittens on again, and went on.

It was quite still in the school-house, although school had not begun, because Miss Tabitha Hanks had arrived. Her spare form, stiff and wide, and perpendicular as a board, showed above the desk. She wore a purple merino dress buttoned down the front with hard black buttons, and a great breast-pin of twisted gold. Her hair was looped down over her ears in two folds like shiny drab satin. It scarcely looked like hair, the surface was so smooth and unbroken, and a great tortoise-shell comb topped it like a coronet.

Miss Tabitha's nose was red and rasped with the cold; her thin lips were blue and her bony hands were numb, but she set copies in writing-books with stern patience. Not one to yield to a little fall in temperature was Tabitha Hanks. Moreover, she kept a sharp eye on the school, and she saw every scholar who entered, while not

seeming to do so.

She saw Comfort Pease when she came stepping shyly in, and at once noticed something peculiar about her. Comfort wore the same red Thibet dress and the

and timid fashion, and yet there was a change.

Miss Tabitha gave a quick frown and a sharp glance of her grey eyes at her, then



MISS TABITHA GAVE A QUICK FROWN AND A SHARP GLANCE OF HER GREY EYES AT HER.

same gingham apron that she had worn the day before, her brown hair was combed off her high, serious forehead, and braided in the same smooth tails, her blue eyes looked abroad in the same sober she continued setting her copy. "That child's up to something," she thought, while she wrote out in her beautiful shaded hand, "All is not gold that glitters."

Comfort went forward to the stove, which

was surrounded by a ring of girls and boys. Matilda Stebbins and Rosy were there with the rest. Matilda moved aside at once when she saw Comfort, and made room for her near the stove.

"Hullo, Comfort Pease!" said she.

"Hullo," returned Comfort.

Comfort held out her numb right hand to the stove, but the other she kept clenched in a little blue fist hidden in her dress folds.

"Cold, ain't it?" said Matilda.

"Dreadful," said Comfort with a shiver.

"Why don't you warm both your

hands?" asked Matilda.

"My other hand ain't cold," said Comfort, and she really did not think it was. She was not aware of any sensation in that hand, except that of the gold ring binding together the third and fourth

fingers.

Pretty soon the big girl with red cheeks came in. Her cheeks were redder than ever, and her black eyes seemed to have caught something of the sparkle of the frost outside. "Hullo," said she, when she caught sight of Comfort. "That you, Comfort Pease?"

"Hullo," Comfort returned faintly. She was dreadfully afraid of this big girl, who was as much as sixteen years old, and studied algebra, and was also said to have

"Got that gold ring?" inquired the big girl with a giggle, as she held out her hands to the stove.

Comfort looked at her as if she was

going to cry.

"You're real mean to tease her, so there!" said Matilda Stebbins bravely in the face of the big girl, who persisted nevertheless.

"Got that gold ring?" she asked again, with her teasing giggle, which the others

echoed.

Comfort slowly raised her left arm. She unfolded her little blue fist, and there on the third and fourth fingers of her hand shone the gold ring.

Then there was such an outcry that Miss Tabitha Hanks looked up from her copy, and kept her wary eyes fixed upon

the group at the stove.

"My sakes alive, look at Comfort Pease with a gold ring on two fingers!" screamed the big girl, and all the rest joined in. The other scholars in the room came crowding up to the stove. "Le'ss see it?" they demanded of Com-They teased her to let them take it. "Lemme take it for just a minute. I'll give it right back, honest," they begged; but Comfort was firm about that, she would not let that ring go from her own

two fingers for one minute.

"Ain't she stingy with her old ring," said Sarah Allen to Rosy Stebbins. "Maybe it ain't real gold," whispered Rosy, but Comfort heard her.

"Tis, too," said she stoutly.
"It's brass, I can tell by the colour," teased one of the big boys. "'Fore I'd wear a brass ring if I was a girl."

"It ain't brass," almost sobbed Comfort, Miss Tabitha Hanks arose slowly, and came over to the stove. She came so silently and secretly that the scholars did not notice it, and they all jumped when she spoke.

"You may all take your seats," said she, if it is a little before nine. You can study until school begins. I can't have so

much noise and confusion."

The scholars flocked discontentedly to their seats.

"It's all the fault of your old brass

ring," whispered the big boy to Comfort, with a malicious grin, and she trembled. "Your mother let you wear it, didn't

she," whispered Matilda to Comfort, as the two took their seats on the bench. But Comfort did not seem to hear her, and Miss Tabitha looked that way, and Matilda dared not whisper again. Tabitha, moreover, looked as though she had heard what she said, although that did not seem possible.

However, Miss Tabitha's ears had a reputation among the scholars for almost as fabulous powers as her eyes, Matilda Stebbins was quite sure she heard, and Miss Tabitha's after-course confirmed her

opinion.

The reading-class was out on the floor fixing its toes on the line, and Miss Tabitha walked behind it straight to Comfort.

"Comfort Pease," said she, "I don't believe your mother ever sent you to school wearing a ring after that fashion. You may take it off."

Comfort took it off. The eyes of the whole school watched her; even the reading-class looked over its shoulders.

"Now," said Miss Tabitha, "put it in

your pocket."

Comfort put the ring in her pocket. Her face was flushing redder and redder, and the tears rolled down her cheeks.

Miss Tabitha drew out a large pin, which was quilted into the bosom of her dress, and proceeded to pin up Comfort's pocket. "There," said she, "now you leave that ring in there, and don't you touch it till you go home; then you give it right to your mother. And don't you take that pin out; if you do, I shall whip

you."

Miss Tabitha turned suddenly on the reading-class, and the faces went about with a jerk. "Turn to the fifty-sixth page," she commanded, and the books all rustled open as she went to the front, Matilda gave Comfort a sympathising poke and Miss Tabitha an indignant scowl under cover of the reading-class, but Comfort sat still, with the tears dropping down on her spelling-book. She had never felt so guilty and so humble in her life, She made up her mind she would tell her mother about it, and put the ring back in the box that night, and never take it out again until her finger grew to it; and if it never did she would try to be resigned,

When it was time for recess Miss Tabitha sent them all out of doors, "I know it's cold," said she, "but a little fresh air won't hurt any of you, You can run around

and keep warm."

Poor Comfort dreaded to go out. She knew just how the boys and girls would tease her, But Matilda Stebbins stood by her, and the two hurried out before the others, and ran together down the

"We've got time to run down to the old Loomis place and back before the bell rings," said Matilda. "If you stay here they'll all tease you dreadfully to show that ring, and if you do she'll whip you. She always does what she says she will."

The two girls got back to the school-house just as the bell rang, and, beyond sundry elbow nudges and teasing whispers as they went in, Comfort had no trouble. She took her seat and meekly opened her

geography.

Once in a while she wondered, with a qualm of anxiety, if her ring was safe. She dared not even feel of her pocket under her dress. Whenever she thought of it Miss Tabitha seemed to be looking straight at her. Poor Comfort had a feeling that Miss Tabitha could see her very thoughts.

The Stebbinses and Sarah Allen usually stayed at noon, but that day they all went home. Sarah Allen had company and the Stebbinses had a chicken dinner. So Comfort stayed alone. The other scholars lived near enough to the school-house to go home every day unless it was very stormy weather.

After everybody was gone, Miss Tabitha and all, the first thing Comfort did was to slide her hand down over the bottom of her pocket, and carefully feel of it under her dress skirt.

Her heart gave a great leap and seemed to stand still—she could not feel any ring there.

CHAPTER IV.

Comfort felt again and again, with trembling fingers. She could not believe that the ring was gone, but she certainly could not feel it. She was quite pale, and shook as if she had a chill. She was too frightened to cry. Had she lost Aunt Comfort's ring—the real gold ring she had given her for her name? She looked at the pin which Miss Tabitha had quilted into the top of her pocket, but she dared not take it out. Suppose Miss Tabitha should ask if she had, and she had to tell her and be whipped? That would be almost worse than losing the ring,

Comfort had never been whipped in her life, and her blood ran cold at the thought

of it.

She kept feeling wildly of the pocket. There was a little roll of writing-paper in it, some leaves of an old count-book which her mother had given her to write on. All the hope she had was that the ring had slipped inside that, and that was the reason why she could not feel it. She longed so to take out that pin and make sure, but she had to wait for that until she got home at night.

Comfort began to search all over the schoolroom floor, but all she found were wads of paper and apple-cores, slate-pencil stumps and pins. Then she went out in the yard and looked carefully, then she went down the road to the old Loomis place, where she and Matilda had walked at recess—Miss Tabitha Hanks went home that way—but no sign of the ring could she find. The road was as smooth as a white floor, too, for the snow was old and well trodden.

Comfort Pease went back to the schoolhouse and opened her dinner-pail. She looked miserably at the pancakes, the bread-and-butter and the apple-pie and cheese, and tried to eat, but she could not. She put the cover on the pail, leaned her head on the desk in front, and sat quite still until the scholars began to return. Then she lifted her head, got out her spelling-book, and tried to study. Miss Tabitha came back early, so nobody dared tease her; and the cold was so bitter, and the sky so overcast, that they were not obliged to go out at recess. Comfort studied and recited, and never a smile came on her pale, sober little face.

Matilda whispered to know if she were sick, but Comfort only shook her head.

Sometimes Comfort saw Miss Tabitha watching her with an odd expression, and she wondered forlornly what it meant. She did not dream of going to Miss Tabitha with her trouble. She felt quite sure she would get no sympathy in that quarter.

All the solace Comfort had was that one little forlorn hope that the ring might be in that roll of paper, and she should find

it when she got home.

It seemed to her that school never would be done. She thought wildly of asking Miss Tabitha if she could not go home, because she had the toothache. Indeed, her tooth did begin to ache, and her head too, but she waited, and sped home like a rabbit when she was let out at last. She did not wait even to say a word to Matilda. Comfort, when she got home, went right through the sitting-room, and upstairs to her own chamber.

"Where are you going, Comfort?" her

mother called after her.

"What ails the child?" said Grandmother Atkins.

"I'm coming right back," Comfort

panted as she fled.

The minute she was in her own cold little chamber she took the pin from her pocket, drew forth the roll of paper, and smoothed it out. The ring was not there. Then she turned the pocket and examined it. There was a little rip in the seam.

"Comfort, Comfort," called her mother from the foot of the stairs. "You'll get your death of cold up there," chimed in her grandmother from the room beyond.

"I'm coming," Comfort gasped in reply. She turned the pocket back, and

went downstairs.

It was odd that, although Comfort looked so disturbed, neither her mother nor grandmother asked her what was the matter. They looked at her, then exchanged a meaning look with each other. And all her mother said was to bid her go and sit down by the fire, and toast her feet. She also mixed a bowl of hot ginger-tea, plentifully sweetened with molasses, and bade her drink that, so she could not catch cold, and yet there was something strange in her manner all the time. She made no remark, either, when she opened Comfort's dinner-pail, and saw how little had been eaten. She merely showed it silently to Grandmother Atkins behind Comfort's back, and they nodded to each other with solemn meaning.

However, Mrs. Pease made the cream toast that Comfort loved for supper, and obliged her to eat a whole plate of it.

"I can't have her get sick," she said to Grandmother Atkins, after Comfort had

gone to bed that night.

"She ain't got enough constitution, poor child," assented Grandmother Atkins.

Mrs. Pease opened the door, and listened. "I believe she's crying now," said she. "I guess I'll go up there."

"I would if I was you," said Grand-

mother Atkins.

Comfort's sobs sounded louder and louder all the way, as her mother went unstairs

"What's the matter, child?" she asked when she opened the door, and there was still something strange in her tone. While there was concern, there was certainly no surprise.

"My tooth aches dreadfully," sobbed

Comfort.

"You had better have some cottonwool and paregoric on it, then," said her mother. Then she went downstairs for cotton-wool and paregoric, and she ministered to Comfort's aching tooth, but no cotton-wool or paregoric was there for Comfort's aching heart.

She sobbed so bitterly that her mother looked alarmed. "Comfort, look here, is there anything else the matter?" she asked suddenly, and she put her hand on

Comfort's shoulder.

"My tooth aches dreadfully, oh!" Comfort wailed.

"If your tooth aches so bad as all that, you'd better go to Doctor Hutchins in the morning and have it out," said her mother. "Now, you'd better lie still and try to go to sleep, or you'll be sick."

Comfort's sobs followed her mother all the way downstairs. "Don't you cry so another minute or you'll get so nervous, you'll be sick," Mrs. Pease called back, but she sat down and cried awhile herself after she returned to the sitting-room.

Poor Comfort stifled her sobs under the patchwork quilt, but she could not stop crying for a long time, and she slept very little that night. When she did she dreamed that she had found the ring, but had to wear it around her aching tooth for a punishment, and the tooth was growing larger and larger, and the ring painfully tighter and tighter.

She looked so wan and ill next morning that her mother told her she need not go to school; but Comfort begged hard to go, and said she did not feel sick; her tooth

was better.

"Well, mind you get Miss Hanks to excuse you, and come home, if your tooth aches again," said her mother.

"Yes, Ma'am," replied Comfort.

When the door shut behind Comfort her Grandmother Atkins looked at her mother. "Em'ly," said she, "I don't believe you can carry it out: she 'll be sick."

"I'm dreadfully afraid she will," re-

turned Comfort's mother.
"You'll have to tell her."

Mrs. Pease turned on Grandmother Atkins, and New England motherhood was strong in her face. "Mother," said she, "I don't want Comfort to be sick, and she sha'n't be if I can help it; but I've got a duty to her that's beyond looking out for her health. She's got

a lesson to learn that's more important than any she's got in school, and I'm afraid she won't learn it at all unless she learns it by the hardest; and it won't do for me to help her."

"Well, I suppose you're right, Em'ly," said Grandmother Atkins; "but I declare I'm dreadfully sorry for the

child."

"You ain't any sorrier than I am," said Comfort's mother; and she wiped her eyes now and then, as she cleared away the breakfast-dishes.

As for Comfort, she went on her way to school, looking as industriously and anxiously at the ground as if she were a little robin, seeking for her daily food. Under the snowy blackberry-vines peered Comfort, under frozen twigs, and in the blue hollows of the snow, seeking, as it were, in the little secret places of nature for her own little secret of childish vanity and disobedience. It made no difference to her that it was not reasonable to look on that part of the road, since she could not have lost the ring there. She had a desperate hope, which was not affected by reason at all, and she determined to look everywhere.

It was very cold still, and when she came in sight of the school-house, not a scholar was to be seen. Either they had not arrived, or were huddling over the

red-hot stove inside.

Comfort trudged past the school-house and went down the road to the old Loomis place. She searched again every foot of the road, but there was no gleam of gold in its white frozen surface. There was the cold sparkle of the frost crystals, and that was all.

Comfort went back; at the turn of that road she saw Matilda Stebbins coming down the other. The pink tip of Matilda's

nose, and her winking black eyes, just appeared above her red tippet.

"Hullo!" she sung out in a muffled

voice

"Hullo!" responded Comfort faintly.
Matilda looked at her curiously when
she came up.

"What's the matter?" said she.

"Nothing," replied Comfort.

"I thought you acted funny. What have you been up that road for?"

Comfort walked along beside Matilda in

silence.

"What you been up that road for?" repeated Matilda.

"Won't you ever tell?" said Comfort.
"No, I won't, Honest and true, Black and blue, Lay me down, and cut me in two."

"Well, I've lost it."

Matilda knew at once what Comfort meant. "You ain't," she cried, stopping short and opening wide eyes of dismay at Comfort over the red tippet.

"Yes, I have."

"Where 'd you lose it?"

"I felt of my pocket after I got back to school yesterday, after we'd been up to the old Loomis house, and I couldn't find the ring."

"My!" said Matilda.

"My!" said Matilda.
Comfort gave a stifled sob.

Matilda turned short around a jerk. "Le'ss go up that road and hunt again," said she; "there's plenty of time before the bell rings. Come along, Comfort Pease."

So the two little girls went up the road and hunted, but they did not find the ring. "Nobody would have picked it up and kept it; everybody round here is honest," said Matilda. "It's dreadfully funny."

Comfort wept painfully under the folds of her mother's green shawl as they went

back

"Did your mother scold you?" asked Matilda. There was something very innocent and sympathising and honest about Matilda's black eyes as she asked the question.

"No," faltered Comfort. She did not dare tell Matilda that her mother knew

nothing at all about it.

Matilda, as they went along, put an arm around Comfort under her shawl. "Don't cry; it's too bad," said she; but Comfort wept harder.

"Look here," said Matilda. "Comfort, your mother wouldn't let you buy another ring with that gold dollar, would she?"

"That gold dollar's to keep," sobbed Comfort; "it ain't to spend." And,

indeed, she felt as if spending that gold dollar would be almost as bad as losing the ring: the bare idea of it horrified her.

"Well, I didn't s'pose it was," said Matilda, abashedly. "I just happened to think of it." Suddenly she gave Comfort a little poke with her red-mittened hand. "Don't you cry another minute, Comfort Pease," she cried. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll ask my Uncle Jared to give me a gold dollar, and then I'll give it to you to buy a gold ring."

"I don't believe he will," sobbed

Comfort.

"Yes, he will. He always gives me everything I ask him for. He thinks more of me than he does of Rosy and Imogen, you know, 'cause he was going to get married once, when he was young, and she died, and I look like her."

"Were you named after her?" inquired

Comfort.

"No, her name was Ann Maria, but I look like her. Uncle Jared will give me a gold dollar and I'll ask him to take us to Bolton in his sleigh Saturday afternoon, and then you can buy another ring. Don't you cry another mite, Comfort Pease."

And poor Comfort tried to keep the tears back, as the bell began to ring, and she and Matilda hastened to the school-

house

Matilda put up her hand and whispered to her in school-time: "You come over to my house Saturday afternoon, and I'll get Uncle Jared to take us," she whispered, and Comfort nodded soberly. Comfort tried to learn her arithmetic lesson, but she could not remember the seven multiplication table, and said in the class that five times seven were fifty-seven, and went to the foot. She cried at that, and felt a curious satisfaction in having something to cry for beside the loss of the ring.

Comfort did not look any more for the ring that day nor the next. The next day was Friday, and Matilda met her at school in the morning with an air of triumph. She plunged her hand deep in her pocket, and drew it out closed in a tight pink fist. "Guess what I've got in here, Comfort Pease," said she. She unclosed her fingers a little at a time, until a gold dollar was visible in the hollow of her palm. "There, what did I tell you," she said, "and he says he'll take us to Bolton, if he don't have to go to Ware to see about buying a horse. You come over to-morrow, right after dinner."

The next morning after breakfast Comfort asked her mother if she might go over to Matilda's that afternoon. "Do you feel fit to go?" her mother said, with a keen look at her. Comfort was pale and sober and did not have much appetite. It had struck her several times that her mother's and also her grandmother's manner towards her was a little odd, but she did not try to understand it.

"Yes, Ma'am," said Comfort.
"What are you going to do over

there?"

Comfort hesitated; a pink flush came on her face and neck, her mother's eyes upon her were sharper than ever. "Matilda said maybe her Uncle Jared would take us a sleigh-ride to Bolton," she faltered.

"Well," said her mother, "if you're going a sleigh-ride you'd better take some yarn stockings and pull over your shoes, and wear my fur tippet. It's most too cold to go sleigh-riding, anyway."

Directly after dinner Comfort went over to Matilda Stebbins's, with her mother's stone-marten tippet around her neck and the blue yarn stockings to wear in the

sleigh under her arm.

But, when she got to the Stebbins's house, Matilda met her at the door with a crestfallen air. "Only think," said she; "ain't it too bad? Uncle Jared had to go to Ware to buy the horse, and we can't go to Bolton."

Comfort looked at her piteously.

"Guess I'd better go home," said she. But Matilda was gazing at her doubtfully. "Look here," said she.

"What?" said Comfort.

"It ain't mor'n three miles to Bolton; mother's walked there, and so has Imogen——"

"Do you s'pose—we could?"

"I don't b'lieve it would hurt us one mite—say, I tell you what we can do: I'll take my sled, and I'll drag you a spell and then you can drag me, and that will be riding half the way for both of us, anyhow."

"So it will," said Comfort.

CHAPTER V.

But Matilda looked doubtful again. "There's only one thing," she said. "Mother ain't at home; she and Rosy went over to grandma's to spend the day this morning, and I can't ask her. I don't see how I can go without asking her, exactly."

Comfort thought miserably, "What would Matilda Stebbins say if she knew I took that ring when my mother told me

not to?"

"Well," said Matilda, brightening, "I

don't know but it will do just as well if I ask Imogen. Mother told me once that if there was anything very important came up when she was away that I could ask Imogen."

Imogen was Matilda's eldest sister. She was almost eighteen, and she was going to a party that night, and was hurrying to finish a beautiful crimson Thibet

dress to wear.

"Now, don't you talk to me and hinder me one moment. I've everything I can do to finish this dress to wear to the party," she said, when Matilda and Comfort went into the sitting-room.

"Can't I go to Bolton with Comfort

Pease, Imogen?" asked Matilda.

"I thought you were going with Uncle Jared—didn't mother say you might? Now don't talk to me, Matilda."

"Uncle Jared's got to go to Ware to

buy the horse, and he can't take us."

"Oh, I forgot. Well, how can you go, then? You and Comfort had better sit down and play checkers, and be contented."

"We could walk," ventured Matilda.
"Walk to Bolton? You couldn't."

"It's only three miles, and we'd drag

each other on my sled."

Imogen frowned over a wrong pucker in the crimson Thibet, and did not appreciate the absurdity of the last. "I do wish you wouldn't bother me, Matilda," said she. "If I don't get this dress done, I can't go to the party to-night. I don't know what mother would say to your going to Bolton any such way."

"It wouldn't hurt us a mite. Do let us

go, Imogen."

"Well, I'll tell you what you can do," said Imogen. "You can walk over there. I guess it won't hurt you to walk one way, and then you can ride home in the stage-coach—it comes over about half-past four—I'll give you some money."

"Oh, that's beautiful! Thank you,

Imogen," cried Matilda gratefully.

"Well, run along, and don't say another word to me," said Imogen, scowling over the crimson Thibet. "Wrap up warm."

When they started, Matilda insisted upon dragging Comfort first in the sled. "I'll drag you as far as Doctor Hutchins'," said she. "Then you get off and drag me as far as the meeting-house. I guess that's about even."

It was arduous, and it is probable that the little girls were much longer leaving Bolton than they would have been had they travelled on their two sets of feet all the way; but they persuaded themselves otherwise. "We can't be—a mite—tired," panted Matilda as she tugged Comfort over the last stretch, "for we each of us rode half the way, and a mile and a half ain't anything. You walk that every day to school and back."

"Yes, I do," assented Comfort. She could not believe that she was tired either, although every muscle in her body

ached.

Bolton was a large town, and the people from all the neighbouring villages went there to do their trading and shopping. There was a wide main street, with stores on each side; and that day it was full of sleighs and pungs and wood-sleds, and there were so many people that Comfort felt frightened. She had never been to Bolton without her father or mother. "Just look at all the folks," said she, and she had an uncomfortable feeling that they all stared at her suspiciously, although she did not see how they could know about the ring. But Matilda was bolder: "It's such a pleasant day that they 're all out trading," said she; "guess it'll storm to-morrow. Now, we want to go to Gerrish's. I went there once with mother and Imogen to buy a silver spoon for cousin Hannah Green when she got married."

Comfort, trailing the sled behind her,

started timidly after Matilda.

Gerrish's was a small store, but there was a large window full of watches and chains and clocks, and a man with spectacles sat behind it mending watches.

The two little girls went in and stood at the counter, and a thin man with grey whiskers, who was Mr. Gerrish himself, came forward to wait upon them. Matilda nudged Comfort. "You ask him—it's

your ring," she whispered.

But Comfort shook her head. She was almost ready to cry. "You'd ought to when I'm giving you the dollar," whispered Matilda, with another nudge. Mr. Gerrish stood waiting, and he frowned a little; he was a nervous man. "Ask him," whispered

Matilda fiercely.

Suddenly Comfort Pease turned herself about and ran out of Gerrish's, with a great wail of inarticulate words about not wanting any ring. The door banged violently after her. Matilda Stebbins looked after her in a bewildered way, then she looked up at Mr. Gerrish, who was frowning harder. "If you girls don't want anything, you'd better stay out of doors with your sled," said he. And Matilda trembled and gathered up the sled-rope, and the door banged after her. Then Mr. Gerrish said something to the

man mending watches in the window, and went back to his desk in the rear of the store.

Matilda could just see Comfort running down the street towards home, and she ran

great baby, Comfort Pease," said she, "going along the road crying."

Comfort sobbed harder, and people stared more and more curiously. Finally, one stout woman in a black velvet bonnet



MR. GERRISH STOOD WAITING, AND HE FROWNED A LITTLE, HE WAS A NERVOUS MAN.
"ASK HIM," WHISPERED MATILDA FIERCELY.

after her. She could run faster than Comfort. As she got nearer she could see people turning and looking curiously after Comfort, and when she came up to her she saw she was crying. "Why, you

stopped. "I hope you haven't done anything to hurt this other little girl?" she said suspiciously to Matilda.

"No, Ma'am, I ain't," replied Matilda. "What's the matter, child?" said the

woman in the black velvet bonnet to Comfort, and Comfort choked out something about losing her ring.

"Where did you lose it?" asked the

"I don't k—n—o—w," sobbed Comfort. "Well, you'd better go right home and tell your mother about it," said the stout woman, and went her way with many backward glances.

Matilda dragged her sled to Comfort's

side and eyed her dubiously.

"Why didn't you get the ring when we were right there with the gold dollar?" she demanded. "What made you run out of Gerrish's that way?"

"I'm — go - ing — home," sobbed

Comfort.

"Ain't you going to wait and ride in the stage-coach?"

"I'm-going-right-home."

"Imogen said to go in the stage-coach. I don't know as mother'll like it if we walk. Why didn't you get the ring, Comfort Pease?"

"I don't want—any—ring. I'm going

home—to—tell—my mother.'

"Your mother would have been real pleased to have you get the ring," said Matilda in an injured tone, for she fancied Comfort meant to complain of her to her mother.

Then Comfort turned on Matilda in an agony of confession. "My mother don't know anything about it," said she. "I took the ring unbeknownst to her when she said I couldn't, and then I lost it, and I was going to get the new ring to put in the box so she wouldn't ever know. I'm going right home and tell her."

Comfort

Pease, didn't you ask your mother?" said

she.

Comfort shook her head.

"Then," said Matilda solemnly, "we'd better go home just as quick as we can. We won't wait for any stage-coach—I know my mother wouldn't want me to. S'pose your mother should die, or anything, before you have a chance to tell her, Comfort Pease! I read a story once about a little girl that told a lie, and her mother died, and she hadn't owned up. It was dreadful. Now, you get right on the sled and I'll drag you as far as the meeting-house, and then you can drag me as far as the saw-mill."

Comfort huddled herself up on the sled in a miserable little bunch, and Matilda Her very back looked dragged her. censorious to Comfort, but finally she

turned around.

"The big girls were real mean, so there; and they pestered you dreadfully," said "Don't you cry any more, Comfort. Just you tell your mother all about it, and I don't believe she'll scold much. can have this gold dollar to buy you another ring, anyway, if she'll let you."

The road home from Bolton seemed much longer than the road there had done, although the little girls hurried, and dragged each other with fierce jerks. "Now," said Matilda when they reached her house at length, "I'll go home with you, while you tell your mother, if you want me to, Comfort. My mother's got home—I can see her head in the window; I'll run in and ask her."

"I'd just as lief go alone, I guess," replied Comfort, who was not crying any more, but was quite pale; "I'm real

obliged to you, Matilda.

"Well, I'd just as lief go as not, if you want me to," said Matilda. "I hope your mother won't say much. Good-bye, Comfort!"

"Good-bye," returned Comfort.

Then Matilda went into her house, and Comfort hurried home alone, down the snowy road in the deepening dusk. She kept thinking of that dreadful story which Matilda had read. She was panting for breath. Anxiety, and remorse, and the journey to Bolton had almost exhausted poor little Comfort Pease. She hurried as fast as she could, but her feet felt like lead, and it seemed to her that she should never reach home. But when at last she came in sight of the lighted kitchenwindows her heart gave a joyful leap, for she saw her mother's figure moving behind them, and knew that Matilda's story was not true in her case.

When she reached the door she leaned against it a minute: she was so out of breath, and her knees seemed failing under her. Then she opened the door and went

Her father and mother and grandmother were all in there, and they turned round and stared at her.

"Comfort Pease," cried her mother, "what is the matter?"

"You didn't fall down, or anythin', did

you?" asked her grandmother.

Then Comfort burst out with a great sob of confession. "I—took—it," she gasped. "I took my gold ring that Aunt Comfort gave me for her name—and—I wore it to school, and Miss Tabitha pinned it in my pocket, and I lost it. And Matilda, she gave me the gold dollar her Uncle Jared gave her to buy me another, and we

walked a mile and a half apiece to Bolton, to buy it in Gerrish's, and I couldn't; and I was afraid something had happened to mother; and I'm sorry." Then Comfort sobbed until her very sobs seemed failing her.

Her father wiped his eyes. "Don't let that child cry that way, Em'ly," said he to Mrs. Pease. Then he turned to Comfort. "Don't you feel so bad, Comfort," he coaxed. "Father'll get you some peppermints when he goes down to the store to-night." Comfort's father gave her a hard pat on her head; then he went out of the room with something that sounded like an echo of Comfort's own sobs.

"Comfort," said Mrs. Pease, "look here, child. Stop crying, and listen to what I've got to say. I want you to come into the parlour with me a minute."

Comfort followed her mother weakly into the best parlour. There on the table stood the rosewood workbox, and her mother went straight across to it and

opened it.

"Look here, Comfort," said she, and Comfort looked. There in its own little compartment lay the ring. "Miss Tabitha Hanks found it in the road, and she thought you had taken it unbeknownst to me, and so she brought it here," explained her mother. "I didn't let you know because I wanted to see if you would be a good girl enough to tell me of your own accord, and I'm glad you have, Comfort."

Then Comfort's mother carried her almost bodily back to the warm kitchen and set her before the fire to toast her feet, while she made some cream toast for

her supper.

Her grandmother had a peppermint in her pocket, and she slid it into Comfort's hand. "Grandma knew she would tell, and she won't never do such a thing again, will she?" said she.

"No, Ma'am," replied Comfort, and the peppermint in her mouth seemed to be the very flavour of peace and forgiveness.

After Comfort was in bed and asleep that night her elders talked the matter over. "I knew she would tell finally," said Mrs. Pease; "but it's been a hard lesson for her, poor child, and she's all worn out—that long tramp to Bolton, too!"

"I most wish her Aunt Comfort hadn't been so dreadful careful about getting her a ring big enough," said Grandmother Atkins.

Mr. Pease looked at his wife and cleared his throat. "What do you think of my getting her a ring that would fit her finger, Em'ly?" he asked timidly.

"Now, father, that's all a man knows!" cried Mrs. Pease. "If you went and bought that child a ring now, it would look just as if you were paying her for not minding. You'd spoil all the lesson she's got, when she's worked so dreadful hard to learn it. You wait awhile."

"Well, I suppose you know best, Em'ly," said Mr. Pease, but he made a private resolution. And so it happened that three months later, when it was examination day at school, and Comfort had a new blue Thibet dress to wear, and some new blue ribbon to tie her hair, that her mother handed her a little box just before she started.

"Here," said she, "your father has been over to Gerrish's, and here's something he bought you. I hope you'll be careful, and

not lose it."

And Comfort opened the box, and there was a beautiful gold ring, which just fitted her third finger, and she wore it to school, and the girls all seemed to see it at once, and exclaimed, "Comfort Pease has got a new gold ring that fits her finger!"

And that was not all, for Matilda and Rosy Stebbins also wore gold rings. "Mother said I might as well spend Uncle Jared's dollar for it, 'cause your mother didn't want you to have it," said Matilda, holding her finger up, "and father bought one for Rosy, too."

Then the two little girls took their seats, and presently went forward to be examined in spelling before the committee-men, the doctor, the minister, and all the visiting

friends.

And Comfort Pease, with all the spellinglessons of the term in her head, her gold ring on her finger, and peace in her heart, went to the head of the class, and Miss Tabitha Hanks presented her with a prize. It was a green silk pin-cushion with "Good Girl" worked on it in red silk, and she had it among her treasures long after her finger had grown large enough to wear her Aunt Comfort's ring.

MR. BALFOUR ON "THE FOUNDATIONS OF BELIEF."

By THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

R. BALFOUR'S book * has been received by critics, so far as I have observed, with a chorus of unanimous approbation, and having read it through with deep interest, I must express my own humble opinion that this high appreciation has been well earned. is unusual, it is almost unprecedented, to find a statesman who, though engaged in the very forefront of the political conflict, has yet found time to devote his energies and his ability to a study which demands so much earnest, laborious, and independent thought. It is not, indeed, uncommon to find English statesmen who have also been literary men. Canning and Lord John Russell, Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, are recent instances; and on the Treasury Bench are seated men of high literary ability like Sir William Harcourt. Mr. John Morley, Professor Bryce, and Sir George Trevelyan. Some of these gentlemen have made brilliant contributions to English literature, and Mr. Gladstone has again and again devoted his scanty leisure and his splendid gifts to the consideration of subjects directly theological. But when these eminent politicians have read "The Foundations of Belief," I think that there is not one of them who would not be glad to acknowledge that the book is almost unique as the work of a party leader who, at a com-paratively early age, has attained so leading a position; and that the service which it contributes to the deepest interests of religion is one which any living man might have been proud and thankful to render. I do not think that more than one or two of our prelates, or more than a dozen living clergymen or divines, could have produced this metaphysical defence of the ultimate bases on which all theology must rest. It must be ranked in theological importance with Mr. Illingworth's recent Bampton Lectures on "The Personality of God." It does not, for the most part, deal

directly with the problems of religion, and the majority even of ordinarily educated readers will find it a hard task to follow its closely woven and continuous train of reasoning. Those who approach it, as many will, without any preliminary initiation into the elements of scientific and metaphysical thought, will in all probability wholly fail to understand its drift

or its utility.

The Apologists of Christianity, whose duty it is to meet the manifold attacks upon its whole superstructure, have continually to change their front. The entire method of attack differs from age to age, and many of the entrenchments which availed to keep back the besieging hosts in a past generation have become comparatively useless in our own. Bishop Butler rendered an immortal service to the cause of religion when he showed that the difficulties which beset "Revealed religion" were to be found no less abundantly in what was then called "Natural religion." Paley, availing himself of the learning of Lardner, used his incomparable gifts of lucidity and practical common-sense to show, as against Hume, how solid were the bases of historical evidence in favour of the events of which the Evangelists and Apostles were witnesses. Mr. Balfour has endeavoured to render a similar service to our own generation. His train of arguments will be talked about by many, but will be beyond the full comprehension of all but the highly educated few. They will undoubtedly be "caviare to the general," who will be at a loss to understand either their significance or This, however, does their importance. not in the least detract from their value. The real defence of the truths which underlie the very possibility of reasoned systems of belief must ever be left of thinkers, through the hands whom the broad results of more recondite meditation filtrate downwards to the many. If what I have said sounds like very high eulogy I can only say that it is the expression of a sincere opinion. To offer to anyone "light coin, the tinsel clink of compliment," would be to me

^{* &}quot;The Foundations of Belief; Being Notes Introductory to the Study of Theology." Right Hon. A. J. Balfour. (Longmans.) By the

only a little less odious than to imitate the microscopic malignity of critics who revel in mean detraction, and feed with habitual delight on that "dust" which is "the

serpent's meat."

In the very brief space at my disposal anything like a review of this book would be out of the question; and it would be still less possible to adduce any of the numerous elucidations and illustrations which many of its passages suggest. I should have but little adverse criticism to offer, for I have found in it scarcely anything with which I am forced to disagree.

multitude. The positions of Paley have been deeply undermined. The opponent with which Christianity has now to deal is one which goes by the different names of Agnosticism, Positivism, Empirici n, or as Mr. Balfour prefers to call it, "Naturalism." It asserts that we are, by our very nature, incapable of knowing anything but "phenomena, and the laws by which they are connected," and denies the possibility of any knowledge but such as is taught by the natural sciences. Mr. Balfour tests this system in its relation to Ethics, to Æsthetic, and to Reason.



Photo by Valentine, Dundee.

WHITTINGHAME HOUSE, DUNBAR, MR. BALFOUR'S HOME.

I will therefore only commend the essay to the consideration of all who are concerned in the study of fundamental theology, and will merely indicate something of what they may expect to find in its pages.

Mr. Balfour took his degree at Cambridge in the Moral Science Tripos, and this book, with its predecessor on "Philosophic Doubt," proves that he has never laid aside the studies of his youth. The arguments of Bishop Butler, as is shown by not a few recent attacks upon them, are no longer sufficient to meet the changed conditions of modern thought: Kant's Transcendental Idealism could never be made sufficiently clear and simple to become an available possession for the

He shows by close reasoning that the sublimity of the Moral Law is utterly destroyed if it be regarded as nothing but an accident of evolution. If we cannot claim for that Moral Law a divine and eternal origin, and if man be nothing more than an automaton, the accidental product of material forceswhich have been described by an infidel as being "blind as fate, unregardful as tyranny, merciless as death, which have no ear to hear, no heart to pity, and no arm to save"-its majesty would be annihilated, and its cogency indefinitely weakened. He shows that the laws of Beauty would be reduced to utterly meaningless chaos, unless we believe that "somewhere, and for some

Being, there shines an unchanging splendour of beauty of which, in Nature and Art, we see, each of us from our own standpoint, only passing gleams and stray reflections." He shows that if Reason be regarded as nothing better than a modification of nervous tissue, such a view involves a degradation of mankind, immediate and immense, from the summit of creation to a creature which was made and will be unmade by the clash of atoms. Reason itself would then sink into "the dim passage from one set of unthinking habits to another." "All that gives dignity to life, all that gives value to effort, shrinks and fades under the pitiless glare of a creed like this." Naturalism, reduces the sentiments gather round beauty to a poor and purposeless jest played on us by Nature; and those that gather round morality to a deliberate fraud. It degrades the spiritual life of ethical ideals to a parasitic growth, sheltered by alien convictions, and nourished by processes in which Naturalistic scientists take no share.

From this preliminary glance at the consequences of Naturalism, Mr. Balfour passes to its philosophic basis. He shows that we are necessarily entangled in masses of contradiction if we have nothing on which to rely except the conclusion of Naturalism that all our observations and experiences must practically be imperfect and delusive. We are then attempting to rest science upon observations which science itself asserts to be erroneous. In the next chapter Mr. Balfour touches on Kant's Transcendental Idealism. system destroys the belief in any objecreality by resolving the world into "a mind (or thinking subject), which is the source of relations, and a world which is constituted by those relations." Now, the system of Kant does indeed conferupon us inestimable services. It frees us from blank scepticism, for it supplies us with a vision of all things in God; it makes Reason "the essence of all that is or can be"; and it elevates the Ego far above the position of a mere product of the world, of which it is, in fact, a prior condition. Mr. Balfour cannot, however, accept this theory, for reasons which it is impossible here to summarise. In the next chapter, on Philosophy and Rationalism, he proceeds to show that there is no scientifically established doctrine of Rationalism to whose canons we are compelled to bow; and that beliefs cannot be swept aside as superstitious, unscientific, ridiculous, or

incredible merely because they clash with or lie beyond the prevalent mode of interpreting sense-perception. Hethen argues that a purely "Rationalist orthodoxy" depending on external "Christian evidences," and reducing theology to a humble annex to science, "lacks momentum and cannot hold its own." Thus he passes to the third part of his subject, on "some causes of belief," as his first two parts have been on "some consequences of" and "some reasons for" belief. He cannot accept a scheme which places Naturalism and Theology side by side as unconnected regions of knowledge which can hold no mutual intercourse with each other. He cannot be content merely to patch and plaster an accepted Naturalism "with a number of heterogeneous propositions drawn from an entirely different source." He thinks that an imaginary observer would soon find out that "other influences besides reasoning were required to supplement the simple physiological and psychological causes which originate the immediate beliefs of perception, memory, and expectation." He sees in all that comes under the head of "Authority" one group of causes of supreme importance, and deprecates as a gross delusion "the identification of Reason with all that is good among the causes of belief, and of Authority with all that is bad." Many of the incidental remarks in this chapter, as well as his main argument, are full of interest; for instance, his keen analysis of the supposed arguments for Papal Infallibility. conclusion is that, while there are abundant instances in which "Authority has perpetrated error and retarded progress," yet " it is Authority rather than Reason to which in the main we owe not religion only, but ethics and politics." He holds that "Authority supplies us with essential elements in the premises of science; lays deep the foundations of social life and cements its superstructure"; and that "it is no exaggeration to say that, if we would find the quality in which we most notably excel the brute creation, we should look for it not so much in our faculty of convincing and being convinced by the exercise of reasoning, as in our capacity for influencing and being influenced by Authority."

Thus we pass to the Fourth Part—"Suggestions towards a Provisional Philosophy." Mr. Balfour here argues that "Faith, or assurance, which, if not in excess of reason is at least independent of it, seems to be a necessity in every great department of knowledge which touches on action—and

what great department is there which does It has in no sense been his object to discredit Reason, but only to show that unaided Reason has not given us a satisfactory philosophy of the universe. We must take account "not only of premises and their conclusions, but of needs and their satisfaction." We may then "utterly decline to circumscribe the knowable by frontiers whose delimitation Reason itself assures us can be justified no rational principle whatsoever." It is impossible to follow Mr. Balfour closely through the remainder of his very valuable book. He illustrates with great force the danger in theology of leaning too timidly on theory, and suffering experience to be dragged down when the theory decays. He shows that essential religious truth may be separated from the theological formulæ in which for a time it has been enshrined; and that, even within the limits of the same unchanging formulæ, large changes and adaptations of belief are possible. We owe something—nay, we owe much—to the deep and gracious shadows of human language, which, though not given us for the purpose of concealing our thoughts, is yet incapable of fully expressing our partial knowledge under the naked and pitiless glare of accurate certainty. . "It would be a mistake," says Mr. Balfour, "to suppose that any complete correspondence between Belief Religion was secured by linguistic precision and the logical impeccability of the propositions by which beliefs themselves are communicated and recorded." Mr. Spencer tries to prove that the ultimate ideas of science and theology are alike unthinkable, but that "the knowable" belongs to science alone. But the knowable itself is of very little value if it reduces even such properties of matter as

weight and resistance to mere "suggestive ideas produced by objective agencies which are unknown and unknowable." If "the certainties of science lose themselves in depths of unfathomable mystery," says Mr. Balfour, "it may well be that out of these same depths should emerge the

certainties of religion." Coleridge used to say that Mrs. Barbauld's name was "a pleonasm of nakedness"not only bare but bald. This paper would be the same if it pretended to be a review, and not a general indication of the nature and contents of the book of which it But it may serve the useful purpose of preparing the reader for what he may expect in Mr. Balfour's book, and of urging him to examine and to master it. I have no space left to follow the author through his last chapter, on Science and Theology, and on "A Provisional Unification," which could not be compressed into a few lines, because they are crowded with important considerations. But some of the author's conclusions are (1) that we can at present construct no system of knowledge which shall not suffer from defects of proof and incoherencies; (2) that no unification of belief can be formed on a purely scientific basis; (3) that even philosophy must recognise that "most of the proximate causes of belief and all its ultimate causes are nonrational in their character; and (4) that no unification of beliefs can be adequate which does not include ethical beliefs such as inspire moral sentiments, ideals, and aspirations, and satisfy our ethical needs.

Such is an outline of the contents and method followed in a book for which the distinguished author is entitled to the warm gratitude of every thinker to whom the highest and deepest interests of the

human race are dear.

SCENES IN THE VOSHTI HILLS.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

II.—THE SINGING OF THE BEES.

"Tryico my child"

"Twice, my child."

"Once before the little shrine and once beside my bed—is it not so?"

"It is so, my Fanchon. What hast

thou in thy mind?"

"Thou didst pray that the storm die in the hills, and the flood cease, and that my father come before it was again the hour of prayer? It is now the hour. Canst thou not hear the storm and the wash of the flood? And my father does not come!"

"My Fanchon, God is good."

"When thou wast asleep I rose from my bed, and in the dark I kissed the feet of—Him—on the little Calvary; and I did not speak, but in my heart I called."

"What didst thou call, my child?"

"I called to my father, 'Come back! come back!"

"Thou shouldst have called to God, my Fanchon."

"I loved my father, and I called to

him."

"Thou shouldst love God."

"I knew my father first. If God loved thee, He would answer thy prayer. Dost thou not hear the cracking of the cedartrees, and the cry of the wolves?—they are afraid. All day and all night the rain and wind come down, and the birds and wildfowl have no peace. I kissed—His feet, and my throat was full of tears, but I called in my heart. Yet the storm and the dark stay, and my father does not come."

"Let us be patient, my Fanchon."

"He went to guide the priest across the hills. Why does not God guide him back?"

"My Fanchon, let us be patient."
"The priest was young, and my father

has grey hair!"

"Wilt thou not be patient, my child?"

"He filled the knapsack of the priest with food better than his own, and—thou didst not see it—put money into his hand."

"My own, the storm may pass."

"He told the priest to think upon our home as a little nest God set up here for such as he."

"There are places of shelter in the hills

for thy father, my Fanchon."

"And when the priest prayed, 'That Thou mayst bring us safely to this place where we would go,' my father said so softly, 'We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord!"

"My Fanchon, thy father hath gone this

trail many times."

"The prayer was for the out-trail, not the in-trail, my mother."

"Nay, I do not understand thee."

"A swarm of bees came singing through the room last night, my mother. It was dark and I could not see, but there was a sweet smell, and I heard the voices."

"My child, thou art tired with watching, and thy mind is full of fancies. Thou

must sleep.

"I am tired of watching. Through the singing of the bees as they passed over my bed, I heard my father's voice. I could not hear the words, they seemed so far away, like the voices of the bees, and I did not cry out, for the tears were in my throat. After a moment the room was so still that it made my heart ache."

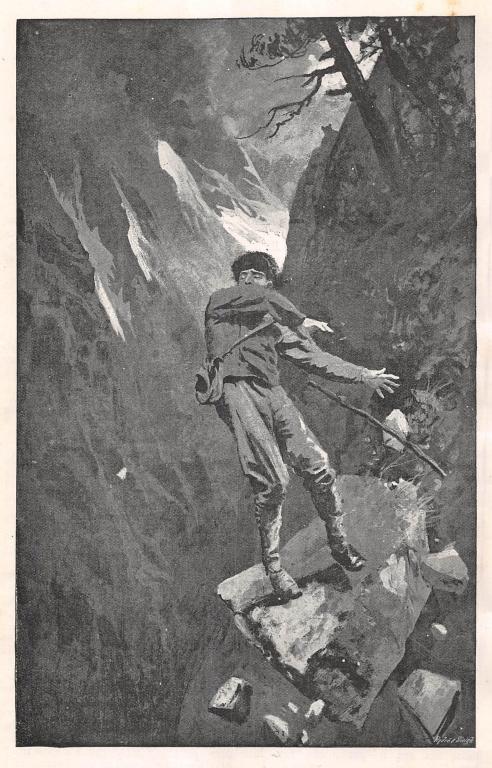
"Oh, my Fanchon, my child, thou dost break my heart! Dost thou not know the

holy words?-

And their souls do pass like singing bees, where no man may follow. These are they whom God gathereth out of the whirl wind and the desert, and bringeth home in a

goodly swarm."

Night drew close to the earth, and as suddenly as a sluice-gate drops and holds back a flood, the storm ceased. Along the crest of the hills there slowly grew a line of light, and then the serene moon came up and on persistent, to give the earth love where it had had punishment. And divers flocks of clouds, camp-followers of the storm, could not abash her. But once she drew shrinking back behind a slow troop of them: for down at the bottom of a gorge lay a mountaineer, face upward and



A ROCK LOOSENED BENEATH HIM, AND THE DEPTHS SWALLOWED HIM.

unmoving, as he had lain since a rock loosened beneath him, and the depths swallowed him. If he had had ears to hear, he would have answered the soft, bitter cry which rose from a hut on the Voshti Hill above him.

"Michel! Michel! art thou gone?"

"Come back, oh, my father, come

But perhaps it did avail that there were lighted candles before a little shrine, and that a mother, in her darkness, kissed the feet of One on a Calvary.

-63 x 65

III.—THE WHITE OMEN.

"Ah, Monsieur, Monsieur! come quick!" "My son, wilt thou not be patient?"

"But she - my Fanchon - and the child!"

"I knew thy Fanchon, and her father, when thou wast yet a child."

"But they may die before we come, Monsieur."

"These things are in God's hands, Gustave."

"You are not a father; you have never known what makes the world seem nothing."

"I knew thy Fanchon's father."

"Is that the same?"

"There are those who save and those who die for others. Of thy love thou wouldst save - the woman hath lain in thine arms, the child is of this. But to thy Fanchon's father I was merely a priest—we had not hunted together nor met often about the fire, and drew fast the curtains for the tales which bring men close. He took me safely on the outtrail, but on the home-trail was cast away. Dost thou not think the love of him that stays as great as the love of him that goes?"

"Ah, thou wouldst go far to serve my

wife and child."

"Love knows not distance; it hath no continent; its eyes are for the stars, its feet for the swords; it continueth, though an army lay waste the pasture; it comforteth when there are no medicines; it hath the relish of manna, and by it do men live in the desert."

"But if it pass from a man, that which he loves, and he is left alone, Monsieur:"

"That which is loved may pass, but love hath no end."

"Thou didst love my Fanchon's father?'

"I prayed him not to go, for a storm was on, but there was the thought of wife and child on him—the good Michel and he said, 'It is the home-trail, and I must get to my nest!' Poor soul, poor soul! I who carry my life as a leaf in autumn for the west wind was saved, and he--!"

"We are on the same trail now,

Monsieur?"

"See: how soft a night, and how goodly is the moon!"

"It is the same trail now as then, Monsieur?"

"And how like velvet are the shadows in the gorge there below—like velvet—

"Like a pall. He travelled this trail, Monsieur?"

"I remember thy Fanchon that nightso small a child was she, with deep brown eyes, a cloud of hair that waved about her head, and a face that shone like spring. I have seen her but once since then, and yet thou sayest thy Fanchon has now her great hour, that she brings forth?"

"Yes. In the morning she cried out to me twice, for I am not easy of wakingshame to me-and said: 'Gustave, thou shalt go for the priest over the hills, for my time is at hand, and I have seen the White Omen on the wall. The White Omen-you know, Monsieur?"

"What does such as she with the legend

of the White Omen, Gustave?"

"Who can tell what is in the heart of a mother? Their eyes are not the eyes of such as we."

"Neither the eyes of man nor priestthou sayest well. How did she see it?"

"She was lying in a soft sleep, when something like a pain struck through her eyes, and she waked. There upon the wall over the shrine was the white arrow with the tuft of fire. It came and went three times, and then she called me."

"What tale told the arrow to thy

Fanchon, Gustave?"

"That for the child which cometh into the world a life must go from the world."

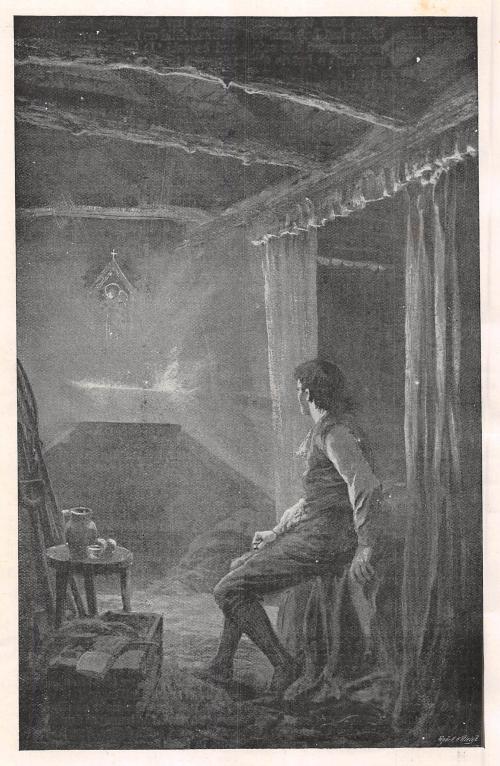
"The world is wide and souls are many,

"Most true; but her heart was heavy, and it came upon her that the child might be spared and herself taken."

"Is not that the light of thy home-

yonder against the bunch of firs?"

"Yes, yes, good father, they have put a light in the window. See, see, there are two lights. Ah, merci, merci! they both live! she hath had her hour! That was the sign our mother promised me."



NEAR DAWN GUSTAVE STARTED FROM THE BED WHERE HE SAT WATCHING, FOR HE SAW THE WHITE OMEN OVER AGAINST THE SHRINE.

"Michel's wife—ah, yes, Michel's wife! Blessed be God. A moment, Gustave; let us kneel here"

.... "Monsieur, did you not see a white arrow shoot down the sky as the prayer ended?"

"My son, it was a falling star."
"It seemed to have a tuft of fire."

"Hast thou also the mind of a woman, Gustave?"

"I cannot tell. If it was not a human soul it was a world, and death is death."

"Thou shalt think of life, Gustave. In thy nest there are two birds where was but one. Keep in thy heart the joy of life and the truth of love, and the White Omen shall be naught to thee."

"May I say 'thou' as I speak?"

"Thou shalt speak as I speak to thee."
"Thy face is pale—art thou ill, mon père?"

"I have no beard, and the moon shines in my face."

"Thy look is as that of one without

sight."
"Nay, nay, I can see the two lights in

thy window, my son."

"Joy! joy! a little while, and I shall clasp my Fanchon in my arms!"

"Thy Fanchon, and the child—and the child."

The fire sent a trembling glow through the room of a hut on a Voshti hill, and the smell of burning fir and camphire wood filtered through the air with a sleepy sweetness. So delicate and faint between the quilts lay the young mother, the little Fanchon, a shining wonder still in her face, and the exquisite touch of birth on her—for when a child is born the mother also is born again. So still she lay until one who gave her into the world stooped, and drawing open the linen at her breast, nestled a little life there, which presently gave a tiny cry, the first since it came Then Fanchon's arms drew up, and, with eyes all tenderly burning, she clasped the babe to her breast, and as silk breast touched silk cheek, there sprang up in her the delight and knowledge that the doom of the White Omen was not for herself. Then she called the child by its father's name, and said into the distance—

"Gustave! Gustave! come back!"

And the mother of Fanchon, remembering one night so many years before, said, under her breath—

"Michel, Michel! thou art gone so

long!"

With their speaking, Gustave and the priest entered on them; and Fanchon, crying out for joy, said—

"Kiss thy child — thy little Gustave, my husband." Then, to the priest—

"Last night I saw the White Omen, mon père; and one could not die, nor let the child die, without a blessing. But we shall both live now."

The priest blessed all, and long time he talked with the wife of the lost Michel. When he rose to go to bed she said to him, "The journey has been too long, mon père. Your face is pale and you tremble. Youth has no patience. Gustave hurried you."

"Gustave yearned for thy Fanchon and the child. The White Omen made him afraid."

"But the journey was too much. It is a hard, a bitter trail."

"I have come gladly as I went once with thy Michel. But, as thou sayest, I am tired—at my heart. I will get to my rest."

Near dawn Gustave started from the bed where he sat watching, for he saw the White Omen over against the shrine, and then a voice said, as it were out of a great distance—

"Even me also, O my father!"

And with awed footsteps, going to see, he found that a man had passed out upon that trail by which no hunter from life can set a mark to guide a comrade; leaving behind the bones and flesh which God set up, too heavy to carry on so long a journey.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S LYRE.

By WILFRID MEYNELL.

ORD BEACONSFIELD'S "lyre" the phrase is characteristically his If his "Revolutionary Epick" were not well received, he would "hurl his lyre to Limbo." So he said, and so he did. What Limbo, with the tradition of Orpheus in the air, thought of the lyre flung from Bradenham House, Bucks, one does not conjecture. In more accessible circles very little has been said about Lord Beaconsfield as a verse-maker, and that little has generally been little to the point. One well-known critic, for instance, wrote in 1868: "The author must long since have repented the publication of the quarto volume entitled 'The Revolutionary Epick,' regarding it, as he infallibly must, as the ill-fated fruit of an unlucky hallucination." So far, however, from regretting the publication of this fragment in 1834, its author republished it thirty years later. He stood by his verse, in his own way, and for what it was worth. To be sure, he did not think it worth very much. He made no secret, when he entered Parliament, that he put aside his dream of writing a great "Epick," or even an epic, which somehow seems a less momentous affair. He had other fish to fry, for which he had keener appetite. Bradenham House, whence he dated the first edition of the "Epick," belonged formerly, if I remember right, to the family of a Poet Laureate. But Mr. Disraeli was bound for a career in which he might become much more than that—even a maker of Laureates.

A critic like Mr. Frederic Harrison, who lately published in a magazine an appreciation of the influence of Lord Beaconsfield's writings, could not well do otherwise than leave his verses on one side. Yet in another magazine, appearing simultaneously, these very verses had a tribute in which the writer of them would have delighted. Dearer to him than any partiality of a critic would be the music composed by a Princess for his words. "The Blue-eyed Maiden's Song" is the title given by the magazine to what it also calls "A new song for girls: Words by the Earl of Beaconsfield: Music by H.R.H. Princess Beatrice." The words,

at any rate, are not new. But only devout readers of "Henrietta Temple, a Love Story" can be expected to remember them. Two verses appear in the novel, but only the first verse has been reprinted with the Princess's music. These are the two verses, as originally printed together:—

My heart is like a silent lute
Some faithless hand has thrown aside;
Those chords are dumb, those tones are mute,
Which once sent forth a voice of pride.
Yet, even o'er the lute neglected,
The wind of Heaven will sometimes fly,
And even thus the heart dejected
Will sometimes answer to a sigh.

And yet to feel another's power
May grasp the prize for which I pine,
And others now may pluck the flower
I cherished for this heart of mine—
No more, no more! The hand forsaking,
The lute must fall and shivered lie
In silence; and my heart thus breaking
Responds not even with a sigh.

The speaker in the verses is so obviously a man (Captain Armine in the novel) that one wonders how it came by its modern magazine title, "A Blue-eyed Maiden's Song." The blue eye is irrelevant, anyhow. There is no "maiden." The description "new" is not true of the words. The next thing we shall doubt is if it is even a "song."

Another set of verses in "Henrietta Temple" really are in the mouth of the heroine. Before she is assured of the heart of Captain Armine she sings—

Yes, weeping is madness— Away with this tear! Let no sign of sadness Betray the wild anguish I fear. When we meet him to-night Be mute, then, my heart, And my smile be as bright As if we were never to part!

Girl, give me the mirror
That said I was fair.
Alas! fatal error,
This picture reveals my despair.
Smiles no longer can pass
O'er this faded brow,
And I shiver this glass
Like his love and his fragile vow.

In the novel, all who heard this song became "pensive." But it was "to raise a smile" that the author of "The Young Duke" palmed off upon Count Frill the verses-

Charming Bignetta! Charming Bignetta! What a dear little girl is charming Bignetta! "Think me only a sister," Charming Bignetta! Charming Bignetta! What a gay little girl is charming Bignetta! Said she, trembling. I kissed her. Whatacharming young sister is—charming Bignetta! She dances, she prattles, In "Venetia" are four stanzas, as much in She rides and she rattles; the manner of Byron-one of the novel's But she always is charming—that charming Bignetta!



PORTRAIT OF LORD BEACONSFIELD. From a Pen-and-Ink Sketch by Maclise.

Charming Bignetta! Charming Bignetta! What a wild little witch is charming Bignetta!
When she smiles I'm all madness; When she frowns I'm all sadness; But she always is smiling—that charming Bignetta! Charming Bignetta! Charming Bignetta! What a wicked young rogue is charming Bignetta! She laughs at my shyness, And flirts with his Highness; Yet still is she charming—that charming Bignetta! mixed heroes - as the

author could make them. Marmion Herbert's daughter discovers among her unknown father's manuscripts, and reads "with a flushed cheek and an excited eye," the lines he had written "On the night our daughter was born"; and this is an "Ada, sole daughter" episode done into verse by Disraeli-Within our heaven of love,

the new-born star We long devoutly watched,

like shepherd kings, Steals into night; and, floating from afar,

Methinks some bright transcendent seraph sings Waving with flashing light her radiant wings,

Immortal welcome to stranger fair:

To us a child is born. With transport clings

The mother to the babe she sighed to bear; Of all our treasured loves the

long-expected heir.

My daughter! can it be a daughter now Shall greet my being with

her infant smile? And shall I press that fair and taintless brow

With my fond lips, and tempt, with many a wile

Of playful love, those features to beguile

A parent with their mirth? In the wild sea

Of this dark life, behold a little isle Rises amid the waters, bright

and free, A haven for my hopes of

fond security! And thou shalt bear a name

my line has loved, And their fair daughters owned for many an age,

Since first our fiery blood a wanderer roved, And made in sunnier lands his pilgrimage, Where proud defiance with the waters wage The sea-born city's walls; the graceful towers Loved by the bard and honoured by the sage! My own Venetia now shall gild our bowers, And with her spell enchain our life's enchanted hours!

Oh! if the blessing of a father's heart Hath aught of sacred in its deep-breathed prayer, Skilled to thy gentle being to impart,
As thy bright form itself a fate as fair—
On thee I breathe that blessing! Let me share,
O God! her joys; and if the dark behest
Of woe resistless and avoidless care,
Hath not gone forth, oh, spare this gentle guest,
And wreak Thy needful wrath on my resignéd
breast!

And Lord Cadurcis writes ten sonnets to Venetia—at one sitting. To be



LADY BEACONSFIELD.

sure, there were plenty of preparations. "Cadurcis began walking up and down the room, evidently under a considerable degree of excitement, for his gestures were violent and his voice" (was) "often audible. About an hour after midnight he rang for his valet, tore off his cravat and hurled it to one corner of the apartment, called for robe-de-chambre, sodawater and more lights, seated himself, and began pouring forth, faster almost than his pen could trace, the poem he had been meditating." The fourth and fifth sonnets compare favourably, if anything, with the rest of the series as compositions; and they interest as expressions of the personal homage which Disraeli, in common with the rest of the golden youth of 1837, offered to "the godlike deeds" of Byron, Moore's life of his "noble friend" notwithstanding. So it is that he makes Cadurcis write to and of Venetia-

She was the daughter of a noble race,
That beauteous girl, and yet she owed her name
To one who needs no herald's skill to trace
His blazoned lineage, for his lofty fame

Lives in the mouths of men, and distant climes Re-echo his wide glory; where the brave Are honoured, where 'tis noble deemed to save A prostrate nation, and for future times Work with a high devotion that no taunt,

Or ribald lie, or zealot's eager curse,
Or the short-sighted world's neglect may daunt,
That name is worshipped! His immortal
verse

Blends with his god-like deeds, a double spell To bind the coming age he loved so well.

Far from his ancient home, a scatterling
They drove him forth, unconscious of their prize,
And branded as a vile, unhallowed thing

The man who struggled only to be wise.

And even his hearth rebelled, the duteous wife

Whose bosom well might soothe in that dark
hour,

Swelled with her gentle force the world's harsh power,

And aimed her dart at his devoted life.

That struck; the rest his mighty soul might scorn,
But when his household gods averted stood,
'Twas the last pang that cannot well be borne

When tortured e'en to torpor: his heart's blood

Flowed to the unseen blow: then forth he went, And gloried in his ruthless banishment.

To Miss Power, a deaf and dumb grandniece of Lady Blessington, "Disraeli the Younger" addressed some verses headed "To a Beautiful Mute"—

They say that these sweet lips of thine
Breathe not to speak;
Thy very ears, that seem so fine,
No sound can seek;
And yet thy face beams with emotion,
Restless as the waves of ocean.

'Tis well; thy face and form agree,
And both are fair.

I would not that the child should be
As others are;
I love to mark her, in derision,
Smilling with seraphic vision

At our gifts of vulgar sense,
That cannot stain
Nor mar her mystic innocence,
Nor cloud her brain
With all the dreams of worldly folly,
And its creative melancholy.

To thee I dedicate these lines;
Yet read them not.
Cursed be the art that e'er refines
Thy natural lot;
Read the bright stars, and read the flowers,
And hold sweet converse with the bowers.

A sonnet was written by Mr. Disraeli in 1839 "On the Portrait of Lady Mahon," afterwards the Countess Stanhope (for whose daughter, by-the-way, Lord Macaulay later composed rhymes). This is the sonnet—

Fair lady! thee the pencil of Vandyke
Might well have painted; thine the English air,
Graceful yet earnest, that his portraits bear,
In that far, troubled time when sword and pike
Gleamed round the ancient halls and castles fair

That shrouded Albion's beauty; though when

They, too, though soft withal, could boldly dare Defend the leaguered breach, or charging steed Mount in their trampled parks. Far different

The bowers present before thee; yet serene Though now our days, if coming time impart Our ancient troubles, well I ween thy life Would not reproach thy lot, and what thou art—A warrior's daughter, and a statesman's wife.

People to whom Lord Beaconsfield was nothing if not sardonic will find his poems a puzzle. There is a vein of Byrony about them, no doubt, but of irony never. True, his verse caught some of his characteristics. You could not say he was always sensitive to the difference, in diction, between pomp and dignity. You must allow that he was not simple even in speeches that came from the heart. His heroes and heroines of fiction make love in—heroics; and, if the rather treacherous tattle of Sir William Gregory is to be taken, Disraeli's own manners in domestic life were not altogether out of keeping with those of his characters. It is no bad compliment to him to say that when he is simplest he is best, as when the beauty of



MR. WYNDHAM-LEWIS, M.P.

Lady Mahon touches him or he is moved by the sight of a girl who is a mute. If, therefore, he ever wrote poems to Mrs. Wyndham - Lewis before or after his marriage, in them, if they are published, we shall expect to meet him at his best. In one sense, however, the lady put an end to his verses, for, by the fortune she brought him, the widow of Mr. Wyndham-Lewis made it possible for her late husband's Parliamentary colleague to persist and to triumph

utterly in his political career.

Lord Beaconsfield's only serious pose as Bard is in "The Revolutionary Epick." They were still fond of superfluous k's in 1834. "It was on the plains of Troy," says he, "that I first conceived the idea of this Work." He wrote "work" with a capital W, because he deemed himself "in that excited hour, a Poet," and he remembered that "the Poet hath ever embodied the spirit of his Time. Thus the most Leroick incident of an heroick age produced in the Iliad an Heroick Epick; the revival of learning and the birth of vernacular genius presented us in the Divine Comedy with a National Epick; and the Reformation and its consequences called from the rapt lyre of Milton a Religious Epick. And the spirit of my Time, shall it alone be uncelebrated? Standing upon Asia and gazing upon Europe, with the broad Hellespont alone between us, and the shadow of night descending on the mountains, these mighty continents" (sic) (the poet here hath a flight indeed, and stands not himself upon "these mighty continents," but makes them stand instead upon themselves) "appeared to me, as it were, the rival principles of govern-ment that at present contend for the mastery of the world. 'What!' I exclaimed, 'is the Revolution of France a less important event than the siege of Troy? Napoleon a less interesting character than For me remains the Revo-Achilles? lutionary Epick!" Only the first three sections of the "Work" were written and published, the author wishing to have the judgment of his contemporaries before proceeding further. "For," says he, "I am not one who find" (sic) "consolation for the neglect of my contemporaries in the imaginary plaudits of a more sympathetic posterity."

The expression of this public judgment must have been looked for in criticisms rather than in sales; for only fifty copies of this edition were issued. When, in 1864, Mr. Disraeli sent forth a second edition of his fragment, he did so, one must think, principally because he wanted to dedicate something to his political colleague and leader, the Earl of Derby, then Lord Stanley, "to whom I am indebted for an interesting and faithful friendship." Of this new edition he says: "It is printed from the only copy in my

possession and" (sie) "which was corrected in 1837 when, after three years' reflection, I had resolved not only to correct, but to complete the work" ("work," alas! with the capital W no longer, after the lapse of thirty years). "The somewhat sudden Accession of Her Most Gracious Majesty," he adds, "occasioned in that year a dissolution of Parliament, and being then returned

to the House of Commons, these dreams "(sic)" for ever vanished." This is the gist of the Prefaces to the two editions, with that busy interval between them. The style of the Prefaces has at least the interest of being characteristically Disraelian. Of the grammar one may say (since there are superfluous k's about) that it frequently makes one sic-k.

Of the Work itself there is not much to be made. It is designed, says the author, to profit "governors and the governed," and "to teach wisdom both to monarchs and multitudes." In fact, it much re-. minds one of a modern Encyclical. The poem opens with the appearance of Magros, the genius of Feudalism, and of Lyridon, the genius of Federalism, before the throne of Demogorgon. makes his plea, and the poem moves through a sort of survey of the social conditions of Man. sentiments are all exemplary; and the expression is made in blank verse neither better nor worse, neither more nor less inverted and stilted than most of the blank verse of the time, though some of it has had a larger audience and a

kinder appreciation. His description of the "Feudal Papacy," of the union between Religion and Loyalty, may be taken as a sample of the rest. He has, first, a sort of picture of a Pontiff, with "Kings as his vassals," and "a kneeling world, alike alone in faith"—

The children of the South with burning zeal Ecstatic, wild; of stormier souls the test Their flashing eyes. The Northman's heart devout, Deep, and serenely gazing with a glance Stern as his clime. Hark! the ascending prayer, As universal dew—the vesper beads That nun-like Nature tells. Send forth their voices The mountains of the world; each stream its choir; The simultaneous cities and the woods Echo that song sublime, and o'er the sea Tribute their praise the isles. But silent now, For from his vest, in likeness of a dove, A vase forth draws that mighty Presbyter. A crowd of crownèd beings round his throne Gather; of earth the consecrated Kings:

On them that vase he pours; a deed is done That takes Time's breath away—of mighty faith A regal baptism. To each purple robe A nation clings. To heavenly delegates A willing fealty what soul denies? Thus all its harsher attributes are lost To stern Authority; Obedience now Worship becomes. Thus Loyalty is born.

So much for Magros. In the Second Book the turn of Lyridon comes; and the



LORD BEACONSFIELD.

Third Book has the First Napoleon's Italian campaign for its theme. The abandonment of the Work at that pointan abandonment ratified complacently in the retrospect—was the Poet's frank acknowledgment of failure. He did not try the vaunt-"The time will come when you will hear me"-upon Parnassus. limitation, and the recognition of it, give new force to his otherwise abounding success. They accentuate the assurance with which he made his amazing march from his desk in Old Jewry to the right hand of the Queen as her Prime Minister and Prime Favourite, not forfeiting by the way his individuality—or even his idio-So that there are, perhaps, syncrasy. people who, like myself, can spare some passing interest for even a failure of the Earl of Beaconsfield,



ORE than once in these papers I have mentioned, as I passed, the wind-

swept and weather-beaten Scotch fir on which the night-jar perches, and which forms such a conspicuous object in the wide moorland view from our drawingroom windows. I love that Scotch fir, for its very irregularity and rude wildness of growth; a Carlyle among trees, it seems to me to breathe forth the essential spirit of these bold free uplands. Not that anyone would call it beautiful who has framed his ideas of beauty on the neatness and trimness of park-like English scenery; it has nothing in common with the wellgrown and low-feathering Douglas pines which the nursery gardener plants out as "specimen trees" on the smooth velvety sward of some lawn in the lowlands. No. no; my Scotch fir is gnarled and brokenboughed, a great gaunt soldier, scarred from many an encounter with fierce wintry winds, and holding its own even now, every January that passes, by dint of hard struggling against enormous odds with obstinate endurance. Life, for it, is a battle. And I love it for its scars, its toughness, its audacity. It has chosen for its post the highest summit of the ridge, where north-east and south-west alternately assault it; and it meets their assaults with undiminished courage, begotten of long familiarity with fire and flood, with lightning and tempest.

Has it never occurred to you how such a tree must grow? what attacks it must endure, what assaults of the evil one it must continually fight against? Its whole long life is one endless tale of manful struggle and dear-bought victory. What survives of it now in its prime—for it is still a young tree, as trees go on our upland—is at best but a maimed and

upward it has suffered, like man, an eternal martyrdom. It began life as a winged seed, blown about by the boisterous wind which shook it rudely adrift from the sheltering cone of its mountain-cradled mother. Many a sister seed floated lightly with the breeze to warm nooks in the valley, where the tree that sprang from it now grows tall and straight and equally developed on every side into a noble Scotch fir of symmetrical dimensions. But adventures are to the adventurous; you and I, my tree, know it. You were caught in its fierce hands by some mighty sou'wester that whirled you violently over the hilltop till you reached the very summit of the long straight spur; and there, where it dropped you, you fell and rooted in a wind-swept home on a wind-Your growth was slow. swept upland. For many and many a season your green sprouting top was browsed down by wandering cattle or gnawing rabbits; you had some thirty rings of annual growth, I take it, in your stunted rootstock, just below the level of the soil, before you could push yourself up three inches towards the free and open air of heaven. Year after year, as you strove to rise, those everpresent assailants cropped you close and stunted you; yet still you persevered, and natheless so endured, till, in one lucky season, you made just enough growth, under the sun's warm rays, to overtop and outwit their continual aggression. Then, for a while, you grew apace; you put forth lush green buds, and you looked like a sturdy young tree indeed, with branches sprouting from each side, when, with infinite pains, you had reached to the height of a man's shoulder.

But your course was still chequered. Life is hard on the hilltops. You had to stand stress and strain of wind and weather. Like every other tree on our open moor,

MOORLAND IDYLLS.



THE GREAT STORM OF LAST AUTUMN RENT ONE HUGE BRANCH IN TWAIN, AND TORE OFF A DOZEN LESSER ARMS FROM YOUR BLEEDING TRUNK.

I notice you are savagely blown from the south-west; for the south-west wind here is by far our most violent and dangerous enemy, blowing great guns at times up the narrow funnel-shaped valleys, and so much more to be dreaded than the bitter northeast, which is elsewhere so inhospitable. "Blown from the south-west," we say as a matter of course in our bald human language; and so indeed it seems. I suppose most casual spectators who look upon you now really believe it is the direct blowing of the wind that so distorts and twists you. You and I know better. We know that each spring, as the sap rises in your veins, you put forth afresh lush green sprouts symmetrically from the buds at your growing-points; and that if these sprouts were permitted to develop equally and evenly in every direction, you would have grown from the first as normally and formally as a spruce-fir or a puzzle-monkey. But not for us are such joys. We must grow as the tempests and the hail-storms permit us. Soon after you have begun each year to put forth your tender green shoots comes a frost—a nipping frost whirled along on the wide wings of some angry sou'wester. We, your human neighbours, lie abed in our snug cottage, and tremble at the groaning and shivering of our beams, and silently wonder in the dark amid the noise how much of our redtiled roof will remain over us by morning. (Five pounds' worth of tiles went off, I recollect, in last Thursday week's tempest.) But you on your open hilltop feel the fierce cold wind blow through and through you; till all the buds on your southwestern face are chilled and killed; while even the others, more sheltered on the leeward side, have got nipped and checked, so that they develop irregularly. It is this lawless checking of growth in your budding and sprouting stage that really "blows you on one side," as we roughly state it. Only on your sheltered half do you ever properly realise the ground-plan of your nature. Your growth is the resultant of the incident energies. And that, after all, is the case with most of us. Especially with the stormy petrels of our human menagerie.

Yet even to you, too, have come the consolations of love. "Not we alone," says the poet, "have yearnings hymeneal." Late developed on your cold spur, checked and gnarled as you grew, there came to you yet a day when your branches burgeoned forth into tender pink cones, with dainty soft ovules, all athirst for pollen; while on your budding shoots grew thick rings of rich stamens, that flung their golden powder adrift on the air with a lavish profusion right strange in so slenderly endowed an economy. But it is always so in nature. These gnarled hard lives, as people think them, are gilded brightest by the glow and fire of love; these poorest of earth's children are made richest at last in the holiest and best of her manifold blessings. It was nothing to you, I know, my tree, that the fire which swept over the heath some five years since charred all your lower branches and killed half your live bark; you had courage to resist and heart to prevail; and though those poor burnt boughs are dead and gone for all time, you still put forth smiling bundles of green needles above quite as bravely as ever. It was nothing to you that the great storm of last autumn rent one huge branch in twain, and tore off a dozen lesser arms from your bleeding trunk in a wild outburst of fury. The night-jar now sits and croons to you every evening in the after-glow from those self-same stumps; and struggling sheaths of young buds push through on the blown boughs that just escaped with their lives the fury of the tempest. No wonder the Eastern fancy sees curled dragons in the storms that so rend and assail us; but we like them, you and I, for the sake of the breadth, the height, the air, the space, the freedom. What matters it to us though fire rage and wind blow, so long as they leave us our love in peace, and permit us to spread our sheltering shade over our strong young saplings? The hilltops are free, the hilltops are open, from their peaks we can catch betimes some crimson glimpses of the sunrise and the morning.

So now, my Scotch fir, gnarled and broken on the ridge, you know how I love you, and why I sympathise with you.



IN PENSIVE MOOD.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF A MINISTER OF FRANCE.

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

THE OPEN SHUTTER.

EW are ignorant of that weakness of the vulgar which leads them to admire in the great not so much the qualities which deserve admiration as those which, in the eyes of the better informed, are defects; so that the amours of Cæsar, the clockmaking of Charles, and the jests of Coligny are more in the mouths of men than their statesmanship or valour. For one thing commendable, two that are diverting are told; and for one man who in these days recalls the thousand great and wise deeds of the late King a thousand remember his occasional freaks, the duel he would have fought, or his habit of visiting the streets of Paris by night and in disguise. That this last has been much exaggerated, I can myself bear witness, for though Varenne or Coquet, the Master of the Household, were his usual companions on these occasions, he seldom failed to confess to me after the event, and more than once I accompanied

If I remember rightly, it was in April or May of this year, 1606, and consequently a few days after his return from Sedan, that he surprised me one night as I sat at supper, and, requesting me to dismiss my servants, let me know that he was in a flighty mood; and that nothing would content him but to play the Caliph in my company. I was not too willing, for I did not fail to recognise the risk to which these expeditions exposed his person; but in the end I consented, making only the condition that Maignan should follow us at a distance. This he conceded, and I sent for two plain suits, and we dressed in my closet. The King, delighted with the frolic, was in his wildest mood. He uttered an infinity of jests, and cut a thousand absurd antics; and, rallying me on my gravity, soon came near to making me repent of the easiness which had led me to fall in with his

However, it was too late to retreat, and in a moment we were standing in the street. It would not have surprised me if he had celebrated his freedom by some noisy extravagance there; but he refrained, and contented himself—while Maignan locked the postern behind us—with cocking his hat and lugging forward his sword, and assuming an air of whimsical recklessness, as if an adventure were to be instantly

expected.

But the moon had not vet risen, the night was dark, and for some time we met with nothing more diverting than a stumble over a dead dog, a word with a forward wench, or a narrow escape from one of those liquid douches that render the streets perilous for common folk, and do not spare the greatest. Naturally, I began to tire, and wished myself with all my heart back at the Arsenal; but Henry, whose spirits a spice of danger never failed to raise, found a hundred things to be merry over, and some of which he made a great tale afterwards. He would go on; and presently, in the Rue de la Pourpointerie, which we entered as the clocks struck the hour before midnight, his persistence was rewarded.

By that time the moon had risen; but, naturally, few were abroad so late, and such as were to be seen belonged to a class among whom even Henry did not care to seek adventures. Our astonishment was great, therefore, when, halfway down the street—a street of tall, mean houses neither better nor much worse than others in that quarter—we saw, standing in the moonlight at an open door, a boy about seven years old.

The King saw him first, and, pressing my arm, stood still. On the instant, the child, who had probably seen us before we saw him, advanced into the road to us. "Messieurs," he said, standing up boldly before us and looking at us without fear, "my father is ill, and I cannot close the

shutter."

The boy's manner, full of self-possession, and his tone, remarkable at his age, took us so completely by surprise—to say

nothing of the late hour and the deserted street, which gave these things their full effect—that for a moment neither of us answered. Then the King spoke. "Indeed,



THE BOY POINTED TO AN OPEN SHUTTER AT THE TOP OF THE HOUSE.

M. l'Empereur," he said gravely; "and where is the shutter?"

The boy pointed to an open shutter at the top of the house behind him.

"Ah!" Henry said. "And you wish us to close it?"

"If you please, Messieurs."

"We do please," Henry replied, saluting him with mock reverence. "You may consider the shutter closed. Lead on, Monsieur; we follow."

For the first time the boy looked doubtful; but he turned without saying anything, and, passing through the doorway, was in an instant lost in the pitchy darkness of the entry. I laid my hand on the King's arm, and tried to induce him not to follow, fearing much that this might be some new thieves' trap, leading nowhither save to the *poire d'angoisse* and the poniard. But the attempt was hopeless from the first; he broke from me and entered, and I followed him.

We groped for the balustrade and found it, and began to ascend, guided by the boy's voice, who kept a little before us, saying continually, "This way, Messieurs; this way!" His words had so much the sound of a signal, and the staircase was so dark and ill-smelling, that, expecting every moment to be seized or to have a knife in my back, I found it almost interminable. At last, however, a gleam of light appeared above us, the boy opened a door, and we found ourselves standing on a mean, narrow landing, the walls of which had once been whitewashed. The child signed to us to enter, and we followed him into a bare attic, where our heads nearly touched the ceiling.

"Messieurs, the air is keen," he said in a curiously formal tone. "Will you please to close the shutter?"

The King, amused and full of wonder, looked round. The room contained little besides a table, a stool, and a lamp standing in a basin on the floor; but an alcove, curtained with black, dingy hangings, broke one wall. "Your father lies there?" Henry said, pointing to it.

"Yes, Monsieur."
"He feels the cold?"

"Yes, Monsieur. Will you please to close the shutter?"

I went to it, and, leaning out, managed, with a little difficulty, to comply. Meanwhile, the King, gazing curiously at the curtains,

gradually approached the alcove. He hesitated long, he told me afterwards, before he touched the hangings; but at length, feeling sure that there was some-

thing more in the business than appeared, he did so. Drawing one gently aside, as I turned from the window, he peered in; and saw just what he had been led to expect—a huddled form covered with dingy bed-clothes, and a grey head lying on a ragged yellow pillow. The man's face was turned to the wall; but as the light fell on him, he sighed and, with a shiver, began to move. The King dropped

The adventure had not turned out as well as he had hoped; and, with a whimsical look at me, he laid a crown on the table, said a kind word to the boy, and we went out. In a moment we were in the street

It was my turn now to rally him, and I did so without mercy; asking if he knew of any other beauteous damsel who wanted her shutter closed, and whether this was the usual end of his adventures. He took the jest in good part, laughing fully as loudly at himself as I laughed; and in this way we had gone a hundred paces or so very merrily, when, on a sudden, he stopped.

What is it, Sire?" I asked.

"Hola!" he said, "the boy was clean."

"Clean?"

"Yes; hands, face, clothes. All clean."

"Well, Sire?"

"How could he be? His father in bed; no one even to close the shutter. could he be clean?"

"But, if he was, Sire?"

For answer Henry seized me by the arm, turned me round without a word, and in a moment was hurrying me back to the house. I thought that he was going thither again, and followed reluctantly; but twenty paces short of the door he crossed the street, and drew me into a "Can you see the shutter?" doorway. "Yes? Then watch it, my he said. friend."

I had no option but to resign myself, and I nodded. A moist and chilly wind, which blew through the street, and, penetrating our cloaks, made us shiver, did not tend to increase my enthusiasm; but the King was proof even against this, as well as against the kennel smells and the tedium of waiting, and presently his persistence was rewarded. The shutter swung slowly open, the noise made by its collision with the wall coming clearly to our ears. A minute later the boy appeared in the doorway, and stood looking up

"Well," the King whispered in my ear, "what do you make of that, my friend?"

I muttered that it must be a beggar's

"They would not earn a crown in a month." he answered. "There must be something more than that at the bottom of it."

Beginning to share his curiosity, I was about to propose that we should sally out and see if the boy would repeat his overture to us, when I caught the sound of footsteps coming along the street. "Is it Maignan?" the King whispered, looking out cautiously.

"No, Sire," I said. "He is in yonder

doorway."

Before Henry could answer, the appearance of two strangers coming along the roadway confirmed my statement. They paused opposite the boy, and he advanced to them. Too far off to hear precisely what passed, we were near enough to be sure that the dialogue was in the main the same as that in which we had taken part. The men were cloaked, too, as were we, and presently they went in, as we had gone in. All, in fact, happened as it had happened to us, and after the necessary interval we saw and heard the shutter closed.

"Well," the King said, "what do you

make of that?"

"The shutter is the catchword, Sire." "Ay, but what is going on up there?" he asked. And he rubbed his hands.

I had no explanation to give, however, and shook my head; and we stood awhile, watching silently. At the end of five minutes the two men came out again and walked off the way they had come, but more briskly. Henry, moreover, whose observation was all his life most acute, remarked that whatever they had been doing they carried away lighter hearts than they had brought. And I thought the same.

Indeed, I was beginning to take my full share of interest in the adventure; and in place of wondering, as before, at Henry's persistence, found it more natural to admire the keenness which he had displayed in scenting a mystery. I was not surprised, therefore, when he gripped my arm to gain my attention, and, as the window fell slowly open again, drew me quickly into the street, and hurried me across it and through the doorway of the house.

"Up!" he muttered in my ear. "Quickly and quietly, man! If there are to be other visitors, we will play the spy. But softly, softly; here is the boy!"

We stood aside against the wall, scarcely daring to breathe; and the child, guiding

by pinching me.

himself by the handrail, passed us in the dark without suspicion, and pattered on down the staircase. We remained as we were until we heard him cross the threshold, and then we crept up; not to the uppermost landing, where the light, when the door was open, must betray us, but to that immediately below it. There we took our stand in the angle of the stairs and waited, the King, between amusement at the absurdity of our position and anxiety lest we should betray ourselves, going off now and again into stifled laughter, from which he vainly strove to restrain himself

I was not in so gay a mood myself, however, the responsibility of his safety lying heavy upon me; while the possibility that the adventure might prove no less tragical in the sequel than it now appeared comical, did not fail to present itself to my eyes in the darkest colours. When we had watched, therefore, five minutes or more—which seemed to me an hour—I began to lose faith; and I was on the point of undertaking to persuade Henry to withdraw, when the voices of men speaking at the door below reached us, and told me that it was too late. The next moment their steps crossed the threshold, and they began to ascend, the boy saying continually, "This way, Messieurs, this way!" and preceding them as he had preceded us. We heard them approach, breathing heavily, and but for the balustrade, by which I felt sure that they would guide themselves, and which stood some feet from our corner, I should have been in a panic lest they should blunder against us. But they passed safely, and a moment later the boy opened the door of the room above. We heard them go in, and without a second's hesitation we crept up after them, following them so closely that the door was scarcely shut before we were at it. We heard, therefore, what passed from the first; the child's request that they would close the shutter, their hasty compliance, and the silence, strange and pregnant, which followed, and which was broken at last by a solemn voice. "We have closed one shutter," it said, "but the shutter of God's mercy is never closed."

"Amen," a second person answered in a tone so distant and muffled that it needed no great wit to guess whence it came, or that the speaker was behind the curtains of the alcove. "Who are you?"

"The curé of St. Marceau," the first

speaker replied.

"And whom do you bring to me?"

"A sinner."

"What has he done?"

"He will tell you."
I am listening."

There was a pause on this, a long pause; which was broken at length by a third speaker, in a tone half sullen, half miserable. "I have robbed my master," he said.

"Of how much?"

"Fifty livres."

"Why?"

"I lost it at play."

"And you are sorry?"

"I must be sorry," the man panted with sudden fierceness, "or hang!" Hidden though he was from us, there was a tremor in his voice that told a tale of pallid cheeks and shaking knees, and a terror fast rising to madness.

"He makes up his accounts to-morrow?"

"Yes."

Someone in the room groaned; it should have been the culprit, but unless I was mistaken the sound came through the curtains. A long pause followed. Then, "And if I help you," the muffled voice resumed, "will you swear to lead an honest life?"

But the answer may be guessed. I need not repeat the assurances, the protestations and vows of repentance, the cries and tears of gratitude which ensued; and to which the poor wretch, stripped of his sullen indifference, completely abandoned himself. Suffice it that we presently heard the clinking of coins, a word or two of solemn advice from the curé, and a man's painful sobbing; then the King touched my arm, and we crept down the stairs. I was for stopping on the landing where we had hidden ourselves before; but Henry drew me on to the foot of the stairs and into the street.

He turned towards home, and for some time did not speak. At length he asked me what I thought of it.

"In what way, Sire?"

"Do you not think," he said in a voice of much emotion, "that if we could do what he does, and save a man instead of hanging him, it would be better?"

"For the man, Sire, doubtless," I answered drily; "but for the State it might not be so well. If mercy became the rule and justice the exception, there would be fewer bodies at Montfaucon and more in the streets at daylight. I feel much greater doubt on another point."

Shaking off the moodiness that had for a moment overcome him, Henry asked

with vivacity what that was,

"Who is he, and what is his motive?"

"Why?" the King replied in some surprise—he was ever of so kind a nature that an appeal to his feelings displaced his judgment. "What should he be but what he seems?"

"Benevolence itself?"

"Yes."

"Well, Sire, I grant that he may be M. de Joyeuse, who has spent his life in passing in and out of monasteries, and has performed so many tricks of the kind that I could believe anything of him. But if it be not he——"

"It was not his voice," Henry said

positively.

"Then there is something here," I answered, "still unexplained. Consider the oddity of the conception, Sire, the secrecy of the performance, the hour, the mode, all the surrounding circumstances! I can imagine a man currying favour with the basest and most dangerous class by such means. I can imagine a conspiracy recruited by such means. I can imagine this shibboleth of the shutter grown to a watchword as deadly as the 'Tuez!' of '72. I can imagine all that, but I cannot imagine a man acting thus out of pure benevolence."

"No?" Henry said thoughtfully. "Well, I think that I agree with you." And far from being displeased with my warmth (as is the manner of some sovereigns when their best friends differ from them), he came over to my opinion so completely as to halt and express his intention of returning and probing the matter to the bottom. Midnight had gone, however; it would take some little time to retrace our steps; and with some difficulty I succeeded in dissuading him, promising instead to make inquiries on the morrow, and having learned who lived in the house, to turn the whole affair into a report, which should be submitted to him.

This amused and satisfied him, and, expressing himself well content with the evening's diversion—though we had done nothing unworthy either of a King or a Minister—he parted from me at the Arsenal, and went home with his suite.

It did not occur to me at the time that I had promised to do anything difficult; but the news which my agents brought me next day—that the uppermost floor of the house in the Rue Pourpointerie was empty—put another face upon the matter. The landlord declared that he knew nothing of the tenant, who had rented the rooms, ready furnished, by the week; and as I had not seen the man's face, there

remained only two sources whence I could get the information I needed—the child and the curé of St. Marceau.

I did not know where to look for the former, however, and I had to depend on the curé. But here I came to an obstacle I might easily have foreseen. I found him, though an honest man, obdurate in upholding his priest's privileges: to all my inquiries he replied that the matter touched the confessional, and was within his vows; and that he neither could, nor dared—to please anyone or for any cause however plausible—divulge the slightest detail of the affair. I had him summoned to the Arsenal, and questioned him myself and closely; but of all armour that of the Roman priesthood is the most difficult to penetrate, and I quickly gave up the attempt.

Baffled in the only direction in which I could hope for success, I had to confess my defeat to the King, whose curiosity was only piqued the more by the rebuff. He adjured me not to let the matter drop, and, suggesting a number of persons among whom I might possibly find the unknown, proposed also some theories. Of these, one that the benevolent was a disguised lady, who contrived in this way to give the rein at once to gallantry and charity, pleased him most; while I favoured that which had first occurred to me on the night of our sally, and held the unknown to be a clever rascal, who, to serve his ends, political or criminal, was corrupting the commonalty and drawing people into his power.

Things remained in this state some weeks, and, growing no wiser, I was beginning to think less of the affairwhich, of itself, and apart from a whimsical interest which the King took in it, was unimportant-when one day, stopping in the Ouartier du Marais to view the works at the new Place Royale, I saw the boy. He was in charge of a decent-looking servant, whose hand he was holding, and the two were gazing at a horse that, alarmed by the heaps of stone and mortar, was rearing and trying to unseat its rider. The child did not see me, and I bade Maignan follow him home, and learn where he lived, and who he was.

In an hour my equerry returned with the information I desired. The child was the only son of Fauchet, one of the Receivers-General of the Revenue, a man who kept great state in the largest of the old-fashioned houses in the Rue de Béthisy, where he had lately entertained the King. I could not imagine anyone less likely to

be concerned in treasonable practices: and, certain that I had made no mistake in the boy, I was driven for a while to believe that some servant had perverted the child to this use. Presently, however, second thoughts, and the position of the father, taken, perhaps, with suspicions that I had for a long time entertained of Fauchet-in common with most of his kind—suggested an explanation, hitherto unconsidered. It was not an explanation very probable at first sight, nor one that would have commended itself to those who divide all men by hard-and-fast rules and assort them like sheep. But I had seen too much of the world to fall into this mistake, and it satisfied me. I began by weighing it carefully. I procured evidence. I had Fauchet watched; and, at length, one evening in August I went to the Louvre.

The King was dicing with Fernandez, the Portuguese banker; but I ventured to interrupt the game and draw him aside. He might not have taken this well, but that my first word caught his

attention.

"Sire," I said, "the shutter is open."

He understood in a moment.

"St. Gris!" he exclaimed with animation. "Where? At the same house?"

"No, Sire; in the Rue Cloître Notre

"You have got him, then?"

"I know who he is, and why he is doing this."

"Why?" the King cried eagerly.

"Well, I was going to ask for your Majesty's company to the place," I answered smiling. "I will undertake that you shall be amused at least as well as here, and at a cheaper rate."

He shrugged his shoulders. "That may very well be," he said with a grimace. "That rogue Pimentel has stripped me of two thousand crowns since supper. He

is plucking Bassompierre now."

Remembering that only that morning I had had to stop some necessary works through lack of means, I could scarcely restrain my indignation. But it was not the time to speak, and I contented myself with repeating my request. Ashamed of himself, he consented with a good grace, and bidding me go to his closet, followed a few minutes later. He found me cloaked to the eyes, and with a soutane and priest's hat on my arm. "Are those for me?" he said.

"Yes, Sire."

"Who am I, then?"

"The curé of St. Germain."

He made a wry face. "Come, Grand Master," he said; "he died yesterday. Is not the jest rather grim?"

"In a good cause," I said equably.

He flashed a roguish look at me. "Ah!" he said, "I thought that that was a wicked rule which only we Romanists avowed. But, there; don't be angry. I am ready."

Coquet, the Master of the Household, let us out by one of the river gates, and we went by the new bridge and the Pont St. Michel. By the way I taught the King the rôle I wished him to play, but without explaining the mystery; the opportune appearance of one of my agents, who was watching the end of the street, bringing Henry's remonstrances to a close.

"It is still open?" I said.
"Yes, your Excellency."

"Then come, Sire," I said. "I see the boy yonder. Let us ascend, and I will undertake that before you reach the street again you shall be not only a wiser but a richer sovereign."

"St. Gris!" he answered with alacrity. "Why did you not say that before, and I should have asked no questions? On, on, in God's name, and the devil take

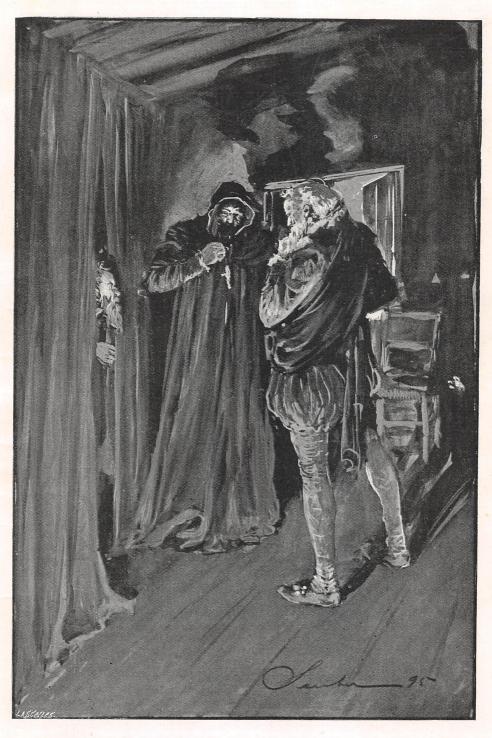
Pimentel!"

I restrained the caustic jest that rose to my lips, and we proceeded in silence down the street. The boy, whom I had espied loitering in a doorway a little way ahead, as if the great bell above us which had just tolled eleven had drawn him out, peered at us a moment askance; and then, coming forward, accosted us. But I need not detail the particulars of a conversation which was almost word for word the same as that which had passed in the Rue de la Pourpointerie; suffice it that he made the same request with the same frank audacity, and that, granting it, we were in a moment following him up a similar staircase.

"This way, Messieurs, this way!" he said, as he had on that other night, while we groped our way upwards in the dark. He opened a door, and a light shone out; and we entered a room that seemed, with its bare walls and rafters, its scanty stool and table and lamp, the very counterpart of that other room. In one wall appeared the dingy curtains of an alcove, closely drawn; and the shutter stood open, until, at the child's request, expressed in the same words, I went to it and

closed it.

We were both so well muffled up and disguised, and the light of the lamp shining upwards so completely distorted

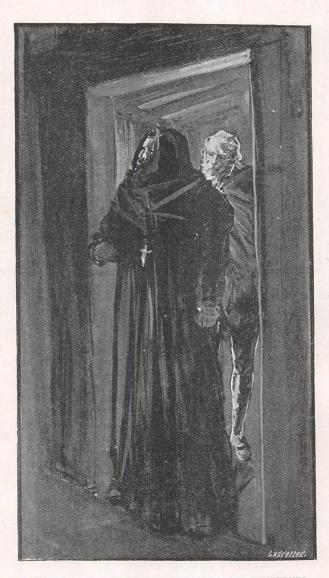


ONE OF THE CURTAINS BEFORE US WAS TWITCHED ASIDE, AND A FACE GLARED OUT.

the features, that I had no fear of recognition, unless the King's voice betrayed him. But when he spoke, breaking the oppressive silence of the room, his tone was as strange and hollow as I could wish.

"The Curé of St. Germain," Henry responded.

The man behind the curtains gasped, and they were for a moment violently agitated, as if a hand seized them and



AT THE DOOR A THOUGHT STRUCK HIM, AND HE TURNED.

"The shutter is closed," he said; "but the shutter of God's mercy is never closed!"

Still, knowing that this was the crucial moment, and that we should be detected now if at all, I found it an age before the voice behind the curtains answered "Amen!" And yet another age before the hidden speaker continued, "Who are you?"

let them go again. But I had reckoned that the unknown, after a pause of horror, would suppose that he had heard amiss and continue his usual catechism. And so it proved. In a voice that shook a little, he asked, "Whom do you bring to me?"

"A sinner," the King answered.
"What has he done?"

"He will tell you."

"I am listening," the unknown said.

The light in the basin flared up a little, casting dark shadows on the ceiling, and at the same moment the shutter, which I had failed to fasten securely, fell open with a grinding sound. One of the curtains swayed a little in the breeze. "I have robbed my master," I said slowly.

"Of how much?"

"A hundred and twenty thousand crowns."

The bed shook until the boards creaked under it; but this time no hand grasped the curtain. Instead, a strained voice—thick and coarse, yet differing from that muffled tone which we had heard before—asked, "Who are you?"

"Jules Fauchet."

I waited. The King, who understood nothing, but had listened to my answers with eager attention, and marked no less closely the agitation which they caused in the unknown, leant forward to listen. But the bed creaked no more; the curtain hung still; even the voice, which at last issued from the curtains, was no more like the ordinary accents of a man than are those which he utters in the paroxysms of epilepsy. "Are you—sorry?" the un-known muttered—involuntarily, I think; hoping against hope; not daring to depart from a formula which had become second nature. But I could fancy him clawing, as he spoke, at his choking throat.

France, however, had suffered too long at the hands of that race of men, and I had been too lately vilified by them to feel much pity; and for answer I lifted a voice that to the quailing wretch must have been the voice of doom. "Sorry?" I said grimly. "I must be—or hang! For tomorrow the King examines his books, and

the next day I—hang!"

The King's hand was on mine, to stop me before the last word was out; but his touch came too late. As it rang through the room one of the curtains before us was twitched aside, and a face glared out, so ghastly and drawn and horror-stricken that few would have known it for that of the wealthy fermier who had grown sleek and fat on the King's revenues. I do not know whether he knew us, or whether, on the contrary, he found this accusation, so precise, so accurate, coming from an unknown source, still more terrible than if he had known us; but on the instant he fell forward in a swoon.

"St. Gris!" Henry cried, looking on the body with a shudder, "You have killed him, Grand Master! It was true, was it?" "Yes, Sire," I answered. "But he is not dead, I think." And going to the window I whistled for Maignan, who in a minute came to us. He was not very willing to touch the man, but I bade him lay him on the bed and loosen his clothes and throw water on his face; and presently M. Fauchet began to recover.

I stepped a little aside that he might not see me, and accordingly the first person on whom his eyes lighted was the King, who had laid aside his hat and cloak, and taken the terrified and weeping child on his lap. M. Fauchet stared at him awhile before he recognised him; but at last the trembling man knew him, and tottering to his feet, threw himself on his knees, looking years older than when I had last seen him in the street.

"Sire," he said faintly, "I will make

restitution."

Henry looked at him gravely and nodded. "It is well," he said. "You are fortunate, M. Fauchet; for had this come to my ears in any other way I could not have spared you. You will render your accounts and papers to M. de Sully to-morrow, and according as you are frank with him you will be treated."

Fauchet thanked him with abject tears, and the King rose and prepared to leave. But at the door a thought struck him, and he turned. "How long have you done this?" he said, indicating the room by a gesture, and speaking in a gentler tone.

"Three years, Sire," the wretched man

nswered

"And how much have you distributed?"
"Fifteen hundred crowns, Sire."

The King cast an indescribable look at me, wherein amusement, scorn, and astonishment were all blended. "St. Gris! man!" he said, shrugging his shoulders and drawing in his breath sharply, "you think God is as easily duped as the King!

I wish I could think so."

He did not speak again until we were halfway back to the Louvre, when he opened his mouth to announce his intention of rewarding me with a tithe of the money recovered. It was duly paid to me, and I bought with it part of the outlying lands of Villebon—those, I mean, which extend towards Chartres. The rest of the money, notwithstanding all my efforts, was wasted here and there, Pimentel winning thirty thousand crowns of the King that year. But the discovery led to others of a similar character, and eventually set me on the track of a greater offender, M. l'Argentier, whom I brought to justice a few months later.



EARL OF DORSET.

DORINDA'S sparkling wit and eyes
United cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy,
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace,
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.



MR. WILLIAM MORRIS AT THE KELMSCOTT PRESS.

VERYBODY knows, or ought to know, Kelmscott House, the great plain white house facing the river at Hammersmith, which is Mr. Morris's town abode. Even those who have never heard of the little grey-stone manor house on the far-away headwaters of the Thames, whence comes the name, now made familiar through his affection to so much of the world as is moved by beauty. Kelmscott House is associated with every one of the fields of Mr. Morris's superhuman activity, was the birthplace of the celebrated Hammersmith carpets, and for a long while the virtual centre of the English Socialist movement. In one or another way, there are but few among those who read or think or care for art to whom it is altogether unknown. But everybody does not know, even among those who cherish the productions of the Kelmscott Press among their most sacred treasures, that the Press also finds its home upon the Upper Mall, but a few doors east away from Kelmscott House. As will be seen from our Illustration, the Press is housed in what was once a family mansion, that has long since fallen upon unprosperous days, has lost its view of the river, been shouldered into the background by waterside cottages, and is now split unequally to serve productive purposes.

I found Mr. Morris in his study at Kelmscott House, surrounded by his books—literally so, for the walls are lined

the whole way round with crowded shelves. Before him lay a pile of proof-sheets of most imposing appearance—great folio pages, many of them with woodcuts and marvellous borders, which proved to be part of the magnificent edition of Chaucer Mr. Morris is preparing. When these had been carefully read through and plentifully marked, the "master-printer" notified that he was about to take them into the Press and personally see that his directions were properly carried out. I gladly accepted his invitation to "go along too," coupling my acceptance with a promise not to bother him with questions until he gave me leave.

There is almost nothing to describe in the Press itself. Nothing whatever which allows of eloquent word-painting. No splendour of architecture or lavishness of ornament. No intricate machinery. No triumph of modern invention or engineering skill. The only motor is human muscle, and the appliances upon which it acts are of the very simplest description. In fact, the one thing which most forcibly strikes the visitor is the utter simplicity of the means employed to produce so much beauty. There is nothing whatever in the whole place that could puzzle Caxton himself were he to happen in. Indeed, after about twenty minutes spent in realising the advantages gained by the use of metal instead of wood—in the frames of the presses and elsewhere any one of the old printers might fall into

place and resume the practice of his craft, were he allowed to reincarnate himself and come here.

By-the-way, upon one detail of his craft he would have to spend more than twenty minutes—the handling of an ink-roller instead of his accustomed dabber. Simple as it looks when done

found him a perfect "subject," despite his preoccupation with the technical details of the work before him, and that his kindness and patience in explaining the recondite mysteries of artistic typography could not have been surpassed. I came away at last, feeling as though I could pass a pretty stiff examination in the art



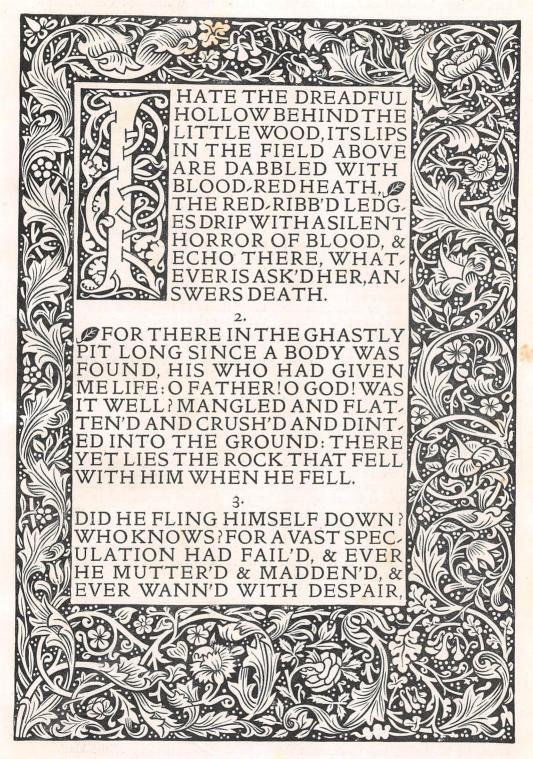
Photo by Halliday Sparling.
KELMSCOTT HOUSE.

by an expert, the proper roll and swing is not acquired in twenty minutes: experto crede.

As we went from room to room, inspected the press-work, questioned the compositors, and stood by the "stone" watching the wonderful "weepers" and "bloomers" assume their proper positions on the page, I found that to keep my promise was altogether out of my power, and plied Mr. Morris with questions. I must do him the justice to say that I

and mystery of printing. Though I don't feel so confident now.

I quickly found that the Kelmscott Press, like most important institutions—among which it may by this time claim to stand—has a history which dates from some time before it actually came into being. It was not until 1888 that Mr. Morris first turned his attention to the possibilities of modern printing. Until then, though he had always been a lover and a buyer of beautiful books, it does not



THE FIRST PAGE OF LORD TENNYSON'S POEM "MAUD," IN THE KELMSCOTT PRESS EDITION.

seem to have occurred to him to spend time and trouble upon the printing of his own works; "but that was in the days of ignorance." Printing remained among the extremely small number of decorative arts which he had not mastered and practised. As may be seen from his "Odyssey," published in 1887, there is nothing distinctive or personal in the appearance of his books. Of course, their printing is good of its kind; type and paper and relativity of type to page have been thought of, "though I sinned in the matter of large-paper copies." When all is said in their favour that can be, they remain respectable specimens of the "printing of the market-

place," and nothing more.

In 1888 came the first exhibition held by the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, in the preparation of which Mr. Morris took a leading part. In that Exhibition was included a selection of modern bookprinting and woodcuts. Prefacing the catalogue were a number of essays, each dealing with some art or craft from the point of view of a practical worker. which treated of printing was written by Mr. Emery Walker, who also delivered a technical lecture upon the same subject during the course of the Exhibition, illustrating his remarks by means of lanternslides. Alike in the preparation of his essay and lecture, as in the selection of his slides, Mr. Walker had the advice and assistance of Mr. Morris, from books in whose possession, indeed, a large number of the photographs were taken. Many and long continued were the conferences à deux held for the purpose of "talking type," and, as they almost invariably took place in that book - lined work - room already alluded to, there was no lack of examples with which to enforce a point or uphold an argument. Schweynheim and Pannartz to Miller and Richard, from Gutenberg to the Chiswick Press, the discussions ranged over all that had been or could be done in designing, making, and setting type, in the proportion and presswork of the printed page. Needless to say that modern printing, apart from the work of the Chiswick Press and a very few others, came in for wholesale condemnation. One outcome of the discussions was a belief on the part of Mr. Morris that even modern printing under commercial conditions and the domination of the machine need not be so unutterably bad as it was. And he determined to show cause for his belief, and to demonstrate what might be brought about by a little thought and patience.

In the second Arts and Crafts Exhibition (1889) there was shown a copy of his then latest work, "The House of the Wolfings," specially printed under his direction by the Chiswick Press. In this, as compared with any of its predecessors, the change is great and obvious. type in which it is printed has since become familiar to the reading public from having been used in several of the best printed books of recent years, but was then a comparative novelty. It is founded upon a Basel type of the sixteenth century, and is the exclusive property of the Chiswick Press. The character of the type, the size, colour, and quality of the paper, the proportions of the page and the relativity of the two pages in an opening, were all carefully thought over and determined. As for the titlepage, with its solid title and specially written piece of verse, device and motto in one, it offended in almost every detail against some accepted typographical superstition. In the "Roots of the Mountains" (1890), the change has gone further still. Type, paper, and page-proportion all show a further change, and the time-honoured headline has disappeared in favour of a shoulder - note, while the pages numbered in the middle of the tailmargin instead of in the usual top corner. The page has gained immensely in solidity and a look of completeness. It is difficult to see what more could have been done with the means at disposal.

By this time the craft of printing had thoroughly taken hold of Mr. Morris and aroused him to the mastery of its technique. Having got as far as even the Chiswick Press would carry him, there was nothing for it but to set to work upon his own account. "I thought it would be nice to have a book or two one cared for printed in the way one would like to see

them."

The first essential was a fount of type which should combine the beauty of the types used by the old printers with a certain regard for readability by modern eyes. And this Mr. Morris set himself to design. In weaving or woodcutting, both of which crafts he mastered long ago, there still survived at the time of his pupilage a certain amount of old tradition. It was possible to find men still at work in those crafts whose methods and training were those of a period antedating the reign of steam. But in the designing of type there was nothing of the kind.

"It's curious enough when you come to think of it," said Mr. Morris, "what

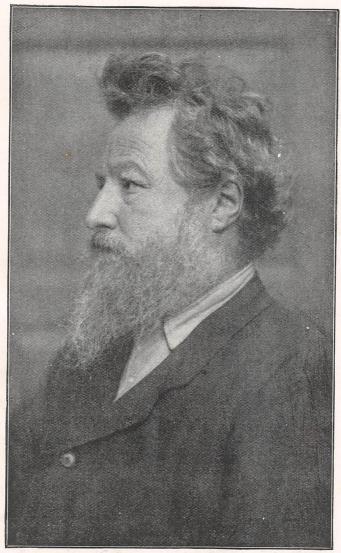


Photo by F. Hollyer.
MR. WILLIAM MORRIS.

happened with printing. It was born full grown and perfect, but began to deteriorate almost at once. For one thing, of course, it was invented just at the end of the mediæval period, when everything was already pretty far gone. And its history, as a whole, has practically coincided with the growth of the commercial system, the requirements of which

letters. It must not be laterally compressed, and its thicks and thins must not show the contrast which in its extreme form has so much to do with the "sweltering hideousness" of the Bodoni letter, "the most illegible type that was ever cut." Upon all these points there are elaborate rules which are accepted by the ordinary type-designer. "But," said

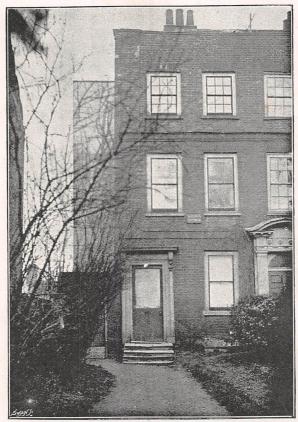


Photo by Halliday Sparling.

THE KELMSCOTT PRESS.

have been fatal, so far as beauty is concerned, to anything which has come within

its scope."

In default of a living tradition, there was nothing to be done but to go back to the fountain-head, or as near to it as might be, and start thence afresh. As the type was to be aimed at modern eyes, it must be "roman." As it was to be clear and easy to read, as well as beautiful, it must be properly placed upon its "body," so as to show a definite proportion of white between each pair of

Mr. Morris, "they are merely mechanical rules, not the living traditions of a craft; and, what's more, they're all exasperatingly wrong, and prescribe exactly the reverse of what they ought to. They seem to have been made by mathematicians or engineers, certainly not by artists." The various requirements of a really good type received the fullest existing fulfilment in the "generous and logical designs of the fifteenth century Venetian printers, at the head of whom stands Nicholas Jenson. Jenson carried the development of roman

about as far as it can go. I must say that I consider his roman type to be the best and clearest ever struck, and a fitting starting-point for a possible new departure."

Upon the type used by Jenson, then, Mr. Morris set to work, and patiently analysed it until he "got the bones of it in his head," or, in other words, had mastered the principles upon which the

completed, and towards the end of 1890 actual work was begun.

At this time the entire staff of the Kelmscott Press consisted of one man and a very small boy, and it was housed in a tiny cottage. In violent contrast with the size of the establishment was that of the first book it embarked upon. No less an undertaking than the printing of "The Golden Legend" of William Caxton,



Photo by G. S. Beresford.
MISS MAY MORRIS (MRS. HALLIDAY SPARLING).

old designer had worked. Not that other designers of the "great period," more especially Rossi, were by any means neglected. When these principles had been discovered and abstracted, they had to be modified into accordance with the special aims which Mr. Morris had set before him, and necessarily underwent a further modification in the process through the influence of his individual taste and habits of work. As fast as the letters were designed they were handed over to the punch-cutter. As fast as the punches could be cut and the matrices made the types were cast. The fount was rapidly

ultimately published in September 1892 in three large quarto volumes, containing altogether about thirteen hundred pages. This was edited and seen through the press by Mr. F. S. Ellis. From the fact of its having been first used upon "The Golden Legend," the roman type has always since been known as "the Golden." This, bythe-way, once led a country bookseller into advertising one of the Kelmscott Press books as "printed from golden type." On another occasion the editor of an American trade magazine remarked that "for all he could see" the books might just as well have been printed from

ordinary type-metal! For similar reasons the two black-letter founts designed later on by Mr. Morris have received the names

of the "Troy" and the "Chaucer."
Although Mr. Morris had started the Press purely for his own pleasure, in order to see what he could do as a printer and in order to have a few copies of his favourite books printed after his own fashion, and had no idea to begin with that any demand would exist for such things, he speedily found that it would be impossible to maintain the Press as a private toy even had he desired to do so. The growing dissatisfaction with machine work, and the desire for that in the doing of which the hand of the craftsman has had free play—a dissatisfaction and a desire with the creation of which Mr. Morris himself has had as much as any living man to do—had gone far enough, even among book-buyers, to create a demand for his books as soon as he was known to be at work upon them. Man after man was added to the staff until the little cottage could hold no more, when the Press was compelled to migrate into its present home. And still it waxes larger, and has again outgrown its shell. The offices, readers' and store rooms, and one press, are housed elsewhere.

Having got his type, there was the paper and the ink, to say nothing of the binding, to be thought of. I pass over the troubles Mr. Morris met with, only noting that they were very great, before he found a papermaker who could make for him the paper he wanted, or an inkmaker who could come up to his requirements. The type he had, and the ornaments he could design, and for them an engraver was at hand in his friend Mr. W. H. Hooper; but for the ink and paper he had to go to others and get them to carry out his wishes. When it came to printing some copies of the "Glittering Plain" upon vellum, there was even more difficulty than over the paper. However, even that was managed without having to go to the length of storming the Vatican and robbing the Pope, "who buys up the better part of

the best vellum going."

The "Glittering Plain," a romance by Mr. Morris himself, was the second book put in hand, but the first published, being finished, as the colophon declares, on April 4, 1891. Two hundred copies only were printed on paper, and six on vellum. It was followed in September by Mr. Morris's "Poems by the Way," of which three hundred paper and thirteen vellum were printed. In this book the shouldernotes, refrains, etc., are printed in red,

"Glittering Plain" having been wholly in black. These books, as most of their successors have been, were fully subscribed and at a premium long before "I am they were ready for delivery. afraid," said Mr. Morris, "that the 'forestallers and regraters' got most of the benefit; but although I don't like that, I don't see what's to be done to alter it as things are."

In May 1892 the Kelmscott Press had risen to the height of a printed list of its productions, in which, under the heading of "Books Already Printed," appear Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's "Love Lyrics and Songs of Proteus," Mr. Ruskin's "Nature of Gothic," and Mr. Morris's own "Defence of Guenevere" and "Dream of John Ball." Copies of this list itself are now eagerly sought for by collectors, and are the more prized for the fact that they differ from all subsequent issues in being printed on the inside pages only of the half-sheet, without half-title or anything else upon the outside.

A glance at the latest list shows that the tale of completed work done by the Kelmscott Press runs up to thirty separate works, ranging between the giant "Golden Legend" and the tiny "Gothic Architecture." Of the latter, by-the-way, there were nearly sixteen hundred copies sold, and even then there was a cry for more. Of the books already printed the greater number are hopelessly out of print. A few copies each of about a dozen of them are, however, still within the reach of the happy mortal whose gold-lined pockets allow him to covet them.

"And which of them all were you most interested in, Mr. Morris?"

"Whichever I had in hand at any given moment. You see each of them has its own individuality, and one was interested in all of them from one point of view or another. There are what I will call for the moment the archæological books, the Caxtons: 'The Golden Legend,' 'The Recuyell,' 'Godefrey of Boloyne,' and 'Reynard the Foxe.' They have a common interest as coming from Caxton and as belonging to that curious period in the history of the English language when the old had hopelessly gone to pieces and the new had not yet formulated itself. And then, besides all that, as history or as storybook, they have all of them a particular value. The little 'Psalmi Penitentiales' has not only an archæological but a very high literary value. Quite different interests attach, of course, to the modern books, such as Ruskin's 'Nature of

Gothic,' Swinburne's 'Atalanta,' Tennyson's 'Maud,' and Rossetti's 'Ballads and Narrative Poems' and 'Sonnets and Lyrical Poems.' In all these cases one was glad to have the opportunity of putting good work into a shape that seemed worthy of it. Then there are the illustrated books. The 'Story of the Glittering Plain,' with woodcuts by Mr. Walter Crane, has already been published. 'The Well at the World's End,' with woodcuts by Mr. A. J. Gaskin, is nearly ready. And the biggest undertaking on which the Press has yet embarked—the folio Chaucer, which will contain nearly eighty woodcuts, designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Indeed, you may say that I am deeply interested in everything I do. And for the sufficiently good reason that I don't do anything that doesn't interest me in one way or another."

The Chaucer, which is the most important work immediately in hand, and to which I have before alluded, will be certainly the most magnificent book ever produced on an English press. But I hesitate to say much about it, lest I should arouse desires which it is impossible to gratify, inasmuch as every copy is sold, six months before its possible completion. It is being edited by Mr. F. S. Ellis. Next in order of the larger works that are in preparation come "The Tragedies,

Histories, and Comedies of William Shakespeare," edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall, and "The Cronycles of Syr John Froissart," reprinted from Pynson's edition of Lord Berners' translation and edited by Mr. Halliday Sparling. The Shakespeare will be in several small quarto volumes, and the Froissart in two folio volumes with armorial borders, designed by Mr. Morris, and including the devices of the more important personages who figure in its pages.

Among the other books in preparation are selections from the poems of Coleridge and Herrick, the poems of Mr. Theodore Watts, the romance of "Syr Perceval" from the Thornton Manuscript, and a new prose romance, "Child Christopher," from the pen of Mr. Morris himself. Mr. Morris is also preparing for publication an annotated catalogue of his own wonderful collection of woodcutbooks, early printed books and manuscripts, which is to be illustrated with over fifty facsimiles.

The Tenth Commandment was nowhere as I bowed myself out, after that long tête-à-tête amid books and books and books, especially after it had been interrupted by Mrs. Sparling (Miss May Morris), who came to show her father a lovely piece of embroidery of her design, intended for the adornment of his bed-chamber at Kelmscott.

A. B.



LOVE LIGHTLY PLEASED.

LET fair or foul my mistress be, Or low, or tall, she pleaseth me; Or let her walk, or stand, or sit, The posture her's, I'm pleased with it; Or let her tongue be still, or stir,
Graceful is every thing from her;
Or let her grant, or else deny,
My love will fit each history.
ROBERT HERRICK.



and many others. There were birds in a cage, a fox-terrier on the hearth-rug, and photographs of a favourite pony from various points of view on the mantelpiece. On the walls hung a few good engravings of some well-known modern pictures, chiefly those by the more celebrated painters of animals. The room suggested not so much a schoolroom—which it was—as a handsome boudoir—the boudoir of a young lady of probably rather sporting tastes. There were certainly books, but they were not prominently displayed, and there was a grand piano, but it was wont to resound more frequently to the praiseworthy performances of the Fräulein than to those of her pupil. Madge preferred riding to practising, and the pursuit of her own inclinations, generally, to that of the fine arts in any form. She was a handsome, resolute-looking girl of fifteen, with abundant light-brown hair still falling over her shoulders, with a figure upright, and promising beauty but as yet unformed, and a fair complexion which stood the contact of her bright pink gingham summer frock with an impunity only possible to the tints of youth. In an attitude expressive of rebellion, with her mutinous face instinct with contempt and dislike, Madge was engaged in her favourite occupation of defying the governess.

season in the window-boxes of the Best People

"You needn't have got them," she repeated, referring to a parcel of beautiful, most delicately tinted French kid gloves which lay half-opened on the table, "for I won't wear them—ridiculous, nasty, sticky, useless things; and a size too small,

of course!"

The size and texture of her gloves, the length of her dresses, the manner in which her hair should be "put up," these were points upon which Madge occupied, at present, the proud attitude of a free individuality rebelling against a social tyranny. It was a matter of long-standing argument that she should, when in town, wear neat and dainty gloves, of a proper size and fit, that she should wear her skirts below her ankles, and that she should allow her charming silky tresses to be coiled up about her head in the prevailing fashion of the day. But these had been matters of argument quite in vain. Madge continued to wear dogskin gloves a size too large, to have her skirts abbreviated according to her own ideas of comfort and convenience, and to toss her long, bright hair, as she had always done, about her girlish shoulders. In vain the Fräulein protested—her arguments ending always with the "I must tell your papa"—of an incapable authority appealing for support to something higher than

itself. The daughter of John Musgrave, of Arlington Street, had a will of her own, quite worthy of the heiress of a millionaire.

The father, meanwhile, so often and so despairingly appealed to by the stout and distraught Fräulein, the expensive and highly responsible instructress of his only child, sat this morning, as on most other mornings of his life, in his library downstairs, alone. Much of John Musgrave's home life was necessarily lived alone. The wife, who should have shared it, had left him years ago, a most guilty woman. When Madge was but three years olddown the very stairs of this great house, on which the little feet of the baby daughter had but newly learned to toddle, had slipped the mother, betrayed and betraying, to join her paramour. It had been a disgraceful business, but it was an old story now. Her pictured face, smiling and beautiful, had been banished from the wall for thirteen years and more. He had tried to banish the face itself from his memory as he had banished the picture from its place, but he could not do it. confronted him and haunted him in the daughter she had left,—in Madge, who was growing up, and who looked at him out of her mother's eyes-too often her mother's cold and angry eyes.

Madge! He did not know whether the presence of this young creature, the knowledge of this new life growing up under the shelter of his own, was more of a joy to him or of a terror and a torment. The older she grew, the more difficult became the problem of her up-bringing and her destiny. Money lavished on her accomplishments, education, her pleasures, was not enough, he knew. There was much that money could not do that should be done for this motherless girl. He himself, partly from disinclination, partly from want of knowledge what to do, could not do much. The demands upon his time of business, of the colossal industry of which he was the hereditary head and representative, and of pleasure—for he was a man upon whom the gay world laid many claims-left him but little time for the companionship of a daughter of fifteen. Sometimes on Saturday afternoons he would take her for a walk, to a picture gallery, perhaps, or to the Zoo. He was proud of her when, well turned out, her pretty hair floating over her shoulders, her slim, upright young figure in its pretty girlish coat—she walked beside him with her demure step, her indisputable air of lady-But even these occasions he dreaded-dreaded the chance meetings with acquaintances who, while they stopped to speak to him, looked curiously at the young girl. "That woman's child," so, it seemed to him, they must be saying to themselves; that woman who had dragged his name through the gutters of the Divorce Court, and left to her daughter that unspeakable heritage of shame. With a feeling that was partly an intense and morbid personal sensitiveness, and partly a correct notion that a young girl should be kept in the background, he had completely secluded the child. The guests whom he entertained in his house, and even his most intimate friends, saw nothing of her. Madge had her own rooms, her own servants, her own carriage, her own ponies, which latter were her prevailing passion. John Musgrave, walking in the Row of a summer morning, would often turn to watch with brooding eyes the figure of a girl with flying hair upon a scampering pony careering up and down the ride, and many of those with whom he walked and talked were quite unconscious that it was his daughter that he turned to see.

"You must marry again, you know," said the ladies of his acquaintance, sapient matrons in high places with daughters on their hands. And though the usages of society did not allow them to say, in so many words, that from among those daughters he might choose a wife whenever he felt inclined that way, they made the matter quite plain to him by other means. "You must marry again, you owe it to your daughter. Who is to bring that girl out for you? Of course you must marry again." So they were always saying.

Was it of his marriage that he thought, on this morning of a London June, sitting alone in the darkened room of the great, costly London house? Not quite; and yet the subject uppermost in his mind was not altogether unallied with the subject of his marriage. One among the photographs which, after the fashion of the day, crowded his mantelpiece was that of a beautiful woman in court dress. was looking at it intently. Nothing could have been more graceful than the pose, than the outline of her charming shoulders and the poise of her head; nothing more lovely than her profile with its soft, dreaming smile. One of the favourite beauties of the London season—the

greatest beauty of many seasons, whom people crowded to see as she passed down a room. He took the photograph down from its place and looked at it. His face, with its expression of a coldness half of "Shall I?—or shall I not?" he was saying to himself. "She would if I would; there's no doubt about that. I have only to speak. Shall I? or shall I not?"

He threw himself into a chair, clasped his hands behind his head, and stared at

the ceiling.

"There would be the devil to pay," he was thinking. "No home for Madge with me, of course, and all the old hell raked up again. And then—

that stupid fool—but why the devil should



MANY OF THOSE WITH WHOM HE WALKED AND TALKED WERE QUITE UNCONSCIOUS THAT IT WAS HIS DAUGHTER HE TURNED TO SEE

doubt and half of scorn, was not altogether pleasant to see, although it was a handsome face enough.

I think of him? Who thought of me?"

Then he began to think about the woman-the woman as he knew her — young, beautiful, and bored — married to the boorish country squire, too stupid to realise her beauty and its dangers—and driven by every impulse of the age, by love of pleasure, by craving for excitement, by the very restlessness of the hour, to seek distraction for herself on any and every side. Young, beautiful, and bored and poor-ah, poor! there was the rub where he was concerned. That suspicion which lies, a canker, at the hearts of the rich, ate into John Musgrave's nature too, and burrowed even at the roots of passion. How much, of this woman's obvious impulse towards himself, was feeling, and how much venality? He knew her to be extravagant, and knew intimately to what straits her love of luxury had more than once reduced her. Was

she merely going to sell herself to sell herself to him because he was rich, and would undoubtedly enrich her too? The question tormented him. Should he, or should he not, take the plunge? What would he gain? What would he lose? Would the gain counterbalance the loss? He was no boy, no victim of a first, over-mastering passion. He was perfectly critical, perfectly cool; he could calculate to a nicety the ins and outs, the pros and cons of the affair. What impelled him towards so momentous a step at all? Merely, that he was devoured with restlessness, tired of the empty dulness of his private life, reckless with long brooding upon the bitter past. And she was very, very fair.

Presently he left the room and left the house and drove off to keep his many morning engagements. It was a splendid morning; London, in her hour of brief June beauty, was at her best, and wore her most enthralling aspect. As he rattled down, behind his two fine horses, on the way to Knightsbridge, he knew that the world could offer nothing more brilliant, hardly anything more fair, than the scene around him. The soft green of the Parks, down the long vista, rose like foam and blocked itself out against the dull, yet cloudless blue of the sky; the early heat, not yet without the freshness of the morning, made the air quiver above the gray and red buildings and the white arch. The crowds and the shops were gay; the sound of the horses' feet, the hum of wheels, the rattle and the glitter of the harness, the gloss upon the horses' coats, the thousand sights and sounds of life lived to the utmost capacities of life how fine it all was, how superb in its way! And the sight and sense of it all filled him, as it fills the poor, the ambitious and the striving, with no longing, no ache of unattained desire. It was all his. What was there about it that his wealth could not buy-had not bought? Yet there was something that he wanted that money could not buy. What was it? He did He hardly knew that he not know. wanted it. Only, as he turned into the park by one of the Kensington gates on his way home, and let the horses step out to their full, spanking pace, he determined that, just as at that moment he was letting them go, so he would let himself go from that hour; and that that night when he met the Beauty, as he would at a certain great ball at a great lady's house, the impulse of the moment, and nothing else, should rule his fate.

Meanwhile, in his house at home, up in

the airy schoolroom with its sun-blinds and its flowers, the bickering between his daughter and her governess went on merrily. The Fräulein was hot and cross; Madge was also cross, but provokingly fresh and cool, although, no doubt, the sudden summer heat, throbbing with intensity of life, had something to do with the exacerbated condition of her young temper. She had pushed the art of exasperation, which she cultivated to a remarkable degree, to its utmost limits, and the Fräulein was on the verge of spiteful tears. The dispute about the gloves had long since merged into a dispute about things in general, mainly concerned with "lessons" and the study of geography, at that moment in hand.

The Fräulein, battered with long years of "governessing," was no match for her irrepressible antagonist, fresh in all the vigour and insolence of youth. Her patience gave way at last, and she rose from her chair with a flounce and banged

the book upon the table.

"Ach"—she exclaimed bitterly—"I can no more! This is what I will no longer endure. There will be a change soon, thank Gott! It will soon be no longer the poor Fräulein to torment and enrage, you will soon know that, miss! You will have some one else soon—and the sooner the better, for me. Wait till there is a fine stepmother. Ach! there will be a change then! We will see who will be the mistress then!"

"What do you mean?" said Madge haughtily, with something of her father's frown upon her fair, straight forehead. The expression on the governess's face changed from one of rage to one of

cunning.

"I mean what I mean!" she said with a triumphant leer into her pupil's face. "You wait and you will see, miss... you wait and you will see. Ah—the nice stepmother! I know what I know. Ach—the poor little Madge—she does not know—but she will know soon—Mein Gott, yes—quite soon!" And with a succession of violent nods and angry smiles, the outraged governess left the room, triumphantly conscious that she had launched a poisoned shaft at her foe.

The hot day wore on. Madge had her daily ride, her walk with her dogs, her visit to the stables—all the usual routine of her carefully regulated day. But she was far from happy or comfortable. What was that the Fräulein had said



SHE HAD NEVER LOOKED SO LOVELY.

about a stepmother? What could she mean? But it was not until night came, and bedtime at the still childish hour of half-past nine in the long daylight, that the poison of that baleful idea began to work.

The bedroom, too, was a beautiful

room, large, airy, virginal, with its pale paper and white hangings. The windows were open wide to the warm night air of June, which wafted in the spicy scent of the mignonette in the china pots on the window sills. In the broad daylight Madge could not sleep, but lay listening

to the accustomed evening sounds—the muffled roar of Piccadilly in the distance, the cries and voices of the nearer streets, the sound of horses' feet and whirr of wheels, and far, far away, the jangling of a piano-organ, now heard, now lost, now heard again. No, Madge could not sleep, and could not lie still, in the grasp of a most unwelcome idea which would not let her go. What had the Fräulein meant by those dark sayings about a stepmother? Not that the idea of a stepmother was new to Madge; nurses and servants had often talked of such a possibility in her childish hearing, but always vaguely, as of a most remote contingency. But the Fräulein with that sly look upon the fat, sallow face which Madge hated with the pettish hate of a rebellious schoolgirl-what did she mean? Madge could not know that she meant, really,-nothing. The vaguest rumours only had reached the Fräulein of her employer's penchant for a beautiful lady in society, and were totally uncomprehended of that virtuous woman, guileless of the existence of intrigue. But Madge knew nothing of this, and as the night wore on the hateful idea born of Fräulein's mysterious utterances loomed larger and larger. The mind of childhood has no powers of focus, the nearest object to its vision is always the largest, ousting everything from its place. A stepmother! Most hateful of ideas! Madge was a child, but no simple one. She knew perfectly what the advent of a stepmother would mean for her. though she was, she appreciated and held dear her position in her father's house, and had been jealous of her independence almost since her babyhood. She reigned, and knew she reigned, and knew also that with the appearance of a stepmother that reign would cease. A feeling of desperation was coming upon her, as she tossed and turned upon her dainty bed, her fair face flushed, her hair all tumbled, -wakeful, miserable, angry. How hot it was! She got up and soaked her forehead and her hair in the cold water of her morning bath, and then went and leaned against the open window. Certainly, she would catch cold—consumption perhaps—and die young—all the better! Then they would be sorry—that hateful Fräulein and her cruel father. And at the thought of early death—that favourite vision of youthful misery—Madge's mood became a melting one, and she began to cry-tears of self-pity, of balked ambition, of rudely arrested, impotent will. Presently, she crept miserably back to bed, and went on crying still. And so passed the first "white-night" of Madge's life.

To her father also it was a momentous night enough. While his daughter tossed and turned upon her uneasy little bed, John Musgrave, in the balcony of a great ballroom, was face to face with the The most woman who tempted him. beautiful woman in London, people said, -most beautiful indeed! So tall, so dark, so brilliant, with cheeks so flushed, with eyes so bright which neither hid, nor cared to hide, the daring of the lost spirit which lit them; with lips upon which trembled the words-words which Musgrave had but to speak to hear in She had never looked so lovely, answer. could never, surely, look so lovely again. Could he resist her? He had no wish to resist her, and yet, resistance, hardness of heart, mockery of spirit were all in his mood to-night. She could not move him. The sea-green satins of her dress shimmered in the rosy light; the diamonds in her hair and on her breast sparkled with the countless colours of the prism. stirred with her breath, they were alight with the burning light of her eyes; they seemed a part of the living, breathing, moving beauty of the woman. But was he a boy to be maddened with the beauty of a face and the flash of gems? He had seen a beautiful face before, and unluckily he knew too much about those diamonds already.

When he left the ballroom and left the house, he had, as usual, left behind him so much more for the tongues of scandal to whet themselves upon. But he was still a free man, master of himself and of his actions.

He walked home. It was broad daylight, the light of the June morning. hands of a clock over a gateway pointed nearly to five. The pearly lights of the dawn still lay gray upon the roofs and chimneys; the birds were twittering, almost singing, in the trees of the Green Park. The streets were nearly silent, and in the air was a fresh chilliness, almost sweet, with the sweetness of the country. But John Musgrave—out of hot rooms, sleepless, depressed and miserable, he knew not why—shivered. He let himself into his house by a private entrance from the side of the park. Deep silence reigned in the empty hall, and on the darkened stairway, and in the tenantless rooms.

He walked upstairs, and happening to notice that the door of the main drawing-

room stood open, he went in.

It was a long room, its length of line broken by groups of palms and statuary and a large piano. The master of the house walked up to a spot where, opposite to him, on the well-covered wall, there was an obvious blank. It was where his wife's picture once hung; possibly he may have wished it hung there still, to drive him to the devil a little faster, with evil memories and bitter thoughts. He had stood there for some minutes, when he heard a slight sound behind him, and turning, saw his daughter Madge standing a little way off down the long room.

The "white-nights" of fifteen do not make desperate ravages on the beauty

of that early age. Madge looked charmingly fresh, charmingly child-like, as she stood there in the half-light, looking towards her

father in obvious surprise and hesitation. Musgrave was conscious of a decided leap of the heart as he saw her, and he looked at her a full minute before speaking, while a tumult of thought rushed across his brain. Madge, in her simple pink frock, with her flowing hair, her fresh girlish face, her virginal look of innocence-Madge was his child, his pearl of a child, unspotted from the world -bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, life of his life; sinner that he was, had he forgotten her? As he saw her now she seemed to symbolise for him the peace

and purity that had passed out of his own life so long ago, and a sudden and tender impulse towards her stirred at his

heart.

"Madge," he said kindly, "Madgie, child, what on earth are you doing here at this hour of the morning?"

For answer, Madge came nearer, and then he saw that she was on the verge of

tears and that her lips trembled.

"Papa," she cried—and her voice quivered pitifully on the silence—"oh, papa—say it's not true! say it's not true!"

"What is not true, my child?" said

Musgrave, holding out his hands. "Who has been frightening you? Have you been dreaming? Are you ill? What is not true?"

"That you—are going to be married," said Madge, with a quick catch in her breath which became a sob as she burst out, "Oh—papa—papa, I've been awake all night. I couldn't sleep. Say it isn't true! oh, say it isn't true!"

John Musgrave's face grew stern. He took the girl gently by the shoulder and, pushing her in front of him, went out of the room and down the stairs and into

his own sanctum, when he shut the door,



and sitting down, drew the girl towards

"Tell me all about it, Madge," he said. "Who has been telling you a pack of lies? Out with it!"

Madge was crying, but a sense of her wrongs, hatred of the Fräulein, and a knowledge that she had her father's ear, gave her self-command, a quality she very rarely was without. She poured out her little story, in which invectives against the governess, the agony of the long sleepless night just passed, the terrible fear that "papa was going away to leave her, or sending her away her-

self," as she put the haunting terror of the stepmother which tormented her, mingled volubly and found passionate expression. Musgrave watched her curiously, a little wistfully.

"You would care, Madge, if I went away from you, or sent you away from me, or brought a third person here, to come between us, and take your place to

me? You would care?"

"I should hate it!" said Madge, with a vehemence which carried conviction.

"Why, Madge? Why?" said Musgrave, musingly. "It wouldn't make much difference to you, practically; you would have what you have always had, and go your own way as you have generally gone, it seems to me. That I should certainly see to. But, Madge, can it be . . . Do you love your father,

Madge?"

He had drawn the child on to his knee as he sat, and his arms were about her. Was it instinct, or was it mere luck—Madge's prevailing star—which made her give, at this juncture, precisely the right answer to her father's cry? for it was a cry, though the voice in which it was spoken was quiet and low. She did not speak at all, she simply let her head rest upon her father's shoulder, and snuggled against him with the nestling movement of a young bird. The contact, more expressive than all words, was as sweet to Musgrave as the touch of baby fingers to the cravings of maternity.

"Love me a little," said the man of millions, echoing the cuckoo cry of humanity, lonely always, whether millions or mites are its share. "Love me a little, Madge, for myself—for myself, not for what I give." And Madge, for answer, only nestled closer. Musgrave

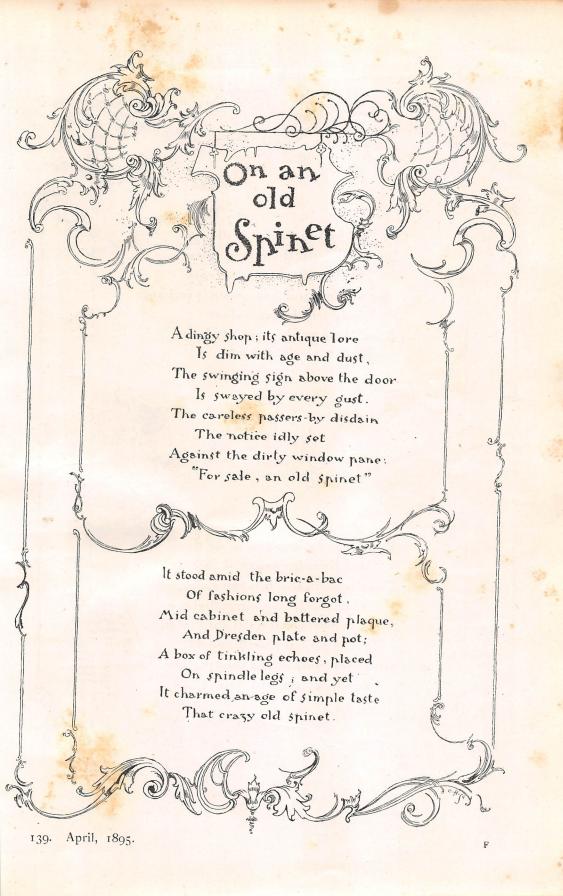
went on in firmer tones:

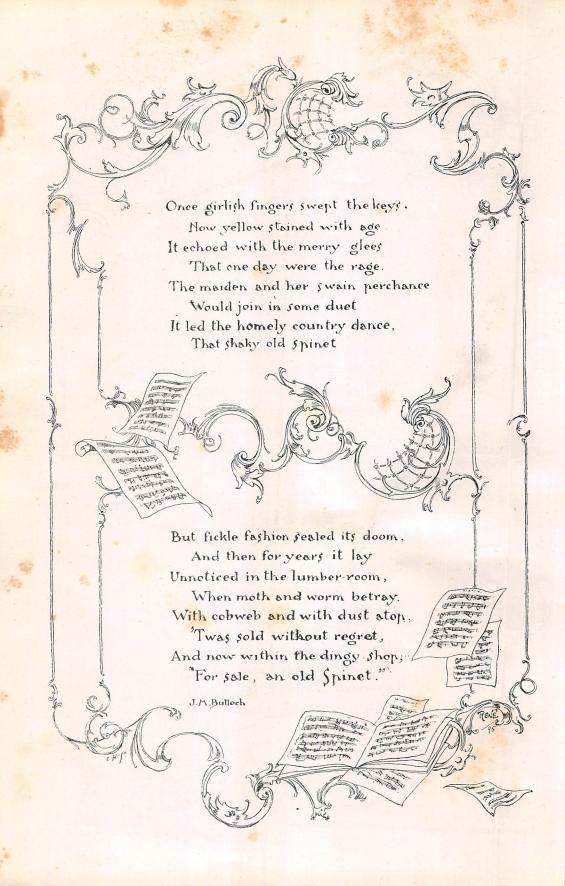
"I was not going to be married, Madge—at least, not immediately, not now—never, perhaps. What I was going to do I hardly know myself, and you will never, never understand, I hope. But never

mind, it will not be done now. Look here, Madge, if you are a good child, if you will promise to love your father always, I will promise something too. Child as you are, I will swear to you that no one shall ever come between us. It will be something to hold by. Shall it be a bargain, Madge?"

Madge's childish vocabulary had no words in which to give an answer, but she slipped her arms about her father's neck, which was answer enough. Little given to caresses as a rule, caresses came easily to her in this moment of emotion. The morning sun was streaming into the room by this time upon the dusty tables, upon the general disarrangement of the room with its dissipated air of over-night -upon the figure of the man in evening dress-upon the fresh face and fair hair of the child in his arms. A strange scene, bizarre, unexpected, unlikely, but it meant much to John Musgrave as he sealed the queer compact between himself and his daughter with a kiss upon her tear-stained cheek.

And he never married again—a fact which people said was the ruin of his girl. That young lady grew rapidly up to be one of the most domineering, exacting, and unmanageable of young heiresses, promising well to take a line in life entirely independent of the wishes and inclinations of those about her. Whether she ever really fulfilled her part of that compact so strangely made between her father and herself, ever gave him the pure affection that he asked for, I think myself is a very doubtful matter. But since the promise of it effected its purpose, since it certainly prevented him from consummating a design, more than half-formed, of running away with another man's wife, it must be looked upon and condoned as one of those pious frauds by means of which Providence entices a recalcitrant humanity towards the way it should go.





A SENSIBLE WOMAN.

By MRS. ANDREW DEAN.

Y friends say that poor Captain Ellison has gone to the devil. I know that this is not a pretty phrase for a lady to repeat, but I feel strongly on the subject, because they say that I helped him there. This I steadfastly deny.

I am very rich. I am not married. On an average I get one proposal a week. I do not mean that I receive an offer every Saturday with the Athenæum and the Illustrated London News. But on looking back at last year's crop I can count up nearly fifty men who made a bid for my money. I am systematic, and so I always put down their names in a pocket-book. Don Juan's conquests were few and far between compared to mine. They generally say they love me. Some of them say so when we have waltzed once round the room together. I do not waltz well. Others show more caution, and wait until we have been acquainted at least three days. I have had proposals by post from persons I have never seen. Therefore if I die unwed it will not be for want of opportunities to change my state. The truth is that the kind of man I should like to marry does not run and gather me to his heart.

I would have said "Yes" to Geraint. I have looked out for Le Maître de Forges. Petruchio is my favourite hero in fiction. Do you begin to understand what kind of man I admire? I often think that I ought to have been born two hundred years ago, when women still considered men their masters. Even if I had been early Victorian I might have knelt at someone's feet and called him my lord and my love. How nice it sounds!

It is a great misfortune to have a plain person and a romantic mind. Behaviour, like bonnets, must be chosen to suit one's features, and for a stout girl with no complexion to carry on like a beauty would be ridiculous. I should wish to be wooed by a man I could worship. But on the one occasion when this came to pass I had to neglect the rites for which my heart hungered and behave like a sensible woman. Men always tell me I am a

sensible woman, and I do not consider this a proof of insight on their part. When they propose they nearly always mention

that they do not call for looks.

Captain Ellison said something of the kind when he proposed to me, but though I felt annoyed I accepted him. I saw that he was fond of me in a friendly fashion, and at the time I thought that might serve. I loved him in the other fashion, which I suppose is not sensible. His uncle, old General Ellison, pushed him to my feet. He invited us together to his house, and then showed his tactics at once. I did not object. An unmarried woman with fifty thousand a year gets hardened to pursuit, and I have never found that what is called "tact" on the part of the hounds deceives the hare.

So we were engaged; and for a little while I lived in a fool's paradise. I wish I could have stayed there. However, if one must be turned out, I suppose it is better done before marriage than after. I am glad, on the whole, that Captain Ellison came to stay at Lenham Court, my country home.

As I have no parents, and am not thirty, my friends consider that I am bound to provide myself with a chaperon. I find this a great trial. The first one left because I objected to the frequent visits of her son, who drank more than was good for him, and proposed to me five times. The second married the curate, a widower with a large family and bills. The third

was Mrs. Augustus Fazackery.

If you advertised for a lady companion and got a reply in an old-fashioned angular hand from someone who said she was a widow and who signed herself "Matilda Fazackery," what sort of person would you expect? I did not even ask her age or express a desire to see her photograph. She wrote from somewhere in the north of Ireland, and gave me references to the wife of an Irish baronet and to the wife of an English dean. Both ladies said that they had the highest opinion of Mrs. Fazackery. So have I, in spite of what has happened. But if anyone asked me

in a general way what she was like, I think I should mention that she was only

twenty-two and very pretty.

I shall never forget the shock of my first meeting with her. I went into the hall when I heard the carriage arrive, and now that it was too late I considered how silly I had been not to get some impression

I am afraid that the first thing I said to Mrs. Fazackery startled her, but I could not help it. She ran up the hall-steps to meet me, and as the full light fell on her I cried—

"Great Scott, child! Who are you?"

She looked quite taken aback.

"I am Matilda Fazackery," she said. "I



"GREAT SCOTT, CHILD! WHO ARE YOU?"

of Matilda Fazackery's personal appearance. The baronet's wife had said she was a lady, the dean's wife had said she was a Christian, but they might have said these things of someone who squinted or went about with her face tied up. When your looking-glass gives you pain it is really important that the other faces in your view should give you pleasure. I hoped that my new companion would be a cheerful, dignified woman of middle age.

can send Mickey away if you don't like him."

I guessed that she referred to a huge Persian kitten in her arms.

"Have you brought any other animals?"
I asked.

"Only a tortoise," she said.

I nearly replied that she ought to have brought a nurse, but I did not want to hurt her feelings.

I suppose I have a tell-tale countenance.

because after staring at each other rather awkwardly she said—

"I hope I shall suit you. Perhaps you

think I don't look old enough?"

I have great self-control, and I consider that I showed it on that occasion. I did not tell her she would not suit me at all. I did not even smile. By the time we had finished dinner I had discovered that at any rate it was a pleasure to look at her.

The next few weeks we spent in London buying clothes for ourselves. I did not send her away after all. There really seemed nowhere to send her to when I came to inquire more closely into her affairs. Besides, Mickey got a cold, and when I saw how tenderly she nursed him I thought she might do as much for me some day if I won her affection. The tortoise stayed behind at Lenham Court.

I really could not call her "Mrs. Fazackery" and I am not fond of "Matilda": so one day when we were both feeding Mickey with beef-tea I asked her whether she liked the name of Una. She said she had never heard it. I was not surprised, because only the day before she had asked me whether "The Corsican Brothers" was by Shakspere. She did not care for

reading.

However, she said I might call her what I pleased. That evening I tried to tell her the story of Una and her lion, but she did not seem much interested, and we were interrupted by a message from the stables. I forget what it was now, though I remember that she ran off at once to see some sick animal. I never knew anyone so unromantic, but with proper training she would have made a first-rate vet. And, after all, I never got used to "Una." She said she had been called Tilly at home, and she seemed to think that name did as well as another. So Tilly she became to me.

When she had lived with me for some months I went to stay with the Ellisons, and got engaged to their nephew. I told Gerald a good deal about my new companion, and he said he would like to see her. Perhaps when we were married she might suit his maiden aunt, who was old and cross, and liked someone bright about her. I said so did I, and that I would as lief turn sunshine from my doors as Tilly and her Mickey. I told him that it was possible to get very fond of a pretty girl in three months. Gerald said that when we were married I should have him for a companion, and that a young married couple ought to live by themselves. Somehow, even when I was engaged to him, I never could think of myself as one of a

young married couple. I don't believe I looked young when I was born. I asked him to remember that he would often be smoking and shooting and getting about out of doors on a hunter. I have never taken the least interest in sport myself. I once tried to sit on a horse and failed; so I never tried again. I hate making a fool of myself.

Of course, I had to give in about poor Tilly. Gerald did not treat me at all like a doll or a dicky-bird. If he had, I am sure I should have enjoyed it. His way was to take for granted that a sensible woman would agree with him; and he always persisted until I did agree. However, I said that I would not tell Tilly her fate just yet. In fact, I persuaded Gerald to come and make her acquaintance first, because I thought that when he saw what a pretty chirpy creature she was, he might change his mind about turning her adrift.

He came at Easter, and at his request I asked no one to meet him. He said he wished to get to know me better before our marriage in June. Tilly was not at home when he arrived, so he and I had tea together in my favourite corner of the hall. We were soon busy making plans. We always made plans or talked of sensible subjects, and we never quarrelled. A courtship without quarrels is like a summer without showers.

My friends say that at this period of my life I behaved like an idiot. I can't see it. I could not guess that Captain Ellison would throw up everything for the sake of a pretty face. He must have seen a good many in his time, and yet he asked me to marry him. Anyhow, I could not have kept Tilly out of his way. She danced in while we were at tea, her hands full of daffodils, and Micky, as usual, trotting at her heels. She stopped short when she saw that one guest had come, and seemed ready to run away. But I did not let her.

A quarter of an hour later we had cleared a space on the floor, and were all three on our knees teaching Mickey and Captain Ellison's fox-terrier Toby to make friends. The fox-terrier barked, and Mickey spit and swore, and we laughed. I had never seen Gerald in such good spirits. I was afraid Toby would kill Mickey, but Gerald said that he was a most intelligent dog and quite understood that Mickey must not be molested. To prove it he let him loose, and the next moment everyone and everything seemed to scatter as if an explosion had taken place. Toby with a yelp had pounced on the cat. Mickey



HE AND I HAD TEA TOGETHER.

went off like fireworks in Tilly's hands. Gerald got hold of the dog. I started back and upset the tea-tray. I am sure there had never been such a noise in the house before.

At dinner we talked mainly about horses, and next morning at breakfast our fancy

heavily and I caught a severe cold driving home. If I had known that I should spend most of the next week in my bed-room I should probably have asked Gerald to go off somewhere. As it was I told Tilly day by day that she must look after him. My



CAPTAIN ELLISON WAS TRYING TO CONSOLE HER.

turned to dogs. These two people seemed to think animals more interesting than human beings, because when I invited them to drive to a rubbishy little dog-show in our county town they looked pleased, but when I mentioned that some of the neighbours were coming to dinner they showed no pleasure whatever; on the contrary.

I am inclined now to regret that I went to the dog-show. It came on to rain friends say I ought to have known what would come of it. Friends are sometimes offensively plain-spoken.

I shall always believe that I owe my present forlorn condition to Mickey, and I bear no one else a grudge. One afternoon, when I had been upstairs nearly a week, I put on a tea-gown and went down. I thought I would give them a pleasant surprise and appear in the hall for tea.

To my alarm when I got to the foot of the staircase I heard Tilly sobbing as if her heart would break. I also heard Gerald talking to her in a low, coaxing manner. I did not catch what he said, nor did I see them yet, because a large screen sheltered that part of the hall. But as I went towards it Toby slunk past me with the air of a criminal, and I had a presentiment of what had happened—at least of one event. I advanced a little further and then stopped short. Mickey lay stretched out on the hearthrug, Tilly drooped over him and wept, Captain Ellison was trying to console her.

I still think he ought not to have addressed her as "darling" until he had come to an understanding with me; but I daresay he was a good deal agitated. It did not seem to soothe them to look up suddenly and see me. I felt uncomfortable, and I suppose I showed it. Tilly picked up her inanimate Mickey and bolted upstairs. I sat down and waited

for Gerald to explain.

He began by saying I was a sensible woman, so I steeled myself to hear something disagreeable. He acknowledged that he had fallen in love with Tilly; but he said that he had not known it until Toby killed Mickey and made her cry. He did not know whether she cared for him; and he considered that he could not ask her unless I gave him permission to

do so. He said that things should remain as they were if I thought it best.

He looked most dejected, and fiddled

with his moustache.

I had taken his ring off my finger, and when he finished speaking I gave it back to him.

"It will have to be made smaller for

Tilly," I said.

He stared and stammered, and then he looked indecently delighted. I had to laugh or to cry, so I laughed. Tears do not become me as they do Tilly. I laughed at his stupidity. I could see he thought I did not mind giving him up.

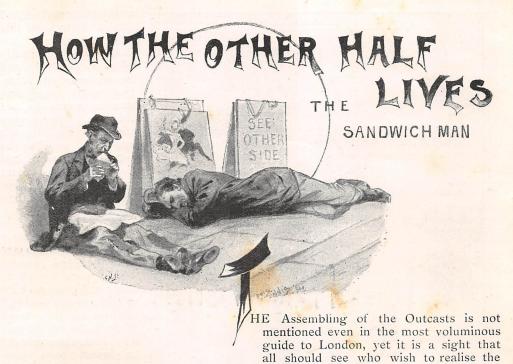
"Then it's all right?" he said, offering

to shake hands.

I nodded, and he went off like a shot. I hear he tells everyone I behaved like a brick. I am very glad he thinks so. My friends say I behaved like a fool. They were annoyed because I let Tilly stay with me until Captain Ellison took her away; but she had nowhere to go. General Ellison has not forgiven his nephew yet. He is one of those who says that Gerald has gone to the devil. I always reply that he seems very happy there, and then they call me blasphemous.

Tilly is coming here in November to plant rose-trees on Mickey's grave. I have told her she may bring her husband

if she likes.

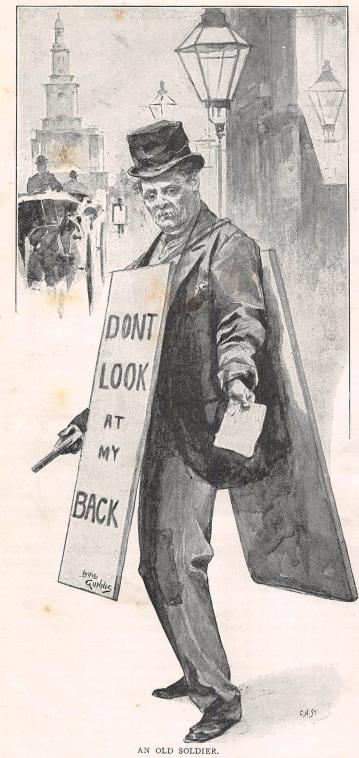


depths to which men can sink in the richest city in the world. It takes place every week-day morning, chiefly in Ham Yard, in Dean Street, and near the Savoy. Between the hours of eight and nine there come to those places hundreds of the most miserable and hopeless wretches in England, all seeking work as sandwich men.

When, one morning, I walked into Ham Yard, decked in the usual attire of the "dosser," I shared in the common impression that any man can obtain a job as board-carrier by applying at one of the offices. But I soon learnt my mistake. Scores of others had come on the same errand as myself, and a few words with them shattered all my hopes. "There's no chance of a new hand getting taken on," one and all told me. "Sometimes, about May, when all the plays and the picture galleries are on, they'll have strangers, but they always pick out the old hands first, as they ought to. It's no use waiting here, for you're only wasting your time. There's not enough for us, let alone you."

But in spite of the warning of the experienced carriers most of us remained in the yard. We formed up in rows near the office door, and every time the manager came out we all looked eagerly towards him. He would beckon first to one, then to another, until he had got as many as he wanted. The fortunate ones would be given their boards and go off, under the guidance of one specially chosen leader; while the remainder of us waited and hoped that next time we should be selected.

The crowd in the yard might have been divided into several distinct groups. There were some among us with bleared eyes and shaking frames, who had spent the previous night on the street, striving in vain to get snatches of sleep on the seats of the Embankment or the recesses of the Thames bridges, and hurried on everywhere by the police. One or two of these could have told, had they wished, how it feels to live for three days without food. Strange stories of starvation get whispered from one to another in the crowd in Ham Yard. Another group represented the most hopeless class of any, the confirmed "dossers." These can be distinguished at a glance by their filthy condition, their contented expression, and their dirty pipes. They have grown to like the life of an outcast, and now would not take anything better if it were offered to them. They are the plague of every philanthropic society, the absorbers of most of the money that is scattered in charity, and the greatest ne'er-do-wells possible. But most of us were not of this class, we were simply honest seekers after work. Our trousers, it is true, had all whiskers at the bottom, and most



of our coats had nearly every trace of colour washed out of them. But it was pitiful to

see the attempts that had been made to keep tidy notwithstanding, clean boots, the neatly folded neckerchiefs, and the well-washed faces. The usual age was between twenty-six and forty-five, the very prime of life, though among us were to be found a few who had seen three score years and several who were hardly more boys.

A little before nine o'clock the manager came out of his office and announced, in tones loud enough for all to hear: "No more men will be wanted to-day." On hearing this, most of us made off. Some who had money went to invest their cash in fancy articles to sell on the streets; others went to the railway stations to see if they could earn a few coppers by opening cab doors the like, several of us went the round of the remaining advertising yards. But we might have spared ourselves the trouble. Everywhere we met with the same reception. "There is no chance for you to-day. We cannot find our old hands work, much less others."

Street after street many of us walked, for hour after hour. Even to-day the hopeless the bitterness horror, despair of that and unavailing search, remain stamped on my "Work!" cried mind. man to "Work! I'd as soon look for gold on the streets of London as

I'd look for work. You can't find it, and it's not to be had. Once they

get us down they keep us down, and here we stick."

There is no need for me to relate in what way I did at last succeed in getting taken on. One morning I found myself one of a lucky band of seven, chosen by

like sails. Consequently, in the slightest breeze the carrier is almost doubled up, or feels that his back will break in the effort to stand upright.

My companions were carrying advertisements of a South London boot shop.



a well-known firm in Dean Street, to perambulate the classic thoroughfares of the Old and the New Kent Roads. Our boards were of the latest pattern, the "overhead" style, and we were pro-vided with a special uniform. In place of our own hats and coats we were given peaked caps, and semi-military coats of blue cloth, with red collars and cuffs, and brass buttons. Each of us carried our boards by means of a metal frame, fitting over the shoulders and secured by a strap round the waist. This frame supported a small iron advertising plate at one's back, and a large canvas covered board over one's head. The overhead frames are not at all uncomfortable to carry, and experienced hands say they would far rather have them than the old-fashioned kind. Pads are provided, so that the weight shall not press heavily on the shoulders, and they are lighter than they look. Their chief disadvantage is that the large boards overhead catch the wind

My announcement was of a different kind, and ran thus:

"H----'S PATENT ADVERTISING BOARDS.

50,000 PERSONS SEE THIS ONE EVERY DAY.

The most effective means of securing publicity

ever invented."

The seven of us started off from Dean Street at about nine o'clock, carrying our boards on our shoulders. Two of us were Irishmen, one was a Welshman, one a half-bred Scotchman, and the nationality of the others I could not tell. Judging from appearances, at least three of our party had at one time been in the Army. I was not surprised at this, for one finds nearly everywhere that about half of the unemployed are army reserve men. This is often not the fault of the old soldiers themselves, for they usually know no trade, and employers, as a whole, are unwilling to give them work. The general

aversion to the military is our national method of making the defence of our

country popular.

Our leader was a specially fine fellow, tall, clear-eyed, and intelligent. He looked, in spite of his dress, a very ideal business man, and one could not help wondering what it was that had brought him down so low.

We had not to reach the New Kent Road till eleven o'clock, so we went slowly along and took abundant rest by the way. Every now and then we would turn into a side street, place our boards against a wall, and sit down on the pavement. In the course of our talks while lingering thus, I learnt many things. subject of the best place to dine formed a leading topic of conversation. One was in favour of Ham Yard Soup Kitchen, where a dish of pea soup (so thick that the spoon stands up in it) and an unlimited supply of bread can be had for a penny. The bread, it may be added, is collected each morning from the West-end clubs.

"Grosvenor Mews is a sight better than Ham Yard," interposed another. "You have to pay tuppence at the Mews, but then you don't have such a crush, and the food is ever so much nicer. They give you a good dish of mutton broth, and you have another thing as well. Ham Yard is all very well in winter, but I can't stand its thick pea soup this hot weather. It fills a man up and makes him that uncomfortable that it's awful."

"This is very poor work," said another to me. Here let me observe in passing that sandwichmen do not always talk such ungrammatical slang as certain delineators of poor life make out. "Board-carrying is the most degrading work to be had."

"But it brings in honest money, at all events," I responded, feeling that I must

say something.

"Honest? yes, but it's a poor business. A man might do a great deal better for himself than this. If you only keep up a decent appearance, and don't let yourself go down, you always stand a chance." As he said this he looked at me keenly, as though he would convey a reproach for my rags, which were the reverse of decent.

"But what is a man to do?" I asked. "Clothes wear out, and boots go in holes;" and I pointed to the leaky pair of shoes I was wearing. "Where are new ones to come from?"

"That's very true; but yet this is only

a hand-to-mouth existence, just enough to live on and no more. Now you know Holborn?"

"Yes."

"Well, behind Holborn there is a place, Field Lane, where they do a fine work. If you go there, and have got a character from your last place, they'll take you in, and keep you, and find you something to do. A young fellow like you, who's been educated, would get along all right there. But you must have a character."

Then we all fell to discussing the best ways of earning a livelihood. There was a general agreement that the surest method, on the whole, is to get taken on by one of the penny evening papers as a regular street-seller. They give their men six shillings a week, besides the regular commission of fourpence on every thirteen sold; and most of us thought that any one ought to be able to make a very

decent living out of this.

At eleven o'clock we paraded up in front of the establishment of the boot-seller whose wares my companions were advertising, and started our perambulations of the Kent Roads. To the ordinary reader, the Old Kent Road will probably only be known as the locale of a popular comic song; but before I had been tramping up and down it for a couple of hours I came to the conclusion that both the Old and the New Roads are well worthy of study. They are wide, granite-paved streets, remarkable for their noise, business, and bons marches. Part of the roadway on either side is occupied by open fish, fruit, and clothing stalls, and many of the tradesmen deposit half of their wares on the pavement for people to see in passing. The price of provisions of all kinds is remarkably low. "Sterling tea" is advertised at a shilling a pound; "pure" butter (Kent Road tradesmen are very insistent on the purity of their goods) is 8d. a pound, and "pure new" milk twopence halfpenny a quart. The amount of heavy traffic rattling along the road all day long is considerable, and the noise is so great that at one time I stood within a dozen yards of a barrel organ without being able to hear a note of the music played by it.

The seven of us paced along, thirty yards apart, in single file. I was the back man, and I could see the long line of yellow boards ahead of me. Rival tradesmen gazed enviously at us, and for a moment I felt quite proud of being the cause of a trade triumph. But my high

spirits were soon check-"Whatryronthftputyrnprsn," path a threatening voice cry in my ear; I looked up, and saw a short, stout, and very much excited constable standing by me.

"What did you say,

sir?" I asked.

The man grew calmer. "What are you doing on the footpath?" he asked. "Don't you know I can put you in prison? Go off!"

"Please, sir, have I to walk in the gutter?" asked respectfully. No one shall be able to say that I do not obey the Catechism, and "order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters."

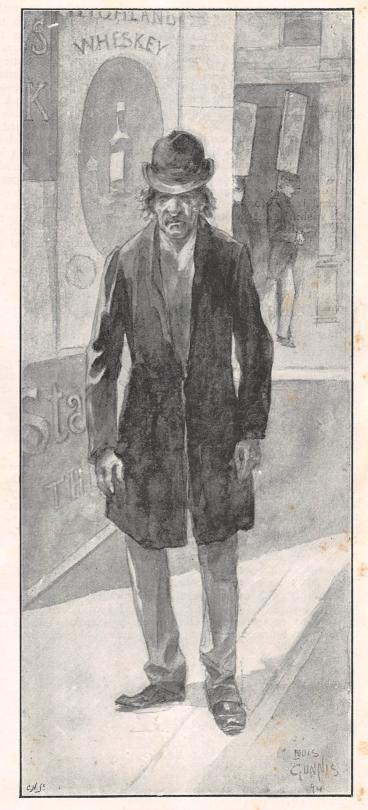
"Get off the footpath, or I'll lock you up," he replied majes-

tically.

I had now to tramp in the gutter. This did not make my walk any the easier, for the Kent Road gutters are not like ordinary ones. In one spot is a pile of fish heads, deposited from a neighbouring barrow, not far off is a heap of refuse from the greengrocer's, and next to it is a semiliquid heap made by the water and rubbish thrown from the roadside stalls. But we board - men trudged along so slowly that we could well step out of the way of all this, though we had to keep our eyes open at the same time to avoid being run over by passing traps.

"Papa," said a little boy to his father, as they stood in front of me, and gazed hard at my boards, "what is

that man?"



"Oh, that's only an advertising board, my child," the father replied. No doubt he was quite right, but there was no need to proclaim the fact so loudly right in front of my face. Even boards sometimes

have feelings.

I soon found, however, that if boards have feelings they must not show them. People regarded us as quite legitimate objects of curiosity. Not content with staring at one's advertisement, they would also gaze intently at the board-carrier, taking in every detail of his personal appearance. My companions were accustomed to this, and took it as a matter of course, but I found myself more than once wishing that folks would direct their gaze elsewhere.

In the course of our morning march we came across a rather unusual specimen of the sandwich man. He was a welldressed, venerable-looking old man, with long white beard and white hair. carried two boards suspended from his shoulders, each having a text painted on it in large letters; and fastened to the top button of his coat was a piece of white ivory, with the words "Jesus only" stamped on it. He stopped me and entered into conversation. "Men want to know what good I am doing going about like this," he said. "What good are you doing? Why do you go round? To let men know that boots are for sale, so that when they see your notice they may think about boots. I go round too to make people think." Then he gave me, with a beaming smile, a little homily. "Ah well!" he concluded, "God bless you, my brother, God bless you," and he handed me a tract and passed on.

I echoed his blessing, for the old man was the only individual that day (with the exception of a sergeant of police) who seemed to treat us sandwichmen as men and brothers. Some swore at us, some roughly ordered us out of the way, some mocked at our poverty. One cad in a trap made ludicrous imitations of our

woe-begone attitudes, as though our misery were the merriest jest in the world. Did we dare to rest for a moment, pert errand boys would be sure to command us to move on. We were ever made to remember that we were nothing but pariahs—outcasts.

At one o'clock we had an hour off for dinner. We were far away from the usual resorts of board-men, so we had to be content with what could be obtained for a few coppers in the local cheap cook shops. In the afternoon we were careful not to overwork ourselves. We could not rest quite so much as the ordinary board-man does, for we had every now and then to pass the shop of our employer, who kept a sharp watch on us. Our rule was, at the end of each hour and a half. to turn down a by-street and sit down for half an hour. Ordinarily, I may say, the board-man reckons to have something like half an hour's rest for half an hour's walk, so our gang was very industrious. But even with the rests, the walking and the noise began to tell on one before the afternoon was out, and I was heartily glad when the time at last came to unstrap our boards, sling them over our shoulders, and set out for

For carrying overhead boards from nine in the morning till half-past five at night, the rate of pay is sixteenpence a day. For the old-fashioned boards only fourteenpence is given, and not many years ago the remuneration was a shilling a day. But it must be remembered that very few get regular employment, even at these rates, and the few who get taken on six days a week are considered quite the aristocracy of the calling. For working longer hours the men are paid extra, and sometimes a specially favoured man, keeping at it in the evening as well as during the day, will earn as much as fifteen shillings a This is the height of the dosser's ambition.

FRED. A. MCKENZIE.

IN HONOUR BOUND.

By GEORGE GISSING.

T the top of a dim-windowed house near Gray's Inn Road, in two rooms of his own furnishing, lived a silent, solitary man. He was not old (six-andthirty at most), and the gentle melancholy of his countenance suggested no quarrel with the world, but rather a placid absorption in congenial studies. His name was Filmer; he had occupied this lodging for seven or eight years; only at long intervals did a letter reach him, and the sole person who visited his retreat was Mrs. Mayhew, the charwoman. Mrs. Mayhew came at ten o'clock in the morning, and busied herself about the rooms for an hour or so. Sometimes the lodger remained at home, sitting at his big table heaped with books, and exchanging a friendly word with his attendant; sometimes he had gone out before her arrival, and in that case he would have been found at the British Museum. Filmer abjured the society of men for that of words; he was a philological explorer, tracking slowly and patiently the capricious river of human speech. He published nothing, but saw the approaching possibility of a great work, which should do honour to his name.

Proud amid poverty, and shrinking with a nervous sensitiveness from the commerce of mankind, he often passed weeks at a time without addressing a familiar word to any mortal save Mrs. Mayhew. He had made friends with his charwoman, though not till the experience of years taught him to regard her with entire confidence and no little respect. her he even spoke of his studies, half soliloquising indeed, but feeling it not impossible that she might gather some general conception of what he meant. turn, Mrs. Mayhew confided to him some details of her own history, which threw light upon the fact that she neither looked nor spoke like an ordinary charwoman. She was a meagre but trim-bodied little person of about the same age as her employer; clean, neat, and brisk; her face sharply outlined, with large good-

humoured eyes, and a round mouth. A widow, she said, for ten years and more; childless; pretty much alone in the world, though she had relatives not badly off. Shamefaced hints made known to Filmer that she blamed only herself for her poor condition, and one day she confessed to him that her weakness had been drink. When first he engaged her services, she was struggling painfully out of the mire, battling with old temptations, facing toil and hunger. "And now, sir," she said, with her modest, childish laugh, "I feel almost a respectable woman; I do indeed." Whereat Filmer smiled pensively, and nodded.

No life could be less eventful than He enjoyed an income of seventy pounds, and looked not for increase. his costume he took no thought, his diet was the simplest conceivable. He wanted no holidays. Leisure to work in his own way, blessed independence—this sufficed for him.

On a morning of December (the year was 1869) Mrs. Mayhew came to the house as usual, went upstairs, and tapped Filmer's door. On entering, she was surprised to see a fireless grate, and on the table no trace of breakfast. mer stood by the window; she bade him good-morning, and looked about the room in surprise.

"I'm going out," said the student, in a voice unlike his own. "I didn't trouble to light the fire."

She observed his face.

"But won't you have breakfast, sir? I'll get some in a minute."

"No, thank you. I shall get somesomewhere-

He went into the bedroom, was absent a few minutes, and returned with his overcoat.

"I wanted to speak to you, sir," said Mrs. Mayhew, diffidently. "But if you are in a hurry-"

plenty of time."

"I am very sorry to tell you, sir, that,

after next week, I sha'n't be able to come. But," she hastened to add, "I can recommend some one who'll do the work just as well."

Filmer listened without appearance of concern; he seemed to have a difficulty in fixing his thoughts on the matter.

"I am going to take a little shop," pursued the other, "a little general shop. It's part of the house where I've been living. The woman that's had it hasn't done well; but it was her own fault; she didn't attend to business, and she-but there's no need to trouble you with such things, sir. Some one advised me to see what I could do in that way, and I thought it over. The landlord will let me have the shop, and a room behind it, and another room upstairs, for twenty-eight pounds a year, if I pay a quarter in advance. That's seven pounds, you see, sir; and I ought to have about twenty pounds altogether to start with. I've got a little more than ten, and I know some one who'll lend me another ten, I think." She spoke quickly, a glow of excitement in her cheeks. "And I feel sure I can make the business pay. I've seen a good deal of it, from living in the house. There's lots of people round about who would deal with me, and of course I could begin with a small stock, and-"

Her breath failed; she broke off with a pant and a laugh. Filmer, after standing for a moment as if in uncertainty, said that he was very glad to hear all this, and that he would talk with her about it on the morrow. At present he must go out—on business—special and disagreeable business. But he would talk to-morrow. And so, without further remark, he went his

way

The next morning Mrs. Mayhew saw that her employer was still in a most unusual frame of mind. He had a fire, but was sitting by it in gloomy idleness. To her "good-morning" he merely nodded, and only when she had finished putting the bedroom to rights did he show a disposition to speak.

"Well, Mrs. Mayhew," he said at length, "I also have news to tell. I have lost all my money, and have nothing to

live upon."

Her large eyes gazed at him with astonishment and compassion.

"Oh, Mr. Filmer! What a dreadful thing!"

"Bad; there's no disguising it." He struggled to speak without dolefulness; his limbs moved nervously, and he stared

away from his companion. "No hope, now, of writing my book. All over with me. I must earn my living—I don't know how. It's twelve years since I ever thought of such a thing; I felt safe for my whole life. All gone at a blow; you can read about it in the newspaper."

"But-but you can't surely have lost

everything, sir?"

"I have a few pounds. About thirty pounds, I think. What's the use of that? I don't want very much, but "—he tried to jest—"I can't live on ten shillings a year."

"But with all your learning, Mr.

Filmer——"

"Yes, I must find something. Go and teach in a school, or something of the kind. But I'm afraid you can't understand what it means to me."

He became silent. Mrs. Mayhew looked up and down, moved uneasily, played with the corners of her apron, and at last found resolution to speak.

"Mr. Filmer"—her eyes were very bright and eager—"you couldn't live in

one room, I'm afraid, sir?"

"One room?" He glanced vacantly at her. "Why not? Of course I could. I spend nearly all my time at the Museum. But—"

"I hardly like to say it, sir, but there's something—if you thought—I told you I was going to have a room behind the shop, and one upstairs. I meant to let the one upstairs."

He interrupted, rather coldly.

"Oh, I would take it at once, if I had the least prospect of being able to live. But what is the use of settling down anywhere with thirty pounds? To write my book I need at least two years, and a

quiet mind-""

"But I was going to say something else, sir, if you'll excuse the liberty. told you I shall have to borrow some money, and—and I'm not quite sure, after all, that I can get it. Will you lend it me, sir?" This came out with a jerk, on an impulse of great daring. "If you would lend me ten pounds, I could afford to let you have the room, and-and to supply you with meals, and in that way pay it back. I'm quite sure I could." She grew excited again. "If I miss getting the shop, somebody else will step in, and make money out of it. I know I could very soon make two or three pounds a week out of that business!"

She stopped suddenly, awed by the listener's face. Filmer, for the first time

since her knowledge of him, looked coldly distant, even offended.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I oughtn't to have said such a thing."

He stood up.

"It was a kind thought, Mrs. Mayhew;

"couldn't last-for my support-more than a few weeks."

"Not by itself, sir," replied the other, eagerly; "but money grows so when it's put into trade. I do believe it would bring in a pound a week. Or, at all events, I'm quite sure it would bring enough-

She glanced, involuntarily, at the breakfast table, which seldom showed



but—I really don't know——" His face was changing. "I should very much like to let you have the money. A few days ago I would gladly have done so.

His tongue faltered. He looked at the woman, and saw how her countenance had fallen.

"Ten pounds," he said abruptly, 139. April 1895.

"In that case," said Filmer, laughing, "I should be a partner in the business." Mrs. Mayhew smiled, and made no answer.

That day they could not arrive at a decision; but after nightfall Filmer walked along the street in which he knew Mrs. Mayhew lived, and looked for the shop. That which answered to her

description was a miserable little hole, where seemingly business was still being carried on; the glimmer of one gas-jet rather suggested than revealed objects in the windows—a loaf, some candles, a bundle of firewood, and so on. He hurried past, and got into another street

as quickly as possible.

Later, he was prowling in the same locality, and again he went past the shop. This time, he observed it more deliberately. After all, the place itself was not so squalid as it had seemed; by daylight it might look tolerable. And the street could not be called a slum. Other considerations apart, he could contemplate having his abode here; for he knew nobody, and never had to fear a visit. Besides the little chandler's there were only two shops; no public-house, and

hardly any traffic of a noisy kind.

In his great need, his horror of going forth among strangers (for of course his lodgings were now too expensive to be kept a day longer than he could help), Filmer compromised with himself. lending Mrs. Mayhew ten pounds he might justly accept from her a lodging and the plainest sustenance for, say, ten weeks, and in that time he would of necessity have taken some steps towards earning a livelihood. Some of his books and furniture he must sell, thus adding to the petty reserve which stood between him and starvation. If it would really be helping the good woman, as well as benefiting himself, common-sense bade him disregard the fastidiousness which at first had been shocked by such a proposal. Beggars cannot be choosers, said the old adage; he must swallow his pride.

Waking at the dead hour of night, and facing once more the whole terrible significance of what had befallen him, not easily grasped in daytime, he resolved to meet the charwoman next morning in a humble and grateful spirit. His immediate trouble thus overcome, he could

again sleep.

And so it came about that, in some ten days, Filmer found himself a tenant of the front room above the chandler's shop. As he still had the familiar furniture about him, he suffered less uneasiness—his removal once over—than might have been anticipated. True, he moaned the loss of beloved volumes; but on the other hand his purse had gained by it. As soon as possible, he repaired to the Museum, and there, in the seat he had

occupied for years, and with books open before him, he tried to think calmly.

Mrs. Mayhew, meanwhile, had entered exultantly into possession of her business premises; the little shop was stocked much better than for a long time, and customers followed each other throughout the day. In his utter ignorance of such transactions, the philologist accepted what she had at first told him as a sufficient explanation of the worthy woman's establishment in shop-keeping. To a practical eye, it would have seemed not a little mysterious that some twenty. pounds had sufficed for all the preparations; but Filmer merely glanced with satisfaction at the shop-front as he came and went, and listened trustfully when Mrs. Mayhew informed him that the first week's profits enabled her to purchase some new fittings, as well as provide for

all current expenditure.

Under these circumstances, it was not wonderful that the student experienced a diminution of personal anxiety. Saying to himself every day that he must take some step, he yet took none save that literal step which brought him daily to the Museum. A fortnight, and he had actually resumed work; three weeks, and he was busy with the initial chapter of his great book; a month, and he scarcely troubled himself to remember that his income had vanished. For Mrs. Mayhew did not let a day pass without assuring him that his ten pounds-his share in the partnership—produced more than enough to represent the cost of his board and lodging. He lived better than in the old days, had an excellent supper on coming home from the Museum, a warm breakfast before setting out. And these things caused him no astonishment. The literary recluse sees no limit to the potentialities of "trade."

At length he remembered that ten weeks had gone by, and on a Sunday morning he summoned his partner to a conference. The quondam charwoman looked a very presentable person as she entered in her Sunday gown. Though she still did a good deal of rough work, her hands were becoming softer and more shapely. In shop and house she had the assistance of a young girl, the daughter of the people who occupied the upper rooms, and it was this girl—Amanda Wilkes by name, and known to her friends as 'Manda—who

generally waited upon Filmer.

"Mrs. Mayhew," he began gravely,

"I begin to feel that I have no right to continue living in this way. You have long since paid me back the small sum I lent you—"

"Oh, but I have explained to you, sir," broke in the other, who bated nothing of her accustomed respect, that money

is always making more—indeed it is. It makes enough for you to live upon, as long—oh, as long as you like."

The philologist drew a silent breath, and stared at the floor.

"Now don't trouble yourself, sir!" begged Mrs. Mayhew, "please don't! If you can be content to live here—until——"

"I am more than content, so far as personal comfort goes. But—well, let me explain to you. At last, I have really made a be-

"No, no; I do well enough: I'm used to it. But the point is that I may be a year or two on this book—a year or two, and how can I possibly go on, presuming upon your great kindness to me—"

Mrs. Mayhew laughed, and for the hundredth time put before him the

HAVE LOST ALL MY MONEY, AND HAVE NOTHING TO LIVE UPON."

ginning with my book. If my misfortune hadn't happened, I might have put it off for years; so, in one way, perhaps that loss was a good thing. I am working very hard——"

"Oh, I know you are, Mr. Filmer. I can't think how you do with so little sleep, sir. I'm sure I wonder your health doesn't break down."

commercial view of the matter. Once again he suffered himself to be reassured, though with much nervous twitching of head and limbs; and after this he seldom recurred to his scruple.

Two years went by, and in the early months of the third Filmer's treatise lay finished. As he sat one evening by his fireside, smoking a delicious pipe, he flattered himself that he had made a solid contribution to the science of Comparative Philology. He was thirty-eight years old; young enough still to enjoy any honour or reward the learned world might choose to offer him. What he now had to do was to discover a publisher who would think this book worth the expense of printing. Long ago he had made up his mind that, if profit there were, Mrs. Mayhew must share in it. Though his ten pounds had kept him alive all this time, yet clearly it would not have done so but for Mrs. Mayhew's skill and labour; he felt himself vastly indebted to her, and earnestly hoped that he might be able to show his gratitude in some substantial form.

Fortune favoured him. His manuscript came into the hands of a generous scholar, a man after his own heart, who not only recommended it to the publisher in terms of enthusiasm, but expressed an earnest desire to make the acquaintance of the author. Filmer, no longer ashamed before his fellows, went forth from the hermitage above the chandler's shop, and was seen of men. He still had money enough to provide himself with decent clothing, and on a certain day his appearance so astonished Mrs. Mayhew that she exclaimed tremulously:

"Are you going, Mr. Filmer? Are you

going to leave us?"

"I can't say," was his nervous answer.
"I don't know yet whether I shall make
any money by my book."

He told her how things were tending.

"Oh," she answered, "then I'm sure you will soon get back to your proper position. After all, sir, you know, you oughtn't to be living in this poor way. You are a learned gentleman."

Her voice was agitated, and her thoughts seemed to wander. The philologist examined her for a moment, but she turned away with a hurried excuse that she was wanted down stairs.

That day Filmer brooded.

In another month it was known that his book would be published; whether he profited thereby must depend upon its success. In the meantime, one or two fragments of the work were to appear in the *Journal of Comparative Philology*; moreover, the author himself was to read a paper before an erudite society. Overcoming false delicacy, he had made known his position (without detail) to the philological friend who took so much interest in him, and before long a practical sug-

gestion was made, which, if it could be carried out, would assure him at all events a modest livelihood.

Amid all this promise of prosperity, Filmer was beset by graver trouble than he had known since that disastrous day, now two years and a half ago. He could no longer doubt that the prospect of his departure affected Mrs. Mayhew very painfully. She kept out of his way, and when meeting was inevitable spoke the fewest possible words. More, he had once, on entering his room unexpectedly, surprised her there in a tearful condition; yes, unmistakably weeping; and she hurried out of his sight.

What could it mean? Her business throve; all appeared well with her. Could the mere thought of losing his companionship cause her such acute distress?

If so—

He took long walks, musing anxiously At home he shrank over the situation. into himself, moved without sound, tried, if such a thing were possible, to dwell in the house and yet not be there. stayed out late at night, fearing to meet Mrs. Mayhew as he entered. Ludicrous as it sounded to a man who had long since forgotten the softer dreams of youth, Mrs. Mayhew--might perchance have conceived an attachment for him. They had now known each other for many years, and long ago the simple-minded woman used to talk with him in a way that betrayed kindly feeling. She, it must be remembered, did not strictly belong to the class in which he found her; she was the daughter of a man of business, had gone to school, had been married to a solicitor's clerk. ably her life contained a darker incident than anything she had disclosed; perhaps she had left her husband, or been repudiated by him. But a strong character ultimately saved her; she was now beyond reproach. And if he were about to inflict a great sorrow upon her, his own suffering would be scarcely less severe.

As he crept softly into the house one night, he came face to face with a tall man whom he remembered to have seen here on one or two former occasions: decently dressed, like a clerk or shopman, forty years old or so, and not ill-looking. Filmer, with a glance at him, gave goodevening, and to his surprise the stranger made no reply; nay, it seemed to him that he was regarded with a distinctly unamiable stare. This troubled him for

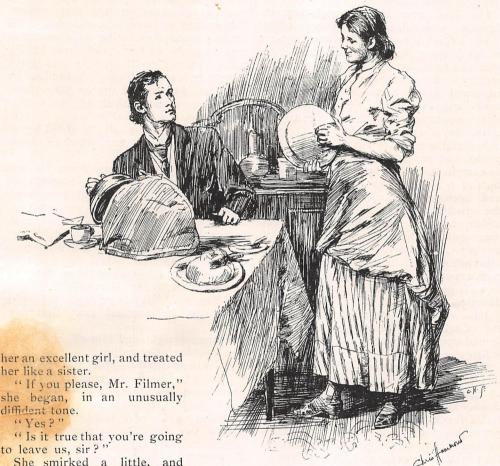
the moment, sensitive as he was, but he concluded that the ill-conditioned fellow was a friend of the family upstairs, and

soon forgot the occurrence.

A day or two later, as the girl 'Manda served his breakfast, she looked at him oddly, and seemed desirous of saying something. This young person was now about seventeen, and rather given to friskiness, though Mrs. Mayhew called

However, his resolve was taken. had no right to remain here. Prospects or no prospects, he would engage a room in quite a different part of the town, and make his few pounds last as long as possible.

And on this resolve he had the strength to act. Dreadful to him in anticipation, the parting with Mrs. Mayhew came about in the simplest and easiest way.



AGAIN SHE DROPPED HER EYES AND FIDGETED.

She smirked a little, and altogether behaved strangely.

"Who told you going to?" asked Filmer.

"Oh-Mrs. Mayhew said as it was likely, sir."

Again she dropped her eyes, and fidgeted. The philologist, much disturbed, spoke on an impulse.

"Yes," he said, "I am going-very soon. I may have to leave any day."

"Oh!" was the reply, and, to his ears, it sounded like an expression of relief. But why 'Manda should be glad of his departure he could not imagine.

When he had made known his purpose with nervous solemnity which tried to mask as genial friendliness-the listener kept a brief silence. Then she asked, in a low voice, whether he was quite sure that he had means enough to live upon. Oh yes; he felt no uneasiness; things were shaping themselves satisfactorily.

"Of course, Mrs. Mayhew, we are not saying good-bye." He laughed, as if in mockery of the idea. "We shall see

each other-from time to time-often! Such old friends-"

Her dubious look and incomplete phrase of assent—her eyes cast down troubled him profoundly. But the dreaded interview was over. In a few days he Happily the removed his furniture. leave-taking was not in private; 'Manda and her mother both witnessed it; yet poor Mrs. Mayhew's eyes had a sorrowful dimness, and her attempted gaiety weighed upon his spirits.

He lived now in the south-west of London, and refrained even from visits to the British Museum. The breaking-up of his lifelong habits, the idleness into which he had fallen, encouraged a morbid activity of conscience; under autumnal skies he walked about the roads and the parks, by the riverside, and sometimes beyond the limits town, but there was no escape from a remorseful memory. When two or three weeks had passed, his unrest began to be complicated with fears of destitution. But, of a sudden, the half-promise that had been made to him was fulfilled: the erudite society offered him a post which, in his modest computation, represented all that a man could desire of could worldly prosperity. He establish himself beneath some reputable roof, repurchase his books, look forward to a life of congenial duty and intellectual devotion. But-

His wandering steps brought him to Chelsea Embankment, where he leaned upon the parapet, and gazed at the

To whom-to whom did he owe all Who was it that had saved him at that black time when he thought of death as his only friend? Who had toiled for him, cared for him, whilst he wrote his big book? Now at length he was able to evince gratitude otherwise than in mere words, and like a dastard he slunk away. He had deserted the woman who loved him.

And why? She was not his equal; yet certainly not so far his inferior that, even in the sight of the world, he need be ashamed of her. The merest cowardice, the plainest selfishness, withheld him from returning to Mrs. Mayhew and making her that offer which he was in honour bound to make.

Yes, in honour bound. Thus far had his delicate sensibilities, his philosophical magnanimity, impelled the lonely scholar. Love of woman he knew not, but a generous warmth of heart enabled him to contemplate the wooing and wedding of his benefactress without repugnance. In a sense it would be loss of liberty; but might he not find compensation in domestic comfort, in the tender care that would be lavished upon him? But the higher views-a duty discharged, a heart solaced-

The next day was Sunday. In the morning there fell heavy rain; after noon the clouds swept eastward, and rays of sunlight glistened on the wet streets. Filmer had sat totally unoccupied. made a pretence of eating the dinner that was brought to him, and then, having attired himself as though he had not a minute to lose, left home. Travelling by omnibus, he reached the neighbourhood hitherto so carefully shunned; he walked rapidly to the familiar street, and, with heart throbbing painfully, he stood before the little chandler's shop, which of course was closed.

A knock at the house-door. It was answered by 'Manda, who stared and smiled, and seemed neither glad nor sorry to see him, but somehow in perturbation.

"Is Mrs. Mayhew in?" whispered, rather than spoke, the philologist.

"No, sir. She went out not long agowith Mr. Marshall. And she won't be back just yet—p'r'aps not till supper."

"With-with Mr. Marshall?" "Yes, sir." 'Manda grinned. "They're going to be married next Saturday,

sir." Filmer straightened himself, and stood like a soldier at attention.

"To be married?-Mrs. Mayhew?" The girl laughed, nodded, seemed greatly amused.

"I should like to come in, and—and

speak to you for a moment."

"Oh yes, sir." She smirked. "There's nobody in. Would you mind coming into the shop?"

The well-remembered He followed. odour of Mrs. Mayhew's merchandise enveloped him about, and helped still further to confuse his thoughts in a medley of past and present. Over the shop window hung a dirty yellow blind, through which the sunshine struggled dimly. Filmer hesitated for a moment.

"Who is Mr. Marshall, 'Manda?"

he was able to ask at length.

"Don't you know, sir?" She stood before him in a perky attitude, her fingers interlaced. "You've seen him. A tall man-dark-looking-



"DON'T YOU KNOW, SIR?" SHE STOOD BEFORE HIM IN A PERKY ATTITUDE HER FINGERS INTERLACED.

"Ah! Yes, I remember. I have seen him. How long has Mrs. Mayhew

known him?"

"Oh, a long, long time. He lent her a lot of money when she started the shop. They'd have been married before, only Mr. Marshall's wife was alive—in a' asylum."

"In an asylum?"

"Brought on by drink, they say. There's all sorts of tales about her."

The philologist eased himself by moving a few paces. He looked from the pile of firewood bundles before the counter to a row of canisters on the topmost shelf.

"I'm glad to hear this," at length fell from his lips. "Just say I called; and

that I-I'll call again some day."

'Manda's odd expression arrested his eyes. He turned away, however, and stepped out into the passage, where little

if any daylight penetrated. Behind him, 'Manda spoke.

"I don't think I'd come again, sir."

"Why not?"

He tried to see her face, but she kept in shadow.

"Mr. Marshall mightn't like it, sir. Nor Mrs. Mayhew—Mrs. Marshall as will be."

"Not like it?"

"You won't say anything, if I tell you?" said the girl, in a low and hurried yet laughing tone. "It made a little trouble—because you was here. Mr. Marshall thought—" a giggle filled the lacuna. "And Mrs. Mayhew didn't like to say anything to you. She's that kind to everybody—"

Filmer stretched his hand to the door, fumbled at the latch, and at length got out. It took some hours before his shamefaced misery yielded to the blissful

sense of relief and of freedom.

THE ENCORE.

BY VIOLET HUNT.

MDLLE. EMILIA QUIXANO'S song "took" in the most unexpected manner. Its place in the programme between "Hybrias the Cretan" and Mendelssohn's solid Da liegt ich unter den Bäumen was perhaps responsible more than anything else for its success.

The applause, merely intermittent at first, grew and grew, as caprice grows to passion, and an encore was eagerly called for. But Mademoiselle Emilia Quixano had already made her little bow of acknowledgment, and fled lightly down

"the well."

"Mdlle. Quixano! Mdlle. Quixano! Will some one be good enough to find Miss Quixano?" called out the burly man in evening dress, whose mission it is to

escort the singers on and off.

"I'll fetch her, Mr. Hanson," said the handsome, stout, quick-tempered contralto. "Emily! Emily Quick!" she cried at the door of the green-room, in her deep tragic tones. "Come back! You're encored! Don't you hear? You're encored!"

A white frightened face appeared from

among the cloaks and wraps.

"Oh, shall I take it, Madame Van

"Yes, of course, of course; make haste!" said that lady impatiently.

Bundling off her rather dingy collection of wraps, the little soprano tripped up the graded passage to the platform, catching her foot in her skirt as she went, from sheer nervousness, and having taken up her position again at the right of the conductor, but a few paces farther back than she should have been, so that the leaves of the tall decorative palm tickled her shoulder, she projected her music in the approved fashion in front of her, and raised her eyes to his *bâton*.

The sudden shock of surprise had taken all the colour out of her face and lips, which was a pity, as it was not a striking face at the best of times, and needed all the adventitious glow of excitement to

make it in the least attractive. She had never before had an encore, and though she smiled the regulation smile of pleased acquiescence, she had never felt more solemn, more serious, more uncomfortable in her life. She had braced herself for the effort once, and got it over, and this anti-climax was distressing to her, in spite of its tribute to her vanity. In the dim background of her consciousness there lurked indeed the thought of how glad her people would be to hear of her having been recalled; but severely modified by the instinctive apprehension of the displeasure of Madame van Dalle, who had patronised her, and brought her forward, to a certain point, but who had certainly never expected her to have the impertinence to have an encore all to

All this passed through her mind as the prelude was being played. "I must mind that A," she said to herself, as the last note was held, and she drew in her breath

and prepared for her attaque.

The audience was a mixed one, there was the usual sprinkling of musical connoisseurs, some enthusiastic, some blases, and the usual proportion of capricious society people, whose preferences are dictated by purely fanciful and personal reasons; to these latter, it is most likely, Emily Quick owed her encore. They had called her back from a sort of collective impulse; she was little and sweet, and pathetic-and after Madame van Dalle's long, meritorious, laboured rendering of Mendelssohn's Da liegt ich unter den Bäumen, Emily's tender love-song came as a relief. But it had only been a fleeting impulse, and with the painfully cultivated, almost physical intuition of one who is used to bid for the suffrages of the public, Emily Quick knew that this time she was not in touch with her audience.

She felt their sympathies ebbing slowly, but surely away from her as she stood—chained to her platform, as it were, like Andromeda to her rock, before them all,



EMILY QUICK KNEW THAT THIS TIME SHE WAS NOT IN TOUCH WITH HER AUDIENCE.

singing away with a dry parched throat and filling eyes. She would have given anything to knock off a verse or two. She grew paler and paler, and her notes more forced than

sweet. Her voice seemed to come back to her, an alien, hated thing. She tried not to see the people in front; their waving fans seemed to advance slowly and almost flap into her face, and as slowly recede again. Worse than this, she felt the of the people eves behind her, up by the organ, burning their contempt through her back-they were the cheapest seats, but they had an opinion too!

It was over, the last cadence was something ghastly, as the lump in her throat grew higher, and almost beyond her control. A few faint "bravas"-flung to her like the bread of charity - broke bored and ominous silence, a rustling of programmes betrayed an interest in the next item, and she walked back to the kindly darkness of the greenroom, that seemed to gape for her as a condemned criminal, nervously pulling down a little lock of hair on her forehead, and hoping no one would speak to her.

The draught in the passage smote her like a reproach; there was no one waiting to fling a shawl over the thin white neck, where no diamonds glittered. The words of Madame van Dalle as she passed her, spoken in a tone ill - concealed where triumph over her as a singer strove with tolerant comsome passion of her as a

woman, fell like a well-merited lash across her shoulders, and chilled her very soul. "My dear girl, why on *earth* did you

take that encore?"

"I wish I hadn't!" sighed the poor little soprano, as she buttoned her jacket, and put her veil on crooked, and wondered if it was a wet night, for she had forgotten her umbrella.

The other woman had a lover, a big handsome man in an egregious fur coat, who came to meet her at the door as she came out, in company with the other artistes. Emily saw her grasp the lapel of his coat affectionately, saw him tuck her boa round under her chin so as to cover her "precious throat." Swathed in furs and lace, she was handed into her luxurious brougham, and the door closed on them with a snap. Emily gave a vague sigh. She luckily did not hear the contralto, with her head on her lover's shoulder, confide to him the events of the evening; how her own song "had been over their heads" and, among other details, how that silly little Emily Quick had actually managed to get an encore and had muffed it. "She really has the voice of a sparrow, my dear, and I can't think how she came to be engaged at all."

Emily Quick had no lover. Perhaps that is why she went out carelessly, and despairingly, into the cold east wind and caught a bad cold on her chest!

It sounds dreadfully "stagey," but all, it was the most natural thing in the world. Singers have such absurd throats! Emily Quick, like other artistes, had trained and sensitised and harried those delicate vocal tubes by which she gained her living they were as tender, as subject to the influences of atmosphere and temperature, as those of the more pampered members of the profession, who get an encore every night, when they do sing, and are privileged to have "throats," and only leave them off as a personal favour to the managers of whom they make the glory, and sometimes the despair.

She had a very little, tender, true and efficient voice, and an immense capacity for work. She practised all day with the soft pedal down not to disturb her neighbours. She thought literally of nothing else, and yet she was not enthusiastic. Underfed, under-clothed, under-vitalised, she was too spiritless to look forward, to dream of a future. So long as she could manage to go on earning her own living, and keep body and soul and voice together! It took her all her time, she had none left for the little airs and graces that might have attracted a lover. She

never saw any men, except in the way of business. The old gentleman who had picked her up in a City tea-shop, had recognised her vocal capabilities and sent her to the Conservatoire of Music, had been actuated simply by philanthropic motives. He had died suddenly, without a will, and his relations had "grabbed up everything," so Emily's sister said, who expressing the feeling of the family, that he might have left Emily a trifle.

Emily rented one dingy room in a flat, with a cupboard attached, by way of a bedroom. The tiny sitting-room had a large piano in it, like a great heart in a mean body. It had been the gift of her old benefactor. There was also a writing table at which she ate her dinner, and a suite of chairs on which she kept her music, except what was needed to make the piano stool higher. She had one long, lanky, unsympathetic pupil, who helped to pay for all this magnificence.

It was not as tidy as it might have been. Truth to tell, she was rather slovenly about everything but her music, which, however, was with her, one of the exact sciences. Her bonnet was often put on crooked, but she always sang true; she was careless about lacing her boots, but she was conscientious enough never to begin a song without finishing it, even by herself, according to the advice of the great Schumann.

Managers knew her for a practical, reliable woman, who could be trusted to know her songs properly—who came at call—who never ventured to have a cold, and who always managed to scrape up a pretty gown to appear in. Nobody who saw Emily Quick trudging home alone, in waterproof and large clumsy thin boots, through the muddy streets, to Maida Vale, where she lived, or eating her humble chop while she corrected her pupil's harmony exercises, would have recognised the really graceful young woman who made her appearance periodically in front of the conductor's desk at some of the best known concerts in London.

It was most unfortunate, but she could not get rid of this last bad cold. She tried staying in bed, but as she had to get up to light her own fire and boil her own kettle and go to the door to get her bread and her milk, it was not much good. She cleared some of the chairs and improvised a sofa, but that made her back ache. The lanky pupil was sorry

for her and brought her flowers; if only she had brought a sausage roll from the shop round the corner, or even offered to post Emily's letters for her! The milkman who deposited two pennyworth of milk at her door every morning was good enough to do that. A few days later he posted a little trembling scrawl to sister Maria in Bloomsbury, who came in answer to the summons and found Emily in bed, too weak to sit up, too weak to give lessons and crying with helplessness.

Sister Maria was business-like and kind. She had a doctor sent for. She brought her type-writer along, and spent all her days with Emily. She was a little annoyed with Emily all the same. "She ought to try and throw it off," she said to the doctor; "a little effort, you know

-it is nothing but a cold-"

The doctor looked grave and said nothing; it was as well that Sister Maria should take a cheerful view of things, since nothing could be more patient, more gentle, but at the same time more spirit-

less and despairing than Emily.

"She doesn't seem to care," was the sister's complaint; "she just follows me about with her eyes and never asks any questions about anything. And she's losing all her connection, lying here, but I dare say she'll pick that up as soon as she's about again?"

The doctor hazarded no opinion on the subject, there was something ominous in his silence, or what would have seemed so to a less optimistic person than Emily's

sister.

Madame van Dalle, the contralto, who toiled up the steep flight of stairs to see Emily, thought her very ill indeed; she was immensely sympathetic, but she could not stay long that day; she "had an engagement," i.e. a tall handsome man in a fur coat waiting for her at the foot of the stairs. In fact she had too many engagements of all sorts to come again just now, but she made up by constantly sending poor Emily little pink scented notes of condolence, and presents in the shape of a selection from the floral tributes which she was in the habit of receiving nightly.

They were a great delight to the invalid. She would never have the flowers undone and put in water,—they were nothing to her as flowers, they reminded her of the concert room, not of nature,—and she had them placed; the bouquets, on her pillow; the great unwieldy fancy straw baskets, tied with senseless pink knots and bows

of ribbon, just as they were handed up across the estrade by an admiring conductor, stood in all their glory at the foot of her bed till they withered and died.

"The air of these places is so bad, they can't live in it," Emily would say piteously. She talked a good deal of nonsense sometimes, and made Sister Maria rather uneasy. Did she mean her own little room, which, though small, was airy and healthy enough, or was she thinking of the vitiated atmosphere of a concert room?

"A sick girl's fancy!" thought sister Maria, and wisely let her have her own Indeed the doctor had expressed a wish that she should not be contradicted in anything. He admired Emily. Maria was quite sure of that, hideous as she looked now with her big eyes swamping her whole face. The doctor was quite a young man, and, as sister Maria opined, would wish to continue his visits on a different footing when Emily should get She clung obstinately to her theory that "people should make an effort," and although Emily was so weak that she could not even get out of bed, she would often speak cheerfully of spring weather and rides on top of an omnibus -the form of bath-chair adopted by the indigent.

Not that Emily looked forward to anything. Her dreadful apathy was part of

her illness, the doctor said.

In a little while it took an acute form, and when Madame van Dalle called again, it was a question if she could be admitted. The doctor had forbidden visitors. But he was not there, and Madame van Dalle's rustling silks and furs affected sister Maria so favourably that she allowed her to enter the room where poor Emily lay—Emilia Quixano, of whom this magnificent person had once condescended to be a little jealous.

The luxurious, comfort-loving woman heartily wished herself away. Emily was dreadfully ill, even a little delirious. She was as usual under the impression that she was at a concert and was playing on the sheet in front of her, with long help-less fingers. She even tried to sing to her her own accompaniment, but no sound worth mentioning issued from those bruised tortured lungs. Every now and then she murmured "Brava!" with conviction.

"Tell her she isn't at a concert!" said

Madame van Dalle nervously.

"It pleases her, ma'am!" replied Emily's sister, who could not for a



SHE HAD ONE UNSYMPATHETIC PUPIL WHO HELPED TO PAY FOR ALL THIS MAGNIFICENCE,

moment realise that this imposing lady was a fellow worker with her Emily.

"She had a great success last time she sang;" murmured the conscience-stricken contralto. "She encored—you know what that is?"

"Oh, yes," answered sister Maria smiling; "was she really encored? Well,

never!"

The sick woman raised her eyes at the word encore.

"Didn't she tell you?" continued

Madame van Dalle.

"No, ma'am, she never did. That was the concert—the night she took ill, wasn't it? I should never have guessed it. She came on to supper with me so down in the mouth, that I did not like to question her for fear something had happened."

"People are so jealous!" said Madame van Dalle, without exactly knowing what

she meant.

She found she "had an important engagement" a few moments later. She wasn't wanted—this good woman was evidently devoted to her sister, and she really couldn't bear seeing Emily ceaselessly playing on the bed-clothes, and croaking out "Brava" in a dying voice, for she was dying, she was sure of it, and she wished she had thought of driving her home in her brougham that night a month ago when all the mischief happened.

The doctor, who came a few minutes later, was very angry when he heard of her having been admitted. "Silly, selfish woman!" he muttered. "Why could she not have looked after the poor girl a little on that bitter cold night, and seen that she went out with enough wraps on, after singing in that heated atmo-

sphere?"

"Emily got an encore, she was saying," said sister Maria.

Emily raised her eyes and repeated the

word after her slowly. The doctor looked at her sadly, he wondered if she would be as beautiful as that if she were well. He was rather a morbid young man; he knew, however, that he would never have an opportunity of judging—pretty or not, he would never see Emily Quick well on this side the grave.

He gave her sister some trifling directions in a low voice. Emily, who had been a good deal excited by Madame van Dalle's visit, watched them intently and seemed to be trying to hear. Presently she beckoned to her sister to come to

her.

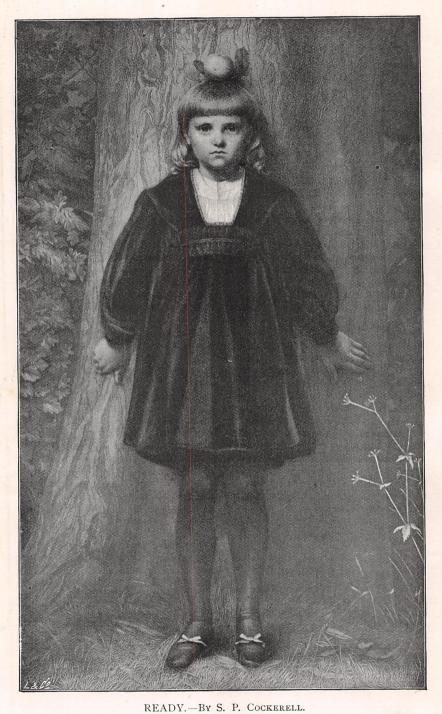
"Bend down," she said quite clearly and distinctly. "I want to whisper to you."

The sister obeyed.

"Does he say," Emily went on, looking at the doctor, who stood fingering something on the mantelpiece, with his profile turned towards her, "Does he say —does he say I shall get better?"

The sister, with a dreadful consciousness of the falsehood she was uttering, murmured something in the affirmative.

"Oh, please," said Emily, agonised, grasping her arm, "oh, please tell him not to. I don't want to get better. I don't, really. Is it very impious?" She sighed a long weary sigh and buried her face in the pillow. "I am so tired so tired of it all the streets are so muddy, and my legs ache and sometimes I get hungry- and coldand I can't get things done in time. . . . Oh, why must I go on living? Why should I? It is such waste . . . I want to die I must not get well couldn't go through with it all again. . . . Thank you! thank you! The song's done—I did my best—It's all over . . . I am going to die I wouldn't take an encore now-no, not for the whole world!"



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THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF A MINISTER OF FRANCE.

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

THE MAID OF HONOUR.

IN accordance with my custom, I gave an entertainment on the last day of this year to the King and Queen, who came to the Arsenal with a numerous train, and found the diversions I had provided so much to their taste that they did not leave until I was half dead with fatigue, and like to be killed with complaisance. Though this was not the most splendid entertainment I gave that year, it had the good fortune to please; and in a different and less agreeable fashion is recalled to my memory by a peculiar chain of events, whereof the first link came under my eyes

during its progress.

I have mentioned in an earlier part of these memoirs a Portuguese adventurer, who, about this time, gained large sums from the Court at play, and more than once compelled the King to have recourse to me. I had the worst opinion of this man, and did not scruple to express it on several occasions; and this the more, as his presumption fell little short of his knavery, while he treated those whom he robbed with as much arrogance as if to play with him were an honour. Holding this view of him, I was far from pleased when I discovered that the King had brought him to my house; but the feeling, though sufficiently strong, sank to nothing beside the indignation and disgust which I experienced when, the company having fallen to cards after supper, I found that the Queen had sat down with him to primero.

It did not lessen my annoyance that I had, after my usual fashion, furnished the Queen with a purse for her sport; and in this way found myself reduced to stand by and see my good money pass into the clutches of this knave. Under the circumstances, and in my own house, I could do nothing; nevertheless, the table at which they sat possessed so strong a fascination for me that I several times caught myself staring at it more closely than was polite; and as to disgust at the unseemliness of such companionship was added vexation

at my own loss, I might have gone farther towards betraying my feelings if a casual glance aside had not disclosed to me the fact that I did not stand alone in my dissatisfaction; but that, frivolous as the majority of the courtiers were, there was one at least among those present who viewed this particular game with distaste.

This person stood near the door, and fancying himself secured from observation, either by his position or his insignificance, was glowering on the pair in a manner that at another time must have cost him a rebuke. As it was, I found something friendly, as well as curious, in his fixed frown; and ignorant of his name, though I knew him by sight, wondered both who he was and what was the cause of his preoccupation.

On the one point I had no difficulty in satisfying myself. Boisrueil, who presently passed, told me that his name was Vallon, that he belonged to a poor but old family in the Côtentin, and that he had been only

three months at Court.

"Making his fortune, I suppose?" I said grimly. "He games?"

"No, your Excellency."

"Is in debt?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"To whom does he pay his court, then?"

"To the King."

"And the Queen?"

"Not particularly—as far as I know, at least. But if you wish to know more, M. le Duc," Boisrueil continued, "I will—"

"No, no," I said peevishly. The Queen had just handed her last rouleau across the table, and was still playing. "Go, man, about your business; I don't want to spend the evening gossiping with you."

He went, and I dismissed the young fellow from my mind, only to find him five minutes later at my elbow. To youth and good looks he added a modest bearing that did not fail to enhance them and commend him to me, the majority of the young sparks of the day being wiser than their fathers. But I confess that I was not prepared for the stammering embarrassment with which he addressed me—nor, indeed, to be addressed by him at all.

"M. de Sully," he said in a tone of emotion, "I beg you to pardon me. I am in great trouble, and I think that perhaps,

"A very slight, if a very unusual one," he muttered. "M. le Duc, I only want you to—"

"To?" for he stopped and seemed

unable to go on.

"To supplement the present you have given to the Queen with this," he blurted out, his face pale with emotion;



THIS PERSON STOOD NEAR THE DOOR, AND FANCYING HIMSELF SECURED FROM OBSERVATION, EITHER BY HIS POSITION OR HIS INSIGNIFICANCE, WAS GLOWERING ON THE PAIR IN A MANNER THAT AT ANOTHER TIME MUST HAVE COST HIM A REBUKE.

stranger as I am, you may condescend to do me a service."

So many men appeal to a Minister with some such formula on their lips, and at times with a calculated timidity, that at the first blush of his request I was inclined to bid him come to me at the proper time, and to remove to another part of the room. But curiosity, playing the part of his advocate, found so much that was candid in his manner that I hesitated. "What is it?" I said stiffly.

and he stealthily held out to me a green silk purse, through the meshes of which I saw the glint of gold. "M. de Sully," he continued, observing my hasty movement, "do not be offended. I know that you have done all that hospitality required. But I see that the Queen has already lost your gift, and that—"

"She is playing on credit?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

He said it simply, and as he spoke he again pressed on me the purse. I took

and weighed it, and calculated at a guess that it held fifty crowns. The sum astonished me. "Why, man," I said, "you are not mad enough to be in love with her Majesty?"

"No!" he cried vehemently, yet with a gleam of humour in his eye. "I swear that it is not so. If you will do me this

favour-"

It was a mad impulse that took me, but I nodded, and resolving to make good the money out of my own pocket, should the case, when all was clear, seem to demand it, I went straight from him, and, crossing the floor, laid the purse near her Majesty's hand, with a polite word of regret that fortune had used her so ill, and a hope that this might be the means of recruiting her forces.

It would not have surprised me had she shown some signs of consciousness, and perhaps betrayed that she recognised the purse. But she contented herself with thanking me prettily, and almost before I had done speaking had her slender fingers among the coins. Turning, I found that Vallon had disappeared; so that all came to a sudden stop; and with the one and the other, I retired completely puzzled, and less able than before to make even a guess at the secret of the young man's generosity.

However, the King summoning me to him, there, for the time, was an end of the matter; and between fatigue and the duties of my position, I did not give a second thought to it that evening. Next morning, too, I was taken up with the gifts which it was my privilege as Master of the Mint to present to the King on New Year's Day, and which consisted this year of medals of gold, silver, and copper, bearing inscriptions of my own composition, together with small bags of new coins for the King, the Queen, and their

attendants.

These I always made it a point to offer before the King rose; nor was this year an exception, for I found his Majesty still in bed, the Queen occupying a couch in the same chamber. But whereas it generally fell to me to arouse them from sleep, and be the first to offer those compliments which befitted the day, I found them on this occasion fully roused, the King lazily toying with his watch, the Queen talking fast and angrily, and at the edge of the carpet beside her bed Mademoiselle d'Oyley in deep disgrace. The Queen, indeed, was so taken up with scolding her that she had forgotten what day it was; and even after my entrance continued to

rate the poor girl so fiercely that I thought her present violence little less unseemly than her condescension of the night before.

Perhaps some trace of this feeling appeared in my countenance; for, presently, the King, who seldom failed to read my thoughts, tried to check her in a good-natured fashion. "Come, my dear," he said; "let that trembling mouse go. And do you hear what our good friend Sully has brought you? I'll be bound—"

"How your Majesty talks!" the Queen answered pettishly. "As if a few paltry coins could make up for my jar! I'll be bound, for my part, that this idle wench was romping and playing with—"

"Come, come; you have made her cry enough!" the King interrupted — and, indeed, the girl was sobbing so passionately that a man could not listen without pain. "Let her go, I say, and do you attend to Sully. You have forgotten that it is New Year's Day—"

"A jar of majolica!" the Queen cried, utterly disregarding him, "worth your body and soul, you little slut!"

"Pooh! pooh!" the King said.

"Do you think that I brought it from Florence, all the way in my own——"

"Nightcap," the King muttered. "There, there, sweetheart," he continued aloud, "let the girl go!"

"Of course! She is a girl," the Queen cried, with a sneer. "That is enough for you!"

"Well, Madame, she is not the only one in the room," I ventured.

"Oh, of course, you are the King's echo!"

"Run away, little one," Henry said,

winking to me to be silent.

"And consider yourself lucky," the Queen cried venomously. "You ought to be whipped; and if I had you in my country I would have you whipped, for all your airs! San Giacomo, if you cross me I will see to it!"

This was a parting thrust; for the girl, catching at the King's permission, had turned and was hurrying in a passion of tears to the door. Still, the Queen had not done. Mademoiselle had broken a jar; and there were other misdemeanours which her Majesty continued to expound. But in the end I had my say, and presented the medals, which were accepted by the King with his usual kindness, and by the Queen, when her feelings had found expression, with sufficient complaisance. Both were good enough to compliment me



THE QUEEN TALKING FAST AND ANGRILY, AND AT THE EDGE OF THE CARPET BESIDE HER BED MADEMOISELLE D'OYLEY IN DEEP DISGRACE.

on my entertainment; but observing that the Queen quickly buried herself again in her pillows and was inclined to be peevish, I cut short my attendance on the plea of fatigue, and left them at liberty to receive the very numerous company who on this

day pay their court.

Of these, the greater number came on afterwards to wait on me; so that for some hours the large hall at the Arsenal was thronged with my friends, or those who called themselves by that name. towards noon the stream began to fail; and when I sat down to dinner at that hour, I had reason to suppose that I should be left at peace. I had not more than begun my meal, however, when I was called from table by a messenger from the Queen.

"What is it?" I said, when I had gone Had he come from the King, I to him. could have understood it more easily.

"Her Majesty desires to know, your Excellency, whether you have seen anything of Mademoiselle d'Oyley."

"Yes, M. le Duc."

"No, certainly not. How should I?" I replied.

"And she is not here?" the man

persisted.

"No!" I answered angrily. "God bless the Queen, I know nothing of her.

I am sitting at meat, and—

The man interrupted me with protestations of regret, and, hastening to express himself thoroughly satisfied, retired with a crestfallen air. I wondered what the message meant, and what had come over the Queen, and whither the girl had gone. But as I made it a rule throughout my term of office to avoid, as far as possible, all participation in bed-chamber intrigues. I wasted little time on the matter, but returning to my dinner, took up the conversation where I had left it. Before I rose, however, La Trape came to me and again interrupted me. He announced that a messenger from his Majesty was waiting in the hall.

I went out, thinking it very probable that Henry had sent me a present; though it was his more usual custom on this day to honour me with a visit, and declare his generous intentions by word of mouth, when we had both retired to my library and the door was closed. Still, on one or two occasions he had sent me a horse from his stables, a brace of Indian fowl, a melon or the like, as a foretaste; and this I supposed to be the errand on which the man had come,

His first words disabused me, "May it please your Excellency," he said, very civilly, "the King desires to be remembered to you as usual, and would learn whether you know anything of Mademoiselle d'Oylev."

"Of whom?" I cried, astonished.

"Of Mademoiselle d'Oyley, her Majesty's maid of honour."

"Not I, i' faith!" I said drily. "I am no squire of dames, to say nothing of maids!"

"But his Majesty-

"If he has sent that message," I replied, "he has yet something to learn—that I do not interest myself in maids of honour or such frailties."

The man smiled. "I do not think," he began, "that it was his Majesty-"

"Sent the message?" I said, "No.

but the Queen, I suppose."

On this he gave me to understand, in the sly, secretive manner such men affect, that it was so. I asked him then what all this ferment was about. "Has Mademoiselle d'Oyley disappeared?" I said peevishly.

"Yes, your Excellency. She was with the Queen at eight o'clock. At noon her Majesty desired her services, and she was

not to be found."

"What?" I exclaimed. "A maid of honour is missing for three hours in the morning, and there is all this travelling! Why, in my young days, three nights might have-

But discerning that he was little more than a youth, and could not restrain a smile, I broke off discreetly, and contented myself with asking if there was reason to suppose that there was more than appeared in the girl's absence.

"Her Majesty thinks so," he answered, "Well, in any case, I know nothing about it," I replied. "I am not hiding her. You may tell his Majesty that, with

my service. Or I will write it.'

He answered me eagerly that that was not necessary, and that the King had desired merely a word from me; and with that and many other expressions of regret he went away and left me at leisure to go to the riding-school, where at this time of the year it was my wont to see the young men practise those manly arts which, so far as I can judge, are at a lower ebb in these modern days of quips and quodlibets than in the stirring times of my youth. Then, thank God, it was held more necessary for a page to know his seven points of horsemanship than how to tie a ribbon, or prank a gown, or read a primer,

But the first day of this year was destined to be a day of vexation. I had scarcely entered the school, when M. de Varennes was announced. Instead of going to meet him. I bade them bring him to me, and, on seeing him, bade him welcome to the "Though," I said, politely oversports. looking his past history and his origin, "we did better in our times; yet the young fellows should be encouraged."

"Very true," he answered suavely. "And I wish I could stay with you. But it was not for pleasure I came. The King sent me. He desires to know-

"What?" I said.

"If you know anything of Mademoiselle d'Oyley. Between ourselves, M. le

- I looked at him in amazement. "Why," I said, "what on earth has the girl done
 - "Disappeared," he answered. "But she had done that before.
- "Yes," he said, "and the King had your message. But——"
 "But what?" I said sternly.

"He thought that you might wish to supplement it for his private use."

'To supplement it?"

"Yes. The truth is," Varennes continued, looking at me doubtfully, "the King has information which leads him to suppose that she may be here."

'She may be anywhere," I answered in a tone that closed his mouth, "but she is not here. And you may tell the King so

from me!"

Though he had begun life as a cook, few could be more arrogant than Varennes on occasion; but he possessed the valuable knack of knowing with whom he could presume, and never attempted to impose on me. Apologising with the easy grace of a man who had risen in life by pleasing, he sat with me awhile, recalling old days and feats, and then left, giving me to understand that I might depend on him to

disabuse the King's mind.

As a fact, Henry visited me that evening without raising the subject; nor had I any reason to complain of his generosity, albeit he took care to exact from the Superintendent of the Finances more than he gave his servant, and for one gift to Peter got two Pauls satisfied. To obtain the money he needed in the most commodious manner, I spent the greater part of two days in accounts, and had not yet settled the warrants to my liking when La Trape, coming in with candles on the second evening, disturbed my secretaries. The men yawned discreetly; and, reflecting that we had had a long day. I dismissed them, and stayed myself only for the purpose of securing one or two papers of a private nature. Then I bade La Trape light me to my closet.

Instead, he stood and craved leave to

speak to me.

"About what, sirrah?" I said.

"I have received an offer, your Excellency," he answered, with a crafty look.

"What! To leave my service?" I

exclaimed in surprise.

"No, your Excellency," he answered. "To do a service for another — M. Pimentel. The Portuguese gentleman stopped me in the street to-day and offered me fifty crowns."

"To do what?" I asked.

"To tell him where the young lady with Madame lies, and lend him the key of the garden-gate to-night."

I stared at the fellow. "The young

lady with Madame?" I said.

He returned my look with a stupidity which I knew was assumed. "Yes, your Excellency. The young lady who came

this morning," he said.

Then I knew that I had been betrayed, and had given my enemies such a handle as they would not be slow to seize; and I stood in the middle of the room in the utmost grief and consternation. At last, "Stay here," I said to the man, as soon as I could speak. "Do not move from the spot where you stand until I come back!"

It was my almost invariable custom to be announced when I visited my wife's closet; but I had no mind now for such formalities, and swiftly passing two or three scared servants on the stairs, I made straight for her room, tapped, and entered. Abrupt as were my movements, however, someone had contrived to warn her; for though two of her women sat working on stools near her, I heard a hasty foot flying, and caught the last flutter of a skirt as it disappeared through a second door. My wife rose from her seat, and looked at me guiltily.

"Madame," I said, "send these women away. Now," I continued, when they had

gone, "who was that with you?"

She looked away dumbly.

"You do well not to try to deceive me, Madame," I continued severely. "It was Mademoiselle d'Oyley."

She muttered, not daring to meet my

eye, that it was.

"Who has absented herself from the Queen's service," I answered bitterly, "and chosen to hide herself here of all

places! Madame," I continued, with a severity which the sense of my false position amply justified, "are you aware that you have made me dishonour myself? that you have made me lie, not once, but three times?—that you have made me deceive my master?"

She cried out at that, being frightened, that "she had meant no harm; that the girl coming to her in great grief and

trouble-

"Because the Queen had scolded her for breaking a china jar!" I said con-

temptuously.

"No, Monsieur; her trouble was of quite another kind," my wife answered, with more spirit than I had expected.

"Pshaw!" I exclaimed.

"It is plain that you do not yet understand the case," Madame persisted, facing me with trembling hardihood. "Mademoiselle d'Oyley has been persecuted for some time by the suit of a man for whom I know you, Monsieur, have no respect—a man whom no Frenchwoman of family should be forced to marry."

"Who is it?" I said curtly.

"M. Pimentel."

"Ah! And the Queen?"

"Has made his suit her own. Doubtless her Majesty," Madame de Sully continued with grimness, "who plays with him so much, is under obligations to him, and has her reasons. The King, too, is on his side, so that Mademoiselle-

"Who has another lover, I suppose?"

I said harshly.

My wife looked at me in trepidation. "It may be so, Monsieur," she said,

"It is so, Madame, and you know it," I answered in the same tone. "M. Vallon

is the man.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a gesture

of alarm. "You know!"

"I know, Madame," I replied with vigour, "that to please this love-sick girl you have placed me in a position of the utmost difficulty; that you have jeopardised the confidence which my master, whom I have never willingly deceived, places in me; and that out of all this I see only one way of escape, and that is by a full and frank confession, which you must make to

"Oh, Monsieur!" she said faintly.

"The girl, of course, must be immediately given up."

My wife began to sob at that, as women will, but I had too keen a sense of the difficulties into which she had plunged me by her deceit to pity her overmuch.

And, doubtless, I should have continued in the resolution I had formed, and which appeared to hold out the only hope of avoiding the malice of those enemies whom every man in power possesses—and none can afford to despise—if La Trape's words, when he betrayed the secret to me, had not recurred to my mind, and sug-

gested other reflections.

Doubtless Mademoiselle had been watched into my house, and my ill-wishers would take the earliest opportunity of bringing the lie home to me. My wife's confession, under such circumstances. would have but a simple air, and, believed by some, would be ridiculed by more. It might, and probably would, save my credit with the King, but it would not exalt me in others' eyes, or increase my reputation as a manager. If there were any other way—and so, reflecting, I thought of La Trape and his story.

Still I was half-way to the door when I paused and turned. My wife was still weeping. "It is no good crying over spilled milk, Madame," I said severely. "If the girl were not a fool, she would have gone to the Ursulines. The abbess has a stiff neck, and is as big a simpleton to boot as you are. It is only a step, too, from here to the Ursulines, if she had had

the sense to go on."

My wife lifted her head, and looked at me eagerly; but I avoided her gaze and went out without more, and downstairs to my study, where I found La Trape awaiting me. "Go to Madame la Duchesse," I said to him. "When you have done what she needs, come to me in my closet."

He obeyed, and after an interval of about half an hour, during which I had time to mature my plan, presented himself again before me. "Pimentel had a notion that the young lady was here then?" I said carelessly.

"Yes, your Excellency."

"Some of his people fancied that they saw her enter, perhaps?"

"Yes, your Excellency."

"They were mistaken, of course?" "Of course," he answered dutifully.

"Or she may have come to the door and gone again?" I suggested.

"Possibly, your Excellency."

"Gone on without being seen, I mean?"

"If she went in the direction of the Rue St. Marcel," he answered stolidly, "she would not be seen."

The convent of the Ursulines is in the Rue St. Marcel. I knew, therefore, that Madame had had the sense to act on my hint; and after reflecting a moment I continued, "So Pimentel wished to know where she was lodged?"

"That, and to have the key, your

Excellency." "To-night?"

"Yes, your Excellency."

"Well, you are at liberty to accept the offer," I answered carelessly. "It will not clash with my service." And then, as he stood staring in astonishment, striving to read the riddle, I continued, "By the way, are the rooms in the little Garden Pavilion aired? They may be needed next week: see that one of the women sleeps there to-night—a woman you can depend on."

'Ah, Monsieur!"

He said no more, but I saw that he understood; and bidding him be careful in following my instructions, I dismissed him. The line I had determined to take was attended by many uncertainties, however; and more than once I repented that I had not followed my first instinct, and avowed the truth. A hundred things might fall out to frustrate my scheme and place me in a false position; from which—since the confidence of his Sovereign is the breath of a Minister, and as easily destroyed as a woman's reputation—I might find it impossible to extricate myself with credit.

I slept, therefore, but ill that night; and in conjunctures apparently more serious have felt less trepidation. But experience has long ago taught me that trifles, not great events, unseat the statesman, and that of all intrigues those which revolve round a woman are the most dangerous. I rose early, therefore, and repaired to Court before my usual hour, it being the essence of my plan to attack, instead of

waiting to be attacked.

Doubtless my early appearance was taken to corroborate the rumour that I had made a false step, and was in difficulties; for scarcely had I crossed the threshold of the antechamber before the attitude of the courtiers caught my attention. Some who twenty-four hours earlier would have been only too glad to meet my eye and obtain a word of recognition appeared to be absorbed in conversation. Others, less transparent or better inclined to me, greeted me with unnatural effusion. One who bore a grudge against me, but had never before dared to do more than grin, now scowled openly; while a second, perhaps the most foolish of all, came to me with advice, drew me with insistency into a niche near the door, and adjured me to be cautious.

"You are too bold," he said; "and that way your enemies find their opening. Do not go to the King now. He is incensed against you. But we all know that he loves you; wait, therefore, my friend, until he has had his day's huntinghe is just now booting himself-and see him when he has ridden off his annoyance."

"And when my friends, my dear Marquis, have had time to poison his mind against me? No, no," I answered, wondering much whether he were as simple as

he looked.

"But the Queen is with him now," he persisted, seizing the lapel of my coat to stay me, "and she will be sure to put in a word against you."

"Therefore," I answered drily, "I had better see his Majesty before the one word

becomes two."

"Be persuaded," he entreated me. "See him now, and nothing but ill will

come of it."

"Nothing but ill for some," I retorted, looking so keenly at him that his visage fell. And with that he let me go, and with a smile I passed through the door. The rumour had not yet gained such substance that the crowd had lost all respect for me; it rolled back, and I passed through it towards the end of the chamber, where the King was stooping to draw on one of his boots. The Queen stood not far from him, gazing into the fire with an air of illtemper which the circle, serious and silent, seemed to reflect. I looked everywhere for the Portuguese, but he was not to be

For a moment the King affected to be unaware of my presence, and even turned his shoulder to me; but I observed that he reddened, and fidgeted nervously with the boot which he was drawing on. Nothing daunted, therefore, I waited until he perforce discovered me, and was obliged to greet me. "You are early this morning," he said, at last, with a grudging air.

"For the best of reasons, Sire," I answered hardily. "I am ill placed at home, and come to you for justice."
"What is it?" he said churlishly and

unwillingly.

I was about to answer, when the Queen interposed with a sneer. "I think that I can tell you, Sire," she said. "M. de Sully is old enough to know the adage, Bite before you are bitten."

"Madame," I said, respectfully but with firmness, "I know this only, that my house was last night the scene of a gross outrage; and by all I can learn it was perpetrated by one who is under your Majesty's protection."

"His name?" she said, with a haughty

gesture.

"M. Pimentel."

The Queen began to smile. "What was this gross outrage?" she asked drily.

"In the course of last night he broke into my house with a gang of wretches, and

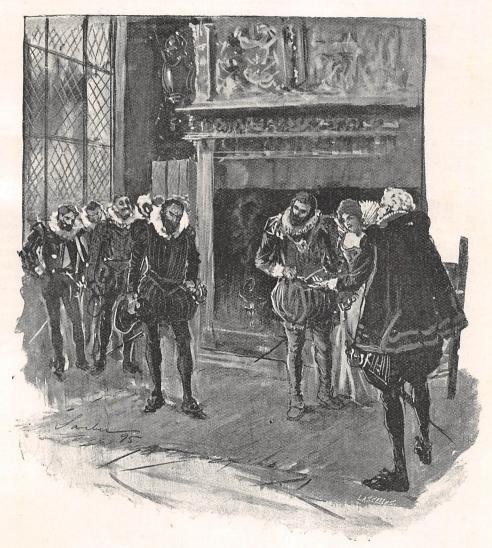
bore off one of the inmates."

The Queen's smile grew broader; the King began to grin. Some of the circle, watching them closely, ventured to smile also. "Come, my friend," Henry said,

almost with good humour; "this is all very well. But this inmate of yours—was a very recent one."

"Was, in fact, I suppose, the rebellious little wench of whom you knew nothing yesterday!" the Queen cried harshly, and with an air of open triumph. "There can be no stealing of stolen goods, Sir; and if M. Pimentel, who had at least as much right as you to the girl—and more, for I am her guardian—has carried her off, you have small ground to complain."

"But, Madame," I said, with an air of bewilderment, "I really do not—it must be my fault, but I do not understand."



THE PORTUGUESE, AS IT HAPPENED, WAS AT THE DOOR EVEN THEN, AND BEING CALLED, HAD NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO COME FORWARD.

Two or three sniggered, seeing me apparently checkmated and at the end of my resources. And the King laughed out with kindly malice. "Come, Grand Master," he said, "I think that you do. However, if Pimentel has carried off the damsel, there, it seems to me, is an end of the matter."

"But, Sire," I answered, looking sternly round the grinning circle, "am I mad, or is there some mystery here? I assured your Majesty yesterday that Mademoiselle d'Oyley was not in my house. I say the same to-day. She is not; your officers may search every room and closet. And for the woman whom M. Pimentel has carried off, she is no more Mademoiselle d'Oyley than I am; she is one of my wife's waiting-maids. If you doubt me," I continued, "you have only to send and ask. Ask the Portuguese himself."

The King stared at me. "Nonsense!" he said sharply. "If Pimentel has carried off anyone, it must be Mademoiselle

d'Oyley."

"But it is not, Sire," I answered with persistence. "He has broken into my house and abducted my servant. For Mademoiselle, she is not there to be stolen."

"Let someone go for Pimentel," the

King said curtly.

But the Portuguese, as it happened, was at the door even then, and being called, had no alternative but to come forward. His face and mien as he entered and reluctantly showed himself were more than enough to dissipate any doubts which the courtiers had hitherto entertained, the former being as gloomy and downcast as the latter were timid and cringing. It is true he made some attempt at first, and for a time, to face the matter out, stammering and stuttering, and looking piteously to the Queen for help. But he could not

long delay the crisis, nor deny that the person he had so cunningly abducted was one of my waiting-women; and the moment that this confession was made his case was at an end, the statement being received with so universal a peal of laughter, the King leading, as at one and the same time discomfited him, and must have persuaded any indifferent listener that all from the first had been in the secret.

After that he would have spent himself in vain, had he contended that Mademoiselle d'Oyley was at my house; and so clear was this that he made no second attempt to do so, but at once admitting that his people had made a mistake, he proffered me a handsome apology, and desired the King to speak to me in his behalf.

This I, on my side, was pleased to take in good part; and having let him off easily with a mild rebuke, I turned from him to the Queen, and informed her with much respect that I had learned at length where Mademoiselle d'Oyley had taken refuge.

"Where, Sir?" she asked, eying me suspiciously, and with no little disfavour.

"At the Ursulines, Madame," answered.

She winced, for she had already quarrelled with the abbess without advantage. And there for the moment the matter ended. At a later period I took care to confess all to the King, and he did not fail to laugh heartily at the clever manner in which I had outwitted Pimentel. But this was not until the Portuguese had left the country and gone to Italy, the affair between him and Mademoiselle d'Oyley (which resolved itself into a contest between the Queen and the Ursulines) having come to a close under circumstances which it may be my duty to relate in another place.

MOUNTAINEERING IN WESTMORLAND.

By JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

PEOPLE go to the Lake District at the wrong time. To see the beauty of the hills is to see them under a ragged robe of snow when their peaks are glistening a rosy tint. Westmorland in February and early March was a place of stern

grandeur. The great lakes were frozen, and horses and carts were driven across them. There was skating for a dozen miles along Windermere without a break, and for a fortnight the hotels, usually deserted in the winter. were overcrowded. But the visitors confined themselves to Windermere, being content to admire the snowcovered mountains from a distance. Some of the valleys were practically shut off from the world. But in the company of a friend I penetrated the upper fastnesses of Langdale. It was a long tramp from Ambleside, through drifts often reaching waist-high, past the weird Blea Tarn and Wordsworth's "House of the Solitary," and then a sudden dip to the base of the Pikes of Langdale and the Old Dungeon Ghyll Hotel, where we were the first strangers for nearly two months. On the Sunday before Christmas a pedestrian called for a glass of ale, and till our coming the landlord had

received no guests. We were eleven miles from Windermere railway station. The valley lay in deep silence, save that now and then the bleat of a straying sheep could be heard from the hills.

Mountaineers rush to Switzerland for perilous climbs. There is no need to go so far. I have climbed one or two Swiss hills, but I have never had any excitement like climbing Harrison's Stickle—the highest of the Langdale Pikes—in mid-

winter. Of course there is danger. You may have a dislocated collar-bone, or a companion who persists in reeling off stanzas of Wordsworth. Both are to be avoided. With a liberal length of rope, we set off in the early morning



SLOW PROGRESS.

to scale the mountain. The guide-book advised us to keep to the grassy path. As there was over two feet of snow, the advice was useless. So we just tied ourselves together, kept to the left of a great fissure in the rock—where in the summer-time the most majestic waterfall in the Lake District comes thundering down, but was now marked by long, irregular icicles — and pushed on. Progress was not rapid. At every



TUMBLING INTO A DRIFT.

step we went up to the knees in snow. Now and then one of us would pitch into a drift, and would have to be hauled out with the rope. A long détour was necessary to ascend the hill where it was steep. The snow was crisp and dry, and the exertion of climbing made one as

warm as on an August afternoon. The higher we got the more majestic and delightful was the panorama revealed. Heavy masses of black cloud slowly swept up from the west, and for a few moments wrapped the hills in shadow; then the sun was free again, and the mountains were a glory of light.

The Langdale Pikes, though surpassed in height by other Westmorland ridges, are difficult to ascendeven in summer; but in winter, when there is no perceptible path and you have to rely on your own judgment and calculation, the difficulties are many. So we soon found. A rock covered with a sheet of ice

from melted snow was the first serious obstacle. Boots refused to grip. Crevices had to be chiselled in which to place our toes, and then we could only advance by lying flat upon our stomachs. We made

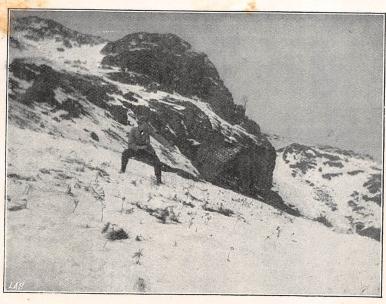
for a lofty ridge of rock called Pavey Ark. Somehow we got on a frozen streamlet which runs from Stickle Tarn, said to be famous for its trout. There was an element of danger which, while ensuring great caution, produced an excitement which sent the blood beating swifter through our veins. An insecure foot-

hold, and we would have slipped down the terribly acute-angled hillside with the prospect of being whirled over the precipice. Had there been any traveller in the valley below to have spied us with a field-glass, he must have been astonished at the manner we were crawling up the



NEARING THE SUMMIT.

face of the mountain. It was an hour's hard work to advance a hundred yards. We were too busy to engage in conversation. Repeatedly we halted panting, and passed to each other an esteemed flask.



A HELPING HAND.

Just, however, when we thought our troubles were at an end, we had to face a piece of rock almost perpendicular. The snow was beaten against it to perhaps the depth, of twelve inches. The foothold was insecure. We advanced with our faces on the ground. Pulling up one leg one had to kick a hole in the snow with one's toe, and then, cautiously edging forward, do the same with the other leg. This continued for about three

quarters of an hour. We became exhausted. We looked in one another's face. and knew the thoughts that were passing. If one of us slipped we would both be hurled to the bottom. So we discussed the advisability of loosening the rope and letting each one take care of himself. But we decided against that plan. A shawl, a sketch-book,

and other impedimenta we pitched away, and tried once more. It was an exciting ten minutes. When we reached the top we could only lie down, smile feebly, and have recourse to the flask.

Though our mountaineering had been arduous and perilous, we were rewarded by the view. As far as eye could reach was a vista of

silver hills with crevices fierce and black. There was a delightful play of colour in the sky. It was a clear Italian blue, except that where it seemed to touch the hills there was the faintest tinge of green, while the clouds, soft and gauze-like, were of a tender pink. On one side was mighty Helvellyn, but not dark browed. On the other was Scafell Pike, the highest point of English ground, hidden under a cap of cloud.

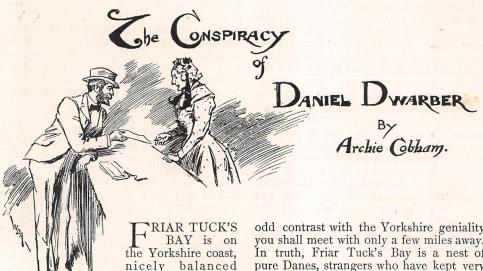


WILD STRETCH OF CRAG AND SNOW.

Grasmere, no larger than a hand it seemed, lay far beneath our feet, and we could just distinguish with the naked eye there was skating on the Lake. Turning and looking down Great Langdale, the corner of Ambleside was seen, and the broad glimmering stretch which marked the head of Windermere. The wind had fallen away, and the day was hushed. The mighty impressiveness of it all seized my imagination, and before my mind appeared a world of beauty but of desolation.

It had been our intention to descend upon Grasmere by way of Easedale, but we hesitated flying into dangers that we knew not of, and agreed to go down the mountain by the way we came. descent was just a little less hazardous. Repeatedly we rested to admire the beauties unfolded before us. We marvelled that so few eyes sought them. At Christmastide, before the snow fell, a party had climbed the Pikes with guides, but since then, as far as we could gather, the hill had been untrodden. The picture we saw that afternoon, when the sun had grown large and red, and bathed in softened light the crest of the mighty hills, was probably the most awe-inspiring in all England, and yet there were only two men to see it. Yes, people go to the Lake District at the wrong time.





among the curious

erosions of cliff and

grassy down. little railway connecting the bay with the big world coquets prettily with the sea, now running by its side for a mile or so, then diving inland among woods smiling homesteads, but always coming back to the sandy beaches, with their stretches of polypous weed that goes "pop" under the delighted feet of children. Some of the thoroughfares in Friar Tuck's Bay are nearly perpendicular, or seem so to the amazed Londoner. The red-roofed cottages cluster in most unexpected and perilous places. They seem living things, as surefooted and philosophic as the fisherfolk who dwell in them. None of them have that hateful surprised look of the suburban villa, or the appalling prosperity of the town mansion. Even the Friar Tuck's Arms, the best inn in the place, is quite unassuming, though it might justifiably give itself airs on the strength of a curious projection, built out into the sea and covered by a large awning, beneath which it is good for a man to breakfast at his ease. In the winter the sly sea which now coos so gently in the sun has been known to throw up a big ship on that projection, so that her yards crashed through the upper windows of the inn. But, of course, that is no business of mere summer visitors.

The reserve of the inhabitants as reflected in their domestic architecture is in odd contrast with the Yorkshire geniality you shall meet with only a few miles away. In truth, Friar Tuck's Bay is a nest of pure Danes, strangers who have kept very much to themselves ever since they landed, partly from choice, partly because the fine old trade of smuggling does not encourage a man to wear his heart on his sleeve. Wonderful bargains in lace, Hollands, and Geneva were to be picked up in this little bay in the old days, but times change, and nowadays a man makes no fortune at fishing.

It was late in the evening of a hot July day when Mr. Daniel Dwarber, Chairman of the Ultramarine Bank, arrived at Friar Tuck's Bay. He had been travelling all day from London, and he wanted a bath and his dinner. Even under these disadvantages he was a striking man to behold tall, broad-shouldered, with a brown beard and intelligent brown eyes. He had come down for a short holiday, hoping to find absolute rest from the cares of business in this out-of-the-world place. The scent of the sea, mingled with the broad effluvium of deceased skate hung up to dry all over the bay, struck pleasantly on his nostrils. He put up, of course, at the Friar Tuck's Arms, where he was expected, and the landlord himself waited upon him at

"Many visitors in the house, Tummon?" said Mr. Dwarber, unfolding his napkin.

"Not many, Sir—Mrs. and Miss Carter and a few Saturday to Monday gentlemen."

"Carter—Carter! Know that name—can't remember where," thought Mr. Dwarber. Further investigation established the fact that Mrs. Carter was the

widow of an old school-friend of his, and the banker soon became quite intimate with the two ladies — especially the

daughter.

Miss Daisy Carter was a demure young person, not ravishingly beautiful, but possessed of the kind of good looks that Her abundant brown curls wear well. framed a well-moulded face full of character and intelligence and lit by a most bewitching pair of brown eyes. She chattered French and German to Mr. Dwarber, played to him on her violin, and, without intending it in the least, simply took the banker's heart by storm. She would have been civil to her father's old friend even if he had been a much less agreeable man. She felt that she was in luck to meet with this travelled, cultured man of the world, who talked so entertainingly and was amiable enough to sing whenever she asked him.

Old Mrs. Carter was vaguely uneasy. She knew that Mr. Dwarber was rich. Besides the bank, he was partner in a large firm of China merchants, and a match between him and Daisy, whose worldly position was far different, might not be the most suitable thing in the world. Mrs. Carter had been very happy with her husband, who was a poor country clergyman, and, like so many good but limited women, she did not believe that people could be happy except in circumstances similar to her own. She would have liked a college Don to marry Daisy, and take her away to some snug college living in the country, or at any rate a curate with some family interest. Besides, the old lady always suspected banks. She had heard of some that had broken and ruined thousands, and she regarded all wealth derived from commercial pursuits as a mushroom thing, riches of Alnaschar, here to-day and gone to-morrow. was not mercenary in the least, only she did not want Daisy to have a thousand a year pin-money for a few years, and then to be reduced to indigence. She preferred the pin-money to be less but more lasting, and spread more evenly over Miss Daisy's earthly existence.

That young lady was perfectly ignorant of all this anxious solicitude on her behalf, for her mother had not yet arranged the matter sufficiently in her own mind to say anything. Miss Daisy was not exactly in love with Mr. Dwarber. She liked him, took a great interest in him, thought him sensible and interesting, and was, in fact, without realising it, delicately poised on the dividing line

between calm indifference and warm affection, the betting being certainly in favour of her dropping her pretty little self down on the warm affection side. The odds on, however, suddenly receded to about 250 to 1 against.

It is necessary to explain to those unfortunate persons who have never been to Friar Tuck's Bay that her Majesty's post and telegraph office in that place is managed by an old lady named Mrs. Fyling, who, among her other excellent qualities, had a great affection for Miss

Daisy.

Mr. Dwarber's attempt to leave all business worries behind him was only partially successful. He had not long been basking in the sunshine of Miss Daisy's smiles before letters came, and he had to visit Mrs. Fyling for stamps and telegrams. It so happened one morning that Mr. Dwarber had not long left the little low-browed post-office before Miss Daisy appeared, fresh as a newly opened carnation, to transact some vastly important feminine business with the Postmaster-General's representative.

She found Mrs. Fyling in a great state of distress. By dint of various coaxing little manœuvres, such as going round behind the counter, drying the old woman's tears for her, and patting her withered cheeks with her soft little hands, this young lady was soon in possession of the secret. Mrs. Fyling cast to the winds all her scruples and fears of the pains and penalties prescribed in various Acts of Parliament, and with trembling fingers gave her a telegram which Mr. Daniel Dwarber had just handed to her for

instant transmission.

It was brief and to the point—
"To Dancer, London. Decoy little
wench Daisy.—Dwarber."

"Oh, dear, Miss Daisy!" said the old woman between her sobs. "He really laughed when he gave it to me, and said something about not showing it to you. I was taken in a maze like, and he was gone before I could say aught. But I'll be tore in pieces before I'll send it and harm my darling Miss Daisy," and the poor old lady broke into another passionate fit of crying.

Daisy grew horribly pale to look upon. The room seemed to swim round before her dry eyes. She was like a ship in a sudden squall, its bearings lost, the sport of contrary winds. That this man whom she had esteemed and almost loved—for swiftly came the realisation of what she would now miss out of her life—should

have formed a base plot for her betrayal, oh! it was too horrible.

She leant against the dingy old counter, a sharp pain at her heart, and set herself to comfort Mrs. Fyling, and in the effort became herself more calm.

"I must go away alone and think," she said to the old postmistress. "Send this

soothed the old woman's nerves wonderfully. When she had assured herself that Mrs. Fyling was better, and not likely to go into hysterics, she went out and wandered on the beach.

In this crisis of her life Daisy instinctively relied altogether on her own judgment. She loved her mother devotedly,



SHE LEANT AGAINST THE DINGY OLD COUNTER.

telegram and don't tell anybody, and I will come and tell you when I have decided what to do. Perhaps an answer may come to it, and then we shall know better how to act."

She did not go before the message had been dispatched, or before she had made Mrs. Fyling a strong cup of tea, which but it needed a good deal less insight into character than she possessed to know that Mrs. Carter could not advise her in such an extremity. The very characteristics of aimlessness and vague inconsequence which rendered her mother a perpetual source of affectionate amusement to Daisy obviously made the old lady quite useless

in any difficulty outside the even groove of her ordinary life. She would no more know what to do than a large sheep, an animal to which she bore a strong resemblance.

One thing was clear to poor Daisy's distracted mind as she paced up and down on the sand in prudent proximity to a knot of fishermen's wives. telegram was not enough to convict; the ruffian must betray himself yet more clearly before slow justice awarded him his meet punishment. She had made Mrs. Fyling send the telegram simply from fear that the old woman would be dismissed from her post if it were kept back. She was glad now, for a less unselfish reason. It was clearly the right thing to do in order to ascertain the complicity of this person "Dancer, London," in the plot.

Then suddenly her heart almost stood still as she recollected that that had been the name of a servant whom her mother and herself had dismissed for behaviour which Daisy did not care to remember. Zélie Dancer was, then, the accomplice of Daisy shuddered. She was Dwarber. more than ever determined to reveal the whole loathsome conspiracy. Lunch-time had come, and she would need all her courage to meet Dwarber on the usual

terms of friendliness.

Daisy smiled to herself as she reflected that if she were the heroine of a novel she would naturally retire to her chamber and

faint away for the rest of the day.

She did nothing of the sort. She went to the inn as if nothing had happened, ate an extremely hearty lunch, bore Mr. Dwarber's scrutinising glances without flinching, and rewarded herself with the conviction that he suspected nothing.

She slipped out as soon as she could and ran to Mrs. Fyling's. She found the old lady perilously near another fit of hysterical weeping. The little ticking machine had just given her a message-

"To Dwarber, Friar Tuck's Bay. Child

caged abandon ableseaman.—Dancer."
Daisy was fairly puzzled. Evidently the intended victim was not herself but another Daisy. Then what on earth did "abandon ableseaman" mean?

"Shall I let him have the telegram, Daisy dear?" interrupted quavering voice of Mrs. Fyling.

Daisy thought a minute. "Yes," she said, "send Bobby with it. I'm going to fetch Cloughton."

She hurried off to the Friar Tuck's Bay policeman, one Eli Cloughton by name, but that excellent officer of the West

Riding Constabulary was not at home. Daisy felt overflowing sympathy with her caged namesake, and she poured such a graphic version of the whole story into the terrified ears of Mrs. Cloughton that the good woman undertook to find without delay and send her husband to the Friar Tuck's Arms to arrest the body of Daniel Dwarber, Chairman of the Ultramarine Bank, for feloniously conspiring to abduct one Daisy, surname unknown, against the peace of our Sovereign Lady the Queen.

Daisy Carter returned to the inn in a tumult of various emotions. Uppermost was the sportsman's joy of running the quarry to earth; the final blow could not

now be long delayed.

She found Mr. Dwarber sitting under the awning with her mother. He was holding a pink telegraph form in his hand, and at his feet had fluttered down the brick-coloured envelope. As she came in she heard him say: "By the 2.35 tomorrow."

"You are not going to-morrow, Mr. Dwarber," she cried, rather thinking all the same that he was going-to the nearest town provided with a prison.

"No, Miss Daisy, I won't run away from you," he said, laughing. "I was just telling Mrs. Carter that my partner, Dancer, telegraphs that he can come here by the 2.35.

Daisy looked uncomfortable.

"May I see the telegram, please?" she said in a constrained voice.

"Certainly," said the banker, "but I shall have to translate it to you; it is a code message."

She looked at it helplessly. There it was, in Mrs. Fyling's round hand: "Child caged abandon ableseaman.—DANCER."

"It means," continued Mr. Dwarber, amiably, "'Cannot accede to your request can come to you to-morrow, 2.35. 'Abandon' means 2, and 'ableseaman' 35. Dancer loves to save money by using code words, though he hasn't saved much in this instance. Why, what 's the matter, Miss Daisy?"

"Do you use code words in telegraphing to your partner?" asked the girl

in broken tones.

said Mr. Dwarber, "Generally," thoroughly mystified. "I did yesterday."

"Oh, what a fool I have been!" cried Daisy, jumping up and hurrying out.

But she was too late. She nearly fell upon the stalwart chest of Eli Cloughton, of the West Riding Constabulary, who had brought a shining pair of handcuffs with him, which clinked hatefully in Daisy's ears. "Oh, go away!" she wailed, catching hold of Eli's belt and endeavouring to pull him off the verandah. "It's all a dreadful mistake! Tell Sarah it's all a mistake!"

"What's all a mistake?" cried Dwarber.

"My dear, I really don't know quite what you are doing with poor Mr. Cloughton," murmured old Mrs. Carter. "It seems a very queer thing. I'm sure I

"But I don't understand even now," said Mr. Dwarber, as he took the little brown hand with somewhat unnecessary pressure. "Unless," he continued, as a light broke upon him—"why, you must have seen my telegram to Dancer about the cargo of the *Mandarin*."

Daisy bowed her head.

"And you didn't know it was a code message, and thought that 'Daisy' meant



"OH! PLEASE DON'T LAUGH AT ME, MR. DWARBER."

don't understand it. You had better tell us, my dear, or anybody who knows anything about it. Dear me! What is it all about, Mr. Dwarber?"

Daisy paid no attention to her mother's murmurings. She persuaded Eli to sit down in the inner room, then she shut the verandah doors and turned, and with a scarlet face held out her hand to Mr. Dwarber.

The banker thought he had never seen her look so pretty.

"I have done you a great injustice, Mr. Dwarber," she said frankly. "I owe you the humblest of apologies."

yourself, and that I was going to abduct you."

Mr. Dwarber's great beard shook with his laughter; it became infectious, and soon Daisy was smiling in spite of the tears which sparkled on her eyelashes.

"And the respectable Mr. Cloughton in the next room has come to arrest me for this crime! Oh, my goodness!" and the banker went off into another paroxysm of mirth.

"Oh! please don't laugh at me, Mr. Dwarber, though I know I deserve it," said a timid voice at his side.

Then a remarkable thing happened.

Old Mrs. Carter was in a state of speechless bewilderment, and she has never been able to furnish any connected account of the proceedings on that eventful afternoon.

The two people principally concerned are not very communicative, but it is believed that Mr. Daniel Dwarber, Chairman of the Ultramarine Bank, put his arm round Daisy Carter's waist, and proceeded to kiss her in spite of her weak resistance.

"Let me decoy little wench Daisy," the audacious man is believed to have observed, "into matrimony." And the little wench Daisy did not say "No."

little wench Daisy did not say "No."
But she did not say "Yes"—such is feminine obstinacy—until she had ascertained that Mr. Dwarber's telegram really meant: "Deliver to order of Little. Will not increase order. Date can't be fixed at present."

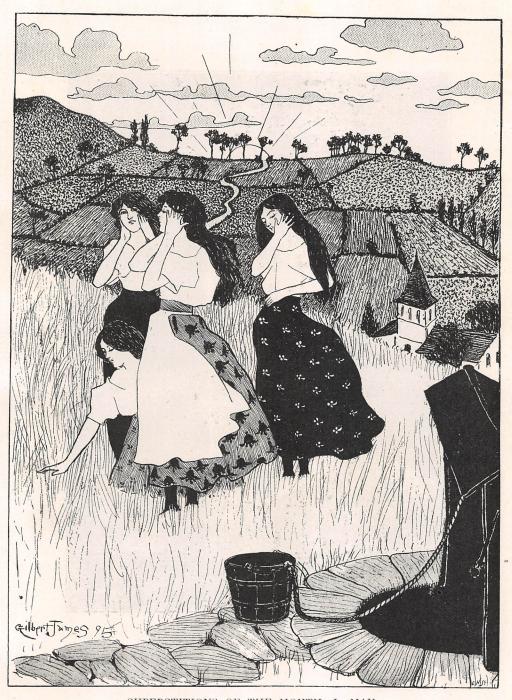
As for the last clause, Mr. Dwarber seemed to think that the date could be

fixed immediately, but in Daisy's opinion the child could not be caged just yet.

Nevertheless, it was not long before a very pretty wedding was celebrated in Friar Tuck's church. Mr. and Mrs. Eli Cloughton were there, radiant in new clothes, and Mr. Tummon and Mrs. Fyling, divided between smiles and tears.

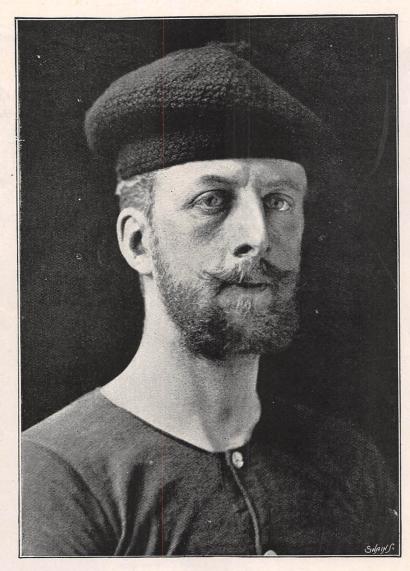
Fyling, divided between smiles and tears. Old Mrs. Carter had found so many things in this world impossible for her to understand that she bore with resignation the addition of one to the list. But to her dying day she declared that she could not think why that shocking Zélie Dancer had telegraphed to Mr. Dwarber something about an able seaman. "And, my dear," she would say confidentially, "there was something about a 2.35 train, but really it was something after three when they went away after the wedding, you know. And there was a Chinese mandarin, but no one ever seemed to have seen him, and I never understood about that."





SUPERSTITIONS OF THE MONTH—I. MAY.

Girls washing in the dew, on May morning, to preserve their complexions.



LORD RONALD GOWER.

From a Photograph taken by Sarony, New York, about twelve years ago.



LORD RONALD GOWER.

SCULPTOR, AUTHOR, AND DILETTANTE.

ORD RONALD GOWER is one of the few latter-day celebrities whose works, artistic and literary, are better known than are their personalities to the great public, grateful to them for much. Though he takes rank at home and abroad with the best sculptors of our time, biographical dictionaries know him not, and he has, apparently, always lacked the ambition to become a Man of the Time.

Yet even an hour spent in the treasurehouse where Lord Ronald has during the last few years taken up his abode shows what a part your host has taken in the social life of the last halfcentury, and also what privileges have fallen to his share. He has been everywhere, from Tokio to St. Petersburg, and has known everyone worth knowing, from Garibaldi and Longfellow to the Empress Eugénie. He has also found time to write and publish several delightful contributions to art-literature, three historical studies of importance, and two volumes of profoundly interesting and unaffected personal reminiscences of men and things as seen by him up to the age of thirty-five. If it be added that Lord Ronald was seven years in Parliament, and has enriched the world with some splendid sculpture, it must be admitted that he has deserved well of his country.

The youngest son of the second Duke of Sutherland, Lord Ronald Gower is

descended, through his mother, from "Belted Will," the Lord William Howard sung by Sir Walter Scott—"Bauld Willie," the terror of the Border. Probably more to his taste would have been another of his ancestors, Thomas Gower, "Sergeant Painter" to Queen Elizabeth, a worthy devoted to what he styled his "pensils trade," and whose device, which showed his coat-of-arms in a pair of scales far outweighed by a compass, has been adapted to the book-plate of his descendant.

Lord Ronald need not go back so far to find traces of rare artistic talent: his own grandmother, the famous Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland, who brought Dunrobin Castle to the Gower family, was an admirable water - colourist, and still remains the artist who has best done justice to her native county, beautiful Sutherland.

Lord Ronald was born in Stafford House, and is but a few days older than his nephew, the Marquis of Lorne. His childhood was spent at Trentham, Cliveden, and Dunrobin. Small wonder then that, living amid so many arttreasures, and being the favourite child of his mother, "the beautiful Duchess," who truly delighted in all that was lovely and of good report, the boy grew up with an intense love of both pictorial and literary art. All those who were distinguished in art, science, philanthropy,

and politics visited Stafford House. It was there that Mr. Gladstone first met Garibaldi, being greeted by him with the words "Hail, Precursor!" And on another occasion, the Queen, calling on her Mistress of the Robes, observed, smiling: "I have come from my house to your palace."

After a childhood spent in such an atmosphere it can easily be understood

slipped by before he discovered where lay his true artistic vocation, he published a work on the Lenoir Collection of portraits (now the property of the Duc d'Aumale), and himself reproduced by a peculiar process three hundred of the Clouet portraits at Castle Howard.

During those early years of political life Lord Ronald saw a great deal of society. His links with the royal family are close



Photo by Russell, Baker Street.

LORD RONALD GOWER'S STUDY.

that Eton did not prove congenial; and, after a year's schooling, Lord Ronald came home again a sadder but not, according to his own account, a wiser boy. Trinity College, Cambridge, proved wholly delightful, and both the subject of my sketch and Lord Lorne retain grateful recollections of their Master, the famous Dr. Whewell, known to the irreverent undergraduates of thirty years ago as "Billy Whistle"! Shortly after leaving the 'Varsity Lord Ronald took his seat in the House of Commons as Liberal member for Sutherland; but though some years

and many. One of the most interesting drawings in his house is a spirited little pen-and-ink sketch done by the Queen of one of her bridesmaids, and given by her to the Duchess of Sutherland. And, while in the midst of the Franco-German War, he came back for a brief interval to act as "supporter," or best man, to his nephew at the latter's marriage to Princess Louise.

Most of Lord Ronald's artistic work has been done in Paris, where he owned for some years a studio on the Boulevard Montparnasse. As a sculptor he has given the world



Photo by Russell, Baker Street.

CHIMNEYPIECE IN THE STUDY.



Photo by Russell, Baker Street.

FIRST FLOOR SITTING-ROOM.

what is probably the finest and most impressive counterfeit presentment of Marie Antoinette. The statue is now in the hall of Grosvenor House, and represents Louis the Sixteenth's Queen, on the morning of her execution, passing through the courtyard of the Conciergerie on her way to the cart or tumbril. There is an air of indescribable dignity and power about the wasted figure and wellpoised head of "l'Autrichienne." One of the sculptor's friends, whose slender hands were admirably suited to become models for those of the Queen, allowed them to be tied behind her back and a cast to be taken in plaster, in order that an exact representation might be made of what took place on that terrible October morning in 1793.

This incident gives, however, but a slight idea of the conscientious way in which Lord Ronald does his work. Having always had a special interest in Marie Antoinette, he for some years made it his chief business to visit those places consecrated by her presence. He travelled all over Europe

in search of documents and letters shedding light on her tragic story, and gathered together a unique collection of Marie Antoinette medals and relics. It should be explained that Lord Ronald's great interest in "the last Queen of France" is in a certain measure due to the fact that his grandmother, the famous Duchess-Countess, became, while English Ambassadress at the Court of Louis the Sixteeenth, a close friend of the beautiful Austrian princess. Lord Ronald's father and the Dauphin were exactly the same age, and many traced a resemblance between the Queen and the then Countess of Stafford. When the royal family were imprisoned in the Temple, Lady Stafford, then still in Paris, sent Marie Antoinette many articles of clothing, including some things out of her own little son's wardrobe for his former playmate, the Dauphin; and for all that is known to the contrary, the very coat worn by Louis the Seventeenth during his long agony may have been among those sent to his mother by the mistress of Dunrobin. It therefore is fitting that "The Last Days of Marie Antoinette" should have found a faithful and earnest chronicler among the Gowers

of our own day.

In the lovely drawing-room of Lord Ronald's London house is to be found an interesting and moving collection of his heroine's relics, including a quaint inlaid fan given by the girlish Dauphine to the spokeswomen of the first deputation of maidens who welcomed her as a bride on to French soil at Strasbourg, and presented to its present owner by the Princesse d'Henin. Here also is the Queen's ivory lorgnette, evoking by its dumb presence the tragi-comedies of Trianon and Versailles; and, among a number of Sèvres biscuit and Wedgwoods of Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette, a curious alabaster bust which was given to Lord Ronald by the Empress Eugénie, and which was one of the few little treasures she found time to gather together and take with her in her flight from the Tuileries on Sept. 4, 1871.

Among Lord Ronald's most valued possessions is a splendid collection of medals illustrating various events in the chequered life of the French Queen, and comprising both those struck in honour of the royal marriage; rare gold coins, having a silhouette of the Dauphine on one side, on the other allegorical figures of Hymen and Plenty; and the bronze medals which were struck towards the end of the last century, and which have on the reverse side to medallion portraits of Louis the Sixteenth, Marie Antoinette, and Madame Elizabeth, the dates of their executions. Many of the most valuable among these medals were designed and struck abroadin Austria, England, and Germany—and are, therefore, of scant value as likenesses.

Close to the Marie Antoinette relics hangs a charming and, to anyone possessed of any historical imagination, suggestive, picture representing the Dauphine with Edmund Burke, who, it will be remembered, later constituted himself



Photo by Russell, Baker Street.

DINING-ROOM AND GENERAL LIVING-ROOM. BUST IN MIDDLE OF THE BROADLANDS "APHRODITE."

champion and defender. Lord Ronald's statue of Marie Antoinette was exhibited in the Academy of 1878, and produced a great impression. A reduced bronze copy occupied till the Sage of Chelsea's death a place of honour on Thomas Carlyle's mantelpiece.

Another heroic feminine personality closely identified with the subject of my

sketch is Joan of Arc; probably no man living knows as much of all that is to be known of the Maid Orleans as does Lord Ronald Gower. Before writing his "Life" of her he visited every spot connected with her history, and it is interesting to know that he has reluctantly come to the conclusion that there is no authentic portrait of her.

Peculiar value will always be attached to the sculptor's statuettes of Mr.Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield, for he was privileged to know both great states-

men with close intimacy. He has, perhaps intentionally, made a great contrast between the two men. Beaconsfield wears full Court dress, and is seated on a kind of throne-like seat, one arm of which is composed of a swan's head—a detail which once caused a wit to observe that the statuette was evidently meant to represent Leader and the Swan! Mr. Gladstone, in his shirt-sleeves, is seated on the stump of an oak-tree, his right hand grasping an axe. The attitude

was suggested by a photograph taken from life at Hawarden. The Beaconsfield statuette, which was done some time before that of Mr. Gladstone, so delighted the famous Tory leader that he wrote to the sculptor, "You have conferred on me a great favour. All my friends who have seen your beautiful work pronounce it the best likeness of your present correspondent";

and it has remained the Q u e e n's favourite portrait of her o n e - t i m e Prime Minister and faithful servant.

Close to the two statuettes Lord Ronald has hung a fine portrait of Beaconsfield framed in a wreath of peacock's feathers, picked up and given to him by his host one day on the lawn at Hughenden. Like most of those who knew Disraeli intimately. Lord Ronald in his "Reminiscences" denies that the latter ever evinced any special love for primroses, and points out how far more suitable an emblem



Photo by Valentine, Dundee.

SHAKSPERE MEMORIAL STATUE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.
BY LORD RONALD GOWER.

would have been a peacock's feather.

As I have said before, Lord Ronald Gower has cared to work, as it were, only under inspiration. Perhaps this is why each of his achievements in sculpture stands out clearly in the memory, as embodying not only a thing of beauty, but some heroic, noble, or striking idea. This is especially the case with two very different examples of his genius—his "Old Guard" and the Shakspere monument at Stratford-on-Avon. "The Old Guard," a

figure which translated, according to Cardinal Manning, "The Dying Gladiator" into modern French, makes living the famous words uttered by General Baron Michel as he fell at Waterloo: "La Garde meurt, et ne se rend pas!" The subject was suggested by a small plaster figure of a soldier of the Old Imperial Guard presenting arms, seen one day by Lord Ronald during a stroll through the Palais Royal. The idea took shape in his mind; he went back made a preliminary studio, sketch, working out all the details of the figure, even to the gaiters, got a good model in a Crimean veteran, and, after some months of hard work, completed his The statue was cast in bronze and exhibited in the Academy of 1877. It is now in the possession of the Queen.

The Shakspere memorial will probably remain Lord Ronald Gower's magnum opus. He spent altogether twelve years on this piece of work. Many who may not have seen it at Stratford-on-Avon may remember it at the Crystal Palace, where the memorial was shown for some time. When composing the design the sculptor chose as four representative Shaksperian characters, Lady Macbeth, Hamlet, Falstaff, and Prince Hal; Lord Ronald has chosen to show the last during the scene in the Jerusalem Chamber when he, then Prince of Wales, holds the crown above his head—a figure full of grace and lusty

strength.

Lord Ronald Gower is one of the leading authorities on Shakspere's portraits; he is a believer in the authenticity of the famous Kesselstadt mask of the dramatist, which is supposed to have been that taken after death, and which was brought to England by Dr. Becker. Lord Ronald, who has given much attention to the subject, and who was one of the first to investigate the matter, founds his belief on the fact that the mask tallies to a remarkable degree, both as to likeness and size, with the bust over Shakspere's grave at Stratford-on-Avon. Owing to his being a trustee of the National Portrait Gallery, he has had exceptional experience in such things, and his theory is of special value.

An hour spent with their owner among Lord Ronald's treasures is in itself an art education. Every picture, from the exquisite portrait of your host's grandmother, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire when a young girl, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, to "The Poodle," by Landseer, has, if I may so express it, a raison d'être and history

Not a few of the art-treasures in Lord Ronald Gower's possession have come to him by inheritance; others he has added to a collection which boasts of drawings by Vandyke, Giorgione, Hobbema, Rembrandt, Gainsborough, miniatures by Cosway, and last, not least, a set of eighteenth-century beauties by Downman, a pupil of Benjamin West, who is less known than he deserves to be, for the portraits are singularly refined and delicately true in drawing. Downman became a pupil of the Academy in 1769, and in the following year exhibited a portrait. Although he occasionally painted historical subjects, it is by his delicate and truthful portraits that he was chiefly known. Most of them were in profile, drawn with a pencil and lightly tinted. Those refined portraits in chalk, which are still preserved in the families of his sitters, ought to be considered among the most prized works of the latter half of the last century, and had he been a Frenchman, the details of his life and work would not have been permitted to pass into comparative oblivion.

Lord Ronald believes that all and sundry possess some artistic faculty which might, under favourable circumstances, be improved and developed. This theory has certainly been confirmed in the case of his Lordship's valet, Robert Tuffs, some of whose really fine copies of Old Masters have found their place in Lord Ronald's house beautiful. Perhaps it should be added that Lord Ronald considers that a deep red or dull green makes the best background for either oils or water-colours. Sir Edwin Landseer always maintained that pictures showed up best against a tint resembling as closely as possible the colour of a grouse's egg. M. A. B.



Photo by Bassano, 25, Old Bond-street, W.

MISS WIDE-AWAKE,

STALKING THE HAPLOCERUS IN THE SELKIRKS.

By W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

N a previous article on sport in the Rocky Mountains, stress was laid Rocky Mountains, stress was laid on the depletion which the big-game of that inviting region suffered at the hands of the skin-hunters. It would not be fair, however, to say that this fate was shared by all the various species of biggame, for there is at least one kind-and an interesting one it is too-which escaped the slaughter that has been such a regrettable coincident feature of the wonderful material progress of the West during the last quarter of a century. This exception is the so-called "goat" of the Rocky Mountains. Fifteen years ago the writer had goat on his brain, and the virulence of the disease was only heightened when he made himself acquainted with the literature of this hero of scientific romances. Twenty-three writers, he discovered, had given the animal thirteen different generic names, and the question to which family it belonged was then apparently as unsettled as in Ord's day. Some ranked it as a sheep, others as a deer, another school considered it a chamois, while in the days of Fremont it even played a political rôle as the famous "woolly horse" in the songs of the so-called Pathfinder's campaign. Only one naturalist (De Blainville) came to the conclusion that it was an antelope, and in this allocation the late Professor Baird, whom the world knows as one of America's greatest naturalists, supported him. Owing to the simple character of this animal's horns Professor Baird gave it the generic name of Aplocerus montanus, which English naturalists, who, by the way, appear to speak of it still as a goat, say should be spelt Haplocerus, the Greek word for "simple," haploos, being aspirated. So even to-day this animal's name, as well as its place in natural history, is not definitely settled.

Except far north it does not inhabit the Rocky Mountains proper, but almost exclusively the much less accessible mountain chains occupying the belt of land four or

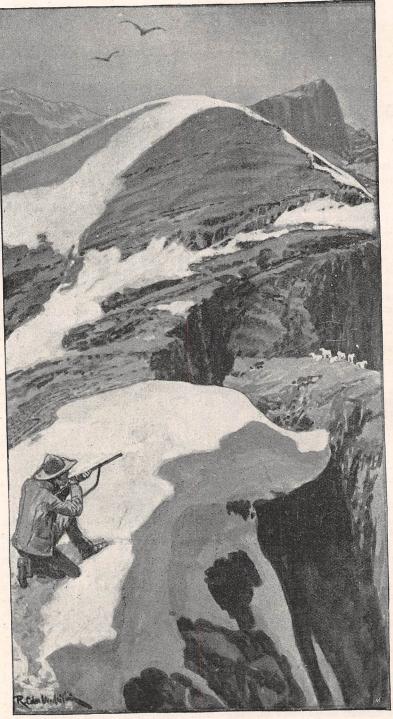
140. May, 1895.

five hundred miles wide which lies between the great backbone of the continent and the Pacific coast. Instances of misnomers are frequent in the States, and this one is even more excusable than calling a wapiti an elk, a bison a buffalo, or a mule deer a blacktail, for the history of the "goat" is, as has been shown, by no means as well known as that of the other animals named.

Three consecutive years I had crossed the ocean and sought this animal in what were then still the best hunting-grounds of the West, but in vain, for I was seeking them in the Rockies of Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, and Central Idaho, where goats never existed. The fourth expedition, to the Bitterroot Mountains, on the borders of Western Montana and Northern Idaho, was more successful, my bag consisting of nine head, but there were no big ones among the lot. So I determined to devote the following season to regions yet further north, yet more remote from beaten tracks; and thus the trip to the Selkirk Mountains, which I am proposing to describe, came to be undertaken.

A five days' railway journey takes the traveller to-day from New York across the main Rockies to the attractive Flathead country, as good a starting-point for a summer's hunt as there is left. If he is a lover of canoe work he has a good chance of trying his mettle by taking to the rushing Kootenai river and following it through the more than hundred miles long cañons it has burrowed through the southern extremity of the Selkirk range till he reaches, at Bonner's Ferry, more open country. It will make him acquainted with all the mysteries of canoe-travel, "portaging," running swift water, shooting whirlpools, and other exciting incidents. If he values his life he will, however, have an experienced man in the bow of his craft, for there is ugly water in those cañons, and I would not like to say what proportion of the number of men

K



A SHOT AT A WHITE GOAT.

who have attempted to "make" this part of the river has survived. In the year I the two log shanties of which "Fry's made the trip in question the Great ranche" consisted. Even thirteen years

now a prosperous settlement with a newspaper, an important station on the Great Northern line, and the startingpoint of several steamers, was, in the days I am speaking of, a place that had a name but only one white inhabitant, a trapper, Indian trader and miner, and last, but not least, father extenof an sive half-breed to over-flowing

had

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be-

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Northern not been thought of, and even the Northern Pacific was still under construction, so it took me four

weeks'

horses

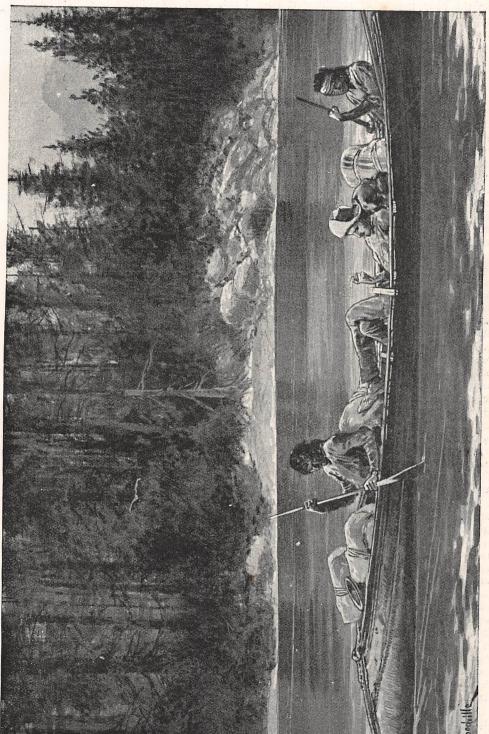
from the Atlantic and a long horse-back journey to reach Bonners Ferry. There it

came necessary to abandon

gether, and to cover the rest of the distance some 160 miles -by canoe down the Kootenai river and lake (in British Columbiathisname is spelt Kootenay) to the foot of the mountains, which were said to harbour the large mountain antelopes I was seeking.

Bonner's Ferry,

family, which filled



A TRIP DOWN THE KOOTENAY RIVER.

ago it was an extremely out-of-the-way spot, the only means of reaching it being a zig-zag Indian trail winding through dense forests for many a weary day's travel. Walla Walla was the nearest "city," and when Fry made his bi-annual trip "to town" to exchange his peltry and gold-dust for flour and goods for his Indian trading-post, it meant an eight

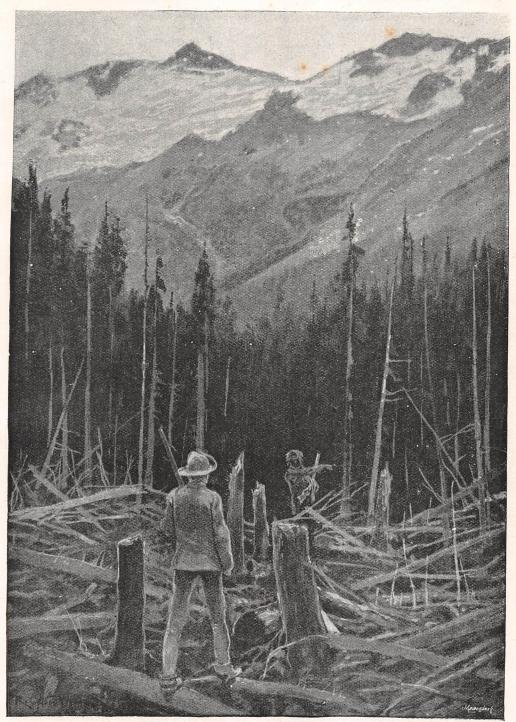
days' ride each way. Near his ranche was a large Indian village of American Kootenais, as they were called to distinguish them from another part of the same tribe who lived on the other side of the line on Canadian Domiciled on the banks of the broad stately Kootenai river, one of the principal head-waters of the Columbia, these Indians were Canoe and not Horse-Indians, the surrounding country being much too densely timbered to allow the use of horses. After the austere and suspicious Indians of Wyoming and Eastern Montana, I was much struck pleasant, laughter-loving with the Kootenais and Kootenays. They were also by far the most unsophisticated and primitive aborigines I had ever met. A breech cloth, a string of blue and red glass beads round their necks, and a curiouslyshaped conical white felt hat, adorned with mink and sable tails, being the only clothing the males sported, while the women wore a nightgown-like garment of coarse sacking imported by astute Fry from Walla Walla. Their village was picturesquely situated under a grove of fine old cottonwood trees, the tentshaped teeppees being made of mats of interlaced reeds instead of skins or canvas. Outside each tent, resting on light trestles, one saw one or two canoes lying bottom upwards and covered with mats or boughs to prevent the sun from cracking the frail bark of which they are constructed. Their shape was peculiar to the tribe, and very pretty "lines" these craft possessed. Both prow and stern, slightly turned up, were pointed and shaped similar to the ram of an ironclad. When not too heavily laden neither touched the water, so that only the broad rounded bottom of the canoe rested on the surface, making the craft a crank but swift traveller.

Several of the younger bucks understood Chinook, that hotch-potch of French, English, Spanish, with a good many Indian terms thrown in, which used to assist intercourse between the whites and the numerous tribes of the Pacific slope.

My wants were soon known among the tribe, and, as high-water would soon oblige the whole tribe to vacate their present camping place and disperse on hunting and fishing expeditions, I had no trouble in finding what I wanted, i.e. two Indians and a good roomy canoe wherewith to reach the northern end of the great lake into which the river emptied, from where we would "pack" the stores and tent to good goat-ground on the mountains which rise steeply from the shores of that great sheet of water. Half an hour's consultation produced the man: a youngish "buck" of smiling face and fine physique, his bristly jet black hair covered by the usual coneshaped hat adorned with more tails than I had seen on any other. In his arms, nursing it like a woman would her baby, he fondled one of the few Winchester rifles then to be found in the tribe, while his brawny chest showed very distinctly the marks of a bear's claw. He was, as I at once surmised, a noted hunter, and really belonged to the Canadian Kootenays whose proper hunting grounds I was intending to visit.

Terms were soon arranged, a dollar a day for him and the same for his "clootchman," a Chinook term which I did not understand at the time, but which I thought meant a friend or relation. The start was to be made early next morning and the interval was occupied in repitching the canoe and collecting the required simple provisions for the month's hunt, and in writing a few letters for which there was at present, however, no known means of conveyance, for Fry's pack-train to Walla Walla would not be starting for another fortnight or three weeks

It was only as I was about to step into the canoe at dawn next morning that the identity of the "clootchman" was revealed; it was my friend's squaw! Unlike the Horse-Indians of the Plains whose squaws occupy a far more subservient position towards their lords and masters, the squaws of the Kootenays accompany the males on all their hunting expeditions and are better treated. Noticing my discomfiture at the discovery, Fry, who was watching our start, explained to me that this was the usual order of things, and assured me that I wouldn't be long in finding out that, so far as willingness to work and general handiness went, the clootchman would prove the better "man" of the two; and



A HEAVY MARCH THROUGH A WINDFALL.

eminently right this obliging Indian trader was.

The hundred mile trip down the lovely river to the lake was a delightful one.

Comfortably ensconced in the centre of the canoe, my waterproof yachting bag giving me a comfortable "back," I could wield the paddle or remain idle, my dusky Darby and Joan keeping up their regular steady stroke for a long five hours till it was time to land and get lunch. The river, though now "bankful," had but little current and serpentined in huge loops through the beautiful valley, both banks being covered with a fringe of fine cottonwood and other deciduous trees. The whole country from Fry's onward was totally uninhabited by whites, the only log dwelling in the valley beside Fry's being also owned by a man with a large Indian family. It was built close to the boundary line where the 49th par. divides by an imaginary line the United This point we States from Canada. reached the following afternoon after a memorably uncomfortable night on the banks of the river, where, in spite of "smudges" and netting, one was simply eaten up by mosquitoes, which filled the air in masses the like of which I have never seen in any part of the world. Another night, if possible worse, had to be spent on the banks of the overflowing river, and then by taking a short cut in the canoe across a sort of inland lake, which at other seasons is a swamp, we reached the lake, and with it comparative immunity from the curse of summer travel in that country.

Kootenay lake is ninety miles long, three to four miles wide, and is exceedingly deep. It is surrounded on all sides by steeply rising, heavily timbered mountains of picturesque shape and considerable It was a glorious June afternoon when we glided out of the tree-bowered mouth of the river and saw before us the lake. One could see almost to the end of the mirror-like sheet, in which the row of peaks on both sides, still capped with snow, were reflected most effectively. Over the whole scene lay the charm of absolute wildness and solitude. To-day, alas! that charm has vanished; dishevelled-looking mining settlements line the shores, the forests have suffered by great fires which, for several summers, enveloped the whole country for four or five months in dense smoke, steamers filled with miners and land speculators awaken the echoes by their shrill whistles, which are answered by the yet more discordant locomotive bell, and the surrounding mountains are over-run by prospectors in quest of silver veins, now of somewhat depreciated value, with which these mountains seem scored.

After a night in a quiet cove on the rockbound shore we reached the northern

end of the lake the following evening, having laid in a goodly stock of fishsplendid landlocked salmon-which I caught trolling as we paddled along. Long before we reached our goal, a bit of sandy beach a few miles from the extreme end of the lake, shock-headed "Darby" had pointed out to me a prominent peak as the akokle where there were hiyou kianooko-the mountain where there were lots of goats. It was a "bald"-looking eminence, rising some 6,000 feet over the lake, the last 1,500 or 2,000 feet being entirely bare of vegetation. the canoe and the main stock of provisions in the brush, we made at dawn on the following morning an early start. Our loads were heavy, considering the climb and the country we were about to tackle, and what was really surprising was the tremendous load shouldered by the slim and diminutive "Joan," who I am sure would, including her sole garment, not have turned the scales at seven stone. The first few hundred yards into the forest, which was a mass of dense underbrush, made my heart sink within me, for I did not know that we would presently strike a faint trail, the commencement of which was thus hidden from intruders who had no business there, the whole country, it must be mentioned, being subdivided among the different heads of families of the tribe. This was "Darby's" own particular preserve, and a better and handier one there was not on Kootenay

It took us all day to climb less than 4,000 feet, i.e., to reach the rocks beyond timber line, where, just at the outskirts of forest vegetation, we made as skookum (snug) a camp as the somewhat My tiny limited level space permitted. "A" tent, which, with my sleeping bag and rifle, had been my load, was soon pitched, and next morning while indefatigable Joan went down to the lake for a second load of things, "Darby" and I went after game. Signs innumerable we soon struck, and as we reached higher altitudes and obtained a wider outlook, the sharp-eyed "Darby," who of course knew exactly where to look, had soon spotted a band lying motionless like blocks of stone on a patch of green grass at the bottom of a couloir filled with snow about three-quarters of a mile off. As words failed me to describe how I proposed to arrange the stalk, sign-language and pantomime had to assist in bringing about an understanding between us. "Darby"

was as hard as nails, fleet of foot, and blessed with lungs which enabled him to run up the steepest slopes at a speed most men would be content to develop on level ground. Moreover, he was not much hampered by clothes; mocassins on his feet, a breech-cloth round his loins, and a string of beads, was all that encumbered him, the treasured hat having been left behind at Bonner's Ferry. I thought it wise, therefore, if I was to have a "look in" at those "goats," to let him take the longer route, while I determined to approach the game from the upper side, entailing no great détour. Darby started off under cover, of course, of a ridge, at a pace which made me wish he was more heavily handicapped, but it was too late to alter the programme. Putting my best foot foremost I found myself fifteen minutes later craning over the precipice at the bottom of which I had last seen the "goats" apparently quite unconscious of danger. A few yards to my right was the steep snow-couloir, at which, in my hurry to get a glimpse of the "goat" below me, I had, however, not looked. No game was visible on the patch of verdure, but there, squatting behind a rock, I saw Darby, who, to judge by the direction of his rifle, appeared to be in the act of shooting at me. At this moment a clinking of stones close to me at my right attracted my attention. Turning my head sharply, what was my surprise to see seven mountain antelope calmly climbing up the snow-couloir not fifteen yards off. They had already seen

me, or rather my head and rifle, for the rest of my body was still under cover of the sharp ridge on the off side of which was lying, Other mountain game would have been sent scurrying away by such a suspicious sight; not so, however, these curious animals. There wasn't a big buck among the lot, so I thought I would just see what they would do. On reaching the top of the couloir where the slant became gentler, they all halted gazing at me, and one, a three or four year old male, absolutely sat down on his haunches in the most unconcerned manner. A rude interruption was however in store for them, for "Darby," as soon as the animals had got out of his sight, had followed them up the couloir -how he ever managed it with slippery mocassins on his feet is a mystery to meand presently I saw his head, with his long hair fluttering wildly in the breeze, pop up over the crest of the ridge. The next second he had opened fire. But even then these queer animals did not dash off, as chamois or big-horn would have done, and "Darby" dropped four of them before they got beyond 150 yards, while I contented myself with bringing down the biggest of the lot. "Darby" appeared greatly surprised at my not shooting more, but finally was made to understand that I had come to shoot only big old males. A couple of days afterwards luck favoured me, and I bagged what proved to be one of the largest Haplocerus I have ever killed, a fine old buck who weighed quite 180 lbs.



MARION, DAUGHTER OF JAMES T. CHANCE, ESQ.—By J. SANT, R.A.

SATSUMA HOKUSAÏ'S LONG DISTANCE RIDE.

By HARRY V. BARNETT.

SATSUMA HOKUSAÏ.

CATSUMA HOKUSAÏ was a colonel in the army of His Imperial Majesty of Japan. He stood five feet nothing, his complexion was, comparatively speaking, muddy; and his enemies declared that his figure—in European clothes—somehow suggested a ready-made suit at 23s. 11d. complete. This, however, merely showed the ill-nature of the superficial mind, for Colonel Hokusaï, though small and plain, had in him far finer qualities than met the eye. His brain and hand were nimble exceedingly; he was warm-hearted and gentle, quick and subtle of insight: a person of resource, courage, and swift ability. Above all his courtesy was singular even for a Japanese.

He was military attaché to the Japanese Embassy at Berlin. Time was when mili-

tary attachés of most countries were greater fools even than looked. We have changed all that, however, and replaced the old-time ornamental type of military indolence by the alert and expert watcher. Japan has imitated us in this as in things; and other Colonel Hokusaï had a carefully trained officer, particularly fitted to keep an eye on German army developments.

He kept his eye, too—that dark, deep, liquid-smiling eye of his—on other things as well. He observed German society with a thoroughness that had made the fortune of a special correspondent, and with a pleasure so childlike and (apparently) so experienced as to fill blasé Berliners with envy and surprise. German officers and cosmopolitan diplo-

matists were apt, about the hour of Christian breakfast, to be bleary and dull-headed; whereas Hokusaï moved as buoyant, blithe, and blandly brisk as if he had

gone to bed and risen with the sun. No amount of dissipation ever eclipsed his

gaiety-save once.

And his manners were as charming as his gaiety: full of an unexpected grace, a spontaneous lightness and brightness, that contrasted vividly with the heavy cuirassed style of the military folk in whose society he, perforce, chiefly moved. His gracious ease, his winning gentleness, and his smiling wit, touched his small stature and his not too comely face with a piquant, pleasant novelty that made him a general favourite—especially with the fair sex. In fact he soon became the rage; a situation which he accepted with fortitude, and enjoyed with zest.

Now, in those days there was yet alive a famous General—a grim Prussian giant with a beard, a burly body, a gimlet eye, and very little to say. And the General had a niece, and the niece a brother. He was a subaltern in a distinguished cavalry corps—a dapper little lieutenant, with a small, downy, mousecoloured moustache, whose ends pricked upward in sudden and wholly artificial His cheeks were pink, his sharpness. eyes small and gray; and he blinded one of them with an eye-glass. His eyebrows, at an angle of some 130 degrees, pointed the way to the parting of his hair, which was mathematically central and straight, the close-cut crop on either side spiking up like a cheveux de frise. In short, he bristled; and the diagram of his figure was a geometrical expression of his race and time-of the preposterous German military stiffness and the modern adoration of the low comedian. It was even asserted that a shaggy caricaturist on the staff of Fliegende Blätter made a riotous living by projecting a satiric presentment of him every week into a penand-ink drawing.

Such a person is bound to have at great failing. As a fact, least one Lieutenant Ludwig von Blumenschön had about a hundred, and the head and front of all was the vice of patronage. Personally he was of the very smallest account; but, as the nephew of the famous General aforesaid, and the accidental head of the leading branch of his family, he felt it his bounden duty to patronise all new-comers of brains, money, position; failing these qualifications, even the stigmata of mere notoriousness sufficed to feed his weakness. When a certain surgeon waxed miraculous in connection with the demise of an imperial potentate, our little Lieutenant appointed himself herald of his social advent. The same thing happened in the case of a celebrated African explorer—the Lieutenant rushing per special train to Hamburg in order to catch his lion even before it disembarked. same thing happened—but it was always happening. Von Blumenschön's "nose" for lions was altogether unique, and his efforts to catch, keep, lead, and publicly perform with them, afforded the world infinite amusement; especially when he "put his foot in it," as he did in the case of a magnificent specimen of the Adventurer Lion, who was actually arrested at dinner in the family mansion, on a charge of robbing a bank.

To be fair, though, little blunders of that sort were few, and for a year or two nothing more serious had occurred than the exploiting of a certain low-comedian, the cynosure of an English travelling company. Not much had this comedian to recommend him to the thoughtful; but his evening clothes were irreproachable, he spoke a little German, and—he could put his tongue out upside down. That won the Lieutenant, who "boomed" the tongue-twister for a fortnight, and parted from him with something more akin to regret than he had yet experienced.

Perhaps—but, wait!

When Colonel Hokusaï arrived at the Embassy the little Lieutenant was "hot and instant in pursuit," bustling round him with a hundred courtesies, and "patronising" him with such fussy and dapper good humour that the automatic welcome of the War Office seemed by contrast almost glacial. Result: in less than forty-eight hours Blumenschön had the grateful Hokusaï in leading strings. In a week he had gotten him honorary membership of his mess, and specially elected to the best military and social clubs. He engineered a multitude of invitations to the salons of the highest and richest in the land, and with a rapidity that shames my pen Hokusaï was sporting delectably in the glittering whirl of high society, while Blumenschön revelled in glory as the friend, patron, trainer, and keeper of the Lion of the Hour.

Now Von Blumenschön perforce lived mainly in barracks. An orphan, his ancestral town mansion was presided over by an antique but active and intelligent aunt, who chaperoned his sister and played hostess whenever, as not infrequently



A GRIM PRUSSIAN GIANT WITH A BEARD.

happened, the little Lieutenant was minded to be hospitable. For the Von Blumenschöns were rich; and their mansion splendid with art and furniture, gathered with judgment and unstinted purse for nearly two centuries. 'Twas his habit to feed his lions here in princely style; and very early in their acquaintance the Colonel enjoyed the incomparable wines, the perfect cuisine, and the superb appointments

for which the house was and is famous. And here he met the Lieutenant's sister, Adeline von Blumenschön.

Adeline was divinely tall and most divinely dark, with a bloomed and rich-toned skin that veiled the roses of her cheeks, yet did not darken the ivory of her hands nor stain the purity of her arms and bust. Her mouth was the true Cupid's bow, ripe and rich; her splendid

brown eyes could glitter with mischief, or dream in almost Oriental languor; and her black-brown hair seemed, in certain lights, to smoulder with a dusky passionate under-glow of red. She was the reigning belle of Berlin, and her conquest of Hokusaï was instant and complete.

Partly at her brother's instigation, but mainly to gratify her own caprice, she, on the occasion of her first reception of Hokusaï, had arrayed herself in a charming adaptation of his national costume; not the real thing precisely, but Japanesque enough to be a pretty and gracious com-

pliment.

Hokusaï's homage was profound. A very particular Lady Friend of Adeline's watched this interesting meeting, and was surprised to observe that the dear Fraulein almost faltered, and positively blushed, and that after a courtesy of exceptional depth and significance her fan played nervously, and her eyelids drooped in a manner far too emotional for coquetry. And this same Lady Friend beheld Hokusai's face radiant with a spiritual caress such as she had never before seen on living countenance; and that soft flame in his glance—was it not the Light that should burn in the eyes of the Ideal Lover when looking into those of the Ideal Loved One? She had witnessed the miracle of love at sight, and on both sides.

From that moment their passion grew. What Adeline saw in Hokusaï the world never could see. The world never can see these things. Call it magnetism, madness, what you will; she loved him as deeply as he loved her. Soon, very soon, people saw, and wondered, and whispered, and

said it was disgraceful.

Then the active and intelligent aunt "spoke" to Adeline, after the immemorial manner of aunts to erring nieces, and Adeline's eyes gleamed with that peculiar

mischief-light of hers.

Then Lieutenant Ludwig von Blumenschön remonstrated with her, and got unmercifully mocked at for his pains, and told (in effect) to mind his own business. The Fraulein determined to fight.

Then the active and intelligent aunt went to the distinguished uncle—the General aforesaid—and told her anxious tale; unto which the grim old warrior listened with a very straight face, till a queer twinkle lit his bloodshot eyes, and he grunted out that he saw no reason to interfere—at present. Whereupon the aunt informed him, with asperity, that he was a fool, and he, growling "very

likely," left her to meditate in solitude.

Then the aunt informed Ludwig of his uncle's folly, and Ludwig, cocksure as usual, said "Leave it to me," which, in her impotence and bewilderment, she did. And Lieutenant Ludwig von Blumenschön shut himself up in his quarters to plot the good riddance of Colonel Satsuma Hokusaï.

The plotting did not come to much. Danger faced him at all points. Should he consult the Emperor? He thought he could "get" the Emperor to "do something"—demand, par exemple, the ugly little Japanese monkey's recall. No. It might precipitate not prevent a catastrophe. Should he speak his mind to the little beast? No, and again no; for the same reason. And so on without result save one—worry.

He lit a cigar. It was too strong, and made him swim with dreadful sensations. He tossed it away and tried to think, and failed; and then, in a state bordering upon despair, he dashed down to the barrack square with a face more like that of a large depositor in a suspended bank than the lineaments of

the conceited subaltern he was.

Loud laughter rang from the brilliantly lighted mess-room across the square. It annoyed him. Presently the cool night air soothed and sobered him; and walking up and down, up and down, up and down, he tried again, and failed, to invent a plot. Like your up-to-date novelists, he was not good at plots. Another roar of laughter, mingled with cheers. This was too much, and he crossed and entered the scene of merriment.

His eye first fell upon—Hokusaï! Colonel was gesturing with (for him) excited elegance, and speaking with quite unusual heat. His audience was sceptical, scoffing, hilarious; in England their conduct might even have been considered rude. Telling a servant to bring champagne, Von Blumenschön put up his eyeglass and asked with his superior air, "What was the joke?" It was explained that a discussion had arisen on the famous (orinfamous) "long-distance" rides. Hokusaï had denounced the competition as cruel, unsportsmanlike, and, from the military (which is, or ought to be the practical) view, worthless. A hot argument ended in an impassioned but clear and pointed harangue from the Jap, whose peroration was received with noisy and ironic applause.



HOKUSAÏ'S HOMAGE WAS PROFOUND.

In the midst of the hubbub Blumenschön's champagne arrived. Pouring out a tumbler-full, and handing it to Hokusaï, he said with a pleasant smile (for as yet he dissembled), "After that you need a refresher!"

Hokusaï laughed, and, with his peculiar

courtliness, accepted the wine, which he drank with gusto. Blumenschön, to steady his nerves, swallowed a tumblerful at a draught, and refilled Hokusaï's glass and his own.

As he poured out the beading liquor Blumenschön suddenly conceived an idea;



LIEUTENANT LUDWIG VON BLUMENSCHON.

at last a Plot shaped itself. Thus: - Japs aren't horsemen. Hokusaï already excited: excite him still more. Champagne ad lib. Twit him with inability to ride, and at psychological moment wager him he can't ride from Berlin to Shanghai and back again.

saved!"

The officers returned to Berlin and reported that Hokusaï was over the border, and when last seen was going extremely well. Betting on his winning the wager, on his losing himself as well as the bet, on his being killed, was brisk. Presently the wire flashed his arrival at Vienna,

and almost at the same moment Ludwig received another telegram :-

"Return at once. Adeline disappeared."

TONNER UND BLITZEN! He got leave, and posted back in fume and funk. At a station he bought a paper, and read:

THE JAPANESE COLONEL'S GREAT RIDE.

ROMANTIC RUMOUR.

Vienna. March 20. 10 a.m.—Colonel Hokusai left this morning, horse and man being in excellent condition. It is reported that, before starting, he was privately married to a European lady of great beauty and distinguished bearing.

Fury and death! Rushed he to his aunt, who read the paragraph, and said, "Of course. This is all your fault!"

Bounded he grievously to the General, who said, "Pah! You are out-strategied, out-manœuvred, beaten. You're an ass. Get out."

Comfortless went he to the Club, and the men there tittered, or stared, or laughed outright. What! Was it known? Oh, yes. The evening papers knew all about it, and printed in large type :-

"Vienna. Later .- The lady married to Colonel Hokusaï is said to be Frauleïn Adeline von Blumenschön, niece of the famous General."

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES! He went home and hid himself. In vain. morrow brought gall and wormwood from Adeline herself :-

"Ludwig! You have often thwarted me, but I am at last even with you. I discovered your mean trick in time to defeat it. Colonel Hokusaï will win the bet; and when he returns to Berlin, I shall accompany him as his wife. I married him this morning. Congratulate me, Ludwig; but never more trifle with your affectionate

"Adeline,"

Ludwig felt as if a lunatic asylum would be paradise; and even his aunt, who was more used to things, expressed a desire to end her days in rural retire-The Lady Friend said it was just what she expected—which was not true. As for the General, he laughed-for the first and only time in his life: a grim cachinnation. Then he cut Ludwig out of his will, settled his whole fortune on Adeline, and wrote a note to the Chief of the Staff. People said, at least, that he did so, and that his note was the Cause

the Effect being that at this moment Ludwig (having been incontinently despatched on an empty mission to East Africa) meditates solitary in a stuffy tent upon the vanity of human wishes, and feels that five minutes of the Tongue-Twister would be indeed a godsend.

There remains to tell the discovery of the plot. It was, as always, the "incriminating document." Judicious Aunty dropped that letter, which was found by imperious Adeline. Satsuma, quietly arranging his affairs, received a scented summons, and attended with alacrity, to hear the whole plot disclosed, and to be made to see (as a woman in love will make a man to see, if occasion demands) that, an he would, he could take her with him, and so at one blow defeat his enemies and attain his fondest hopes and hers. Result: a brief, impassioned, highly effective and satisfactory scene, followed by the hatching of the counter-He planned everything in a tricethat undersized Japanese Colonel: how he should start alone; how she at the last possible moment should slip away disguised to Vienna; how he would marry her there and settle her comfortably till he should return. All which, you see was done.

The months passed—long, anxious months for her, tiresome and dangerous for him, until at last he turned up again in Vienna, travel-stained and thin, but still the bright and charming Satsuma of old. And it came to pass that she rode side by side with him into Berlin, a vast crowd cheering frantic welcome. And the Emperor, who had heard the whole story, sent Satsuma an exclusive Order, with a flamboyant autograph letter. Thus once again he was the Lion of the Hour, only more so; while she was the most magnificent and spirited Lioness society has yet spoiled its very

best dresses to see.

So endeth the story of Satsuma Hokusaï's long-distance ride.

Postscript: By Wordy Flashbold, LL.D., war correspondent of the London Storm :-

"The sneering Major's warning was sound. I knew Hokusaï years ago at Aldershot. He proved himself a smart cavalry officer, and one of the best tentpeggers in the camp. He was, in fact, trained in England, and was for a time a popular member of the Quorn."

ON A BREDE OF DIVERS COLOUR

WOVEN BY FOUR LADIES.



Twice twenty slender virgin fingers twine

This curious web, where all their fancies shine:

As nature them, so they this shade have wrought,

Soft as their hands and various as their thought.

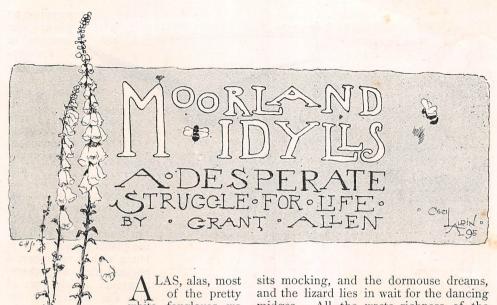
Not Juno's bird when, his fair train dispread,

He woos the female to his painted hed,

No not the how, which so adorns the skies,

So glorious is, or hoasts so many dies.

E WALLER.



A LAS, alas, most of the pretty white foxgloves we planted out by the boggy hollow just below the tennislawn have come to nothing! The heather and bracken of the moor have outgrown them and throttledthem. They made a hard fight

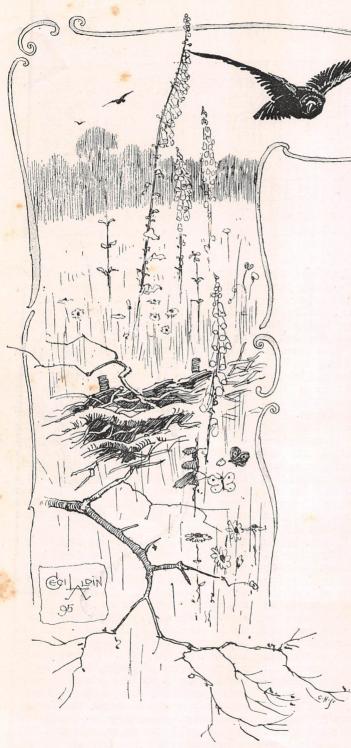
for life, in their petty Thermopylæone or two of them, indeed, are still battling with inexhaustible courage against the countless hordes of sturdy natives that choke and overshadow them; but die they must in the end, unless I step in betimes as earthly providence to thin out the furze and enrich the niggard soil for the struggling strangers. They remind me of the Pilgrim Fathers in Massachusetts. Foxgloves, you know, cannot compete with ling or Scotch heather on its native They are denizens of a deeper and richer mould, growing generally on fat wayside banks or in the ditches by hedgerows - always the wealthiest and most luxuriantly manured of any wild places, because there birds perch, and wild animals take refuge, and snails and beetles die, and robins perish, that hedgerow weeds may batten on their decaying bodies. The hedge, in point of fact, is the main shelter and asylum for beasties great and small in our workyday England. There the hedgehog skulks, and the fieldmouse hides, and the sparrow builds her nest, and the slow-worm suns himself; there the rabbit burrows, and the cuckoo

sits mocking, and the dormouse dreams, and the lizard lies in wait for the dancing midges. All the waste richness of the field finds its rest at last by the roots of the whitethorn, to reappear in due time as red campion and herb-robert, as faint-scented may and tall military spikes

of purple foxglove.

But when you sow or transplant these lush herbs of the hedgerow on to the bare and open heath, they come into competition at once with other and far hardier upland bushes. The plants of the moor are indeed unlike such pampered odalisques of the deep banks and rich lowlands. Stern children of the heights, their stems are hard and wiry, their leaves small and dry; their flowers feel like tiscue-paper; their growing shoots have none of that luxuriant tenderness, that translucent delicacy, which characterises the long sprays of hedgerow dogrose and hedgerow bramble. All is arid and parsimonious, as in some Highland cottage. Our daintily bred foxgloves, decayed gentlewomen, stunted and dwarfed in that inhospitable soil, can scarce find nutriment in the thirsty sand to send up a feeble parody of their purple spikes; in long droughts they droop and fail for lack of a drop of water. You must make a deep pocket of garden mould in the midst of the heath if you want them to thrive; and even then, unless you keep constantly cutting down the heather and gorse about them, they are overtopped and outlived by the native vegetation.

To dwellers in towns, that mere phrase, "the struggle for life among plants" seems a quaint exaggeration. They cannot believe that creatures so rooted and so



GROWING GENERALLY ON FAT WAYSIDE BANKS.

passive as plants can struggle at all for anything. The pitched battles of the animals they can understand, be cause they can see the kestrel swooping

down upon the linnet, the weasel scenting the spoor of the rabbit to his burrow. But the pitched battle of the plants sounds to them but a violent metaphor, a poetical trick of language, a notion falsely pressed into the service of the naturalist by some mistaken analogy. In reality, those few of us who have fully read ourselves into the confidence and intimacy of the beautiful green things know well that nowhere on earth is the struggle for life so real, so intense, so continuous, so merciless as among the herbs and Every weed in the meadows, every creeper in the woodland, is battling for its own hand each day and all day long against a crushing competition. It is battling for food and drink, for air and sunlight, for a place to stand in, for a right to existence. Its rivals around are striving hard with their roots to deprive it of its fair share of water and of manure; are striving hard with their leaves to forestall it in access to carbonic acid and sunshine; are striving hard with their flowers to entice away the friendly bee and the fertilising beetle; are striving hard with their winged or protected seeds to anticipate the vacant

spots on which it fain would cast its own feeble offspring. A struggle for the Hinterland goes on without ceasing. The very fact that plants can hardly move at all from the spot where they grow makes the competition in the end all the fiercer. They are perpetually intriguing among stones and crannies to insinuate their roots here, and to get beforehand on their rivals with their seedlings there; they fight for drops of water after summer showers like the victims shut up in the Black Hole of Calcutta; they spread their leaves close in rosettes along the ground, so as to monopolise space and kill down competition; they press upward toward the sun so as to catch the first glance of the bountiful rays, and to grasp before their neighbours at every floating speck of carbonic acid.

This is no poetic fancy. It is sober and literal biological truth. The green fields around us are one vast field of battle. And you can realise it at once if you only think what we mean by a flower-garden. We want to induce peonies and hollyhocks and geraniums and roses to smile around our houses, and what do we do for them? We "make a bed," as we say; in other words, we begin by clearing away all the stouter and better-adapted native competitors. Go, dock and thistle; go, grass and nettle! We will have pansies here, and sweet-peas, and gilly-flowers! So we root them all up, turn and break the stiff clods, put in rich leaf-mould, manure it from the farmyard, and plant at measured distances the components of our nosegay. Tall white garden lilies take the place of knotweed; the larkspur mocks the sky where the dandelion spread before its golden constellations. Yet even so, we have not permanently secured our end. Original sin reappears as ragwort and hawkweed. Every day or two we must go round, and "weed the beds" as we say; the very familiarity of phrase and act

blinds our minds to the truth that what we are really doing is to limit the struggle, to check the competition. We pull up here a shepherd's-purse and there a chickweed, that the Iceland poppies may have room to raise their black-capped buds, and that the groundsel may not steal all the light and air from our shrinking nemophilas. Relax your care for a week or two, and what then do you find? The goosefoots and couch-grasses have lived down the mignonette; the russet docks are overshadowing your white Japanese anem-Abandon the garden for a year, and the native vegetation has avenged itself on the intruders in a war of extermination. The thistles have cut off the lilies-of-the-valley as Israel cut off the Canaanites; not a spike remains of your sky-blue monkshood before the purple standard of the victorious burdocks. Here and there, it is true, some hardy perennial, some stout iris or sweet-william, armed with its sword-shaped foliage, will continue the unequal strife for a miserable year or two of guerrilla warfare, like Hereward Wake in the Isle of Ely; but sooner or later the stronger will win, and your garden will become a mere nursery of weeds, whose flying thistle-down will invade and usurp the neighbouring meadows.

Plants, in point of fact, have more needs than animals; therefore, perforce, they struggle harder. The beasts require but food and drink; the herbs require from the soil water and nitrogenous matter for their roots; they require from the air, carbon, which is their true solid food, for their leaves; they need sunlight, which is the motive power, for their growth and assimilation, insects to fertilise them, birds or breezes to disperse their seeds. For all these they struggle ceaselessly among themselves; and the struggle is all the deadlier because it is carried on at such

very close quarters.



TO HIS MUSE.

Whither, mad maiden, wilt thou roam? Far safer 'twere to stay at home; Where thou mayst sit, and piping, please The poor and private cottages.—HERRICK.



YO one was stirring in the garden of the Hôtel des Roses in Palermo, though it was nine o'clock on a warm February morning. This was unusual; but everything was a little unusual in and about the Hôtel des Roses that morn-

Presently, a young man, evidently an Englishman, slim, fair-haired, with wide blue eyes, and a singularly guileless expression, came stealing on the scene, surveying his path with caution. Avoiding the open lawn, he crept through the lemon trees along the side of the high garden wall. To him, a moment later, there appeared a very pretty girl, evidently French, in whose greeting of the young man timidity and pleasure were mingled.

"Tiens! It is you, Monsieur Geof-

frey?" she whispered.

"Yes, dear mademoiselle-I may call you Cécile? A thousand thanks! Yes, it is I," said the young man, whose name was Geoffrey Graham.

"Mais, it is very imprudent, Monsieur

Geoffrey! Papa-

"I must see the Colonel to-day," broke in the young man; "you must let me speak to him to-day,"

"But no, but no!" cried the young lady in alarm. "To-day is a terrible day! Oh, what a day! Something has happened. He is enraged. He storms. He has taken out his pistol, and his swords-two swords and two pistolsand now he is fighting a duel-

"What!"

"Before the looking-glass in his bedroom. He says to some invisible person,

'Monsieur, I shall have the honour to inflict on you a wound to cherish and to dream of!' It is dreadful. Monsieur Geoffrey, if you were to propose for me to-day, he would be capable of shooting you through the heart, over and over again!"

"The good, brave man! But, dear mademoiselle-I may call you Cécile? A thousand thanks! I could perhaps explain. I almost think I know--'

"Mais non! You must not approach him at all. Not to-day. You see you are as yet scarcely known to him. And now, do not stay. Fly! He may be coming. He will make sauter the whole hotel, he vows!"

"Then I will leave you, dear mademoiselle, for the present. I am going on a little errand this morning which is entirely in the interests of Colonel Poparel, your brave father. If I succeed, be sure that he will be delighted. You shall know when I return. Dear mademoiselle, good-bye!"

"Au revoir, Monsieur Geoffrey!"

"I may call you Cécile?"

" Mais oui, Monsieur Geoffrey," lowering her eyes.

"A thousand thanks!"

He snatched a kiss and fled. Another petticoat fluttered through the lemons, and Pétunia, the maid of Mademoiselle Cécile, advanced on tip-toe to her mistress.

"Is there any news?" asked Cécile "Where is papa? anxiously.

he doing?"

"Mademoiselle, he is still furious. has changed the patch on his nose for a black one, which gives him the look of—I daren't say what. And, mademoiselle, he can be heard from the chimney-tops to the kitchen. He swears. Oh, he swears '-Morbleu!' 'Parbleu!' 'Corbleu!' 'Sicrébl—'"

"Hush! You will split my ears. It

mademoiselle knows, I am engaged to be married."

And Pétunia gathered her skirts together, and made a swift and silent *détour* towards the hotel.

"I wish to-day were over!" sighed Cécile. "Papa, papa, are you looking for



"I SHALL POUNCE UPON HIM THIS MORNING-AND THEN!"

is enough for papa to use those expressions. Thank goodness dear papa uses them in an innocent way of his own; at least I hope so. Has he discovered nothing?"

"Nothing, mademoiselle. He has now sent for the manager, who, as you know, was not in the hotel last night."

"Listen, Pétunia; he is calling me, I think."

Pétunia bent her head in the direction of the hotel. A series of abrupt and violent sounds stirred the air in that neighbourhood.

"It is his voice certainement; but I do not think he is calling you, mademoiselle. No; he says 'Morblen!' 'Corbl—'"
"Assez!" said Cécile. "There! I

"Assez!" said Cécile. "There! I told you he wanted me. He is coming through the trees."

"Then I dare not stay, mademoiselle. He bristles with deadly weapons, and, as me? I am here," she cried, running with a face of concern to meet a short, crisp-featured, elderly gentleman, with an enormous white moustache and imperial, who was proceeding through the garden by bounds. The upper ridge of his formidable hooked nose carried an inch of black sticking-plaster, which took nothing from the fierceness of his expression.

"My angel, I will not be pacified!" exclaimed Colonel Poparel. "Two hundred thousand thunders, and another! They have not yet found him, but I shall pounce upon him this morning—and then! Ah, mon Dieu! then you shall see a vengeance. Tete bleu! Your father grows old, my angel, but he is still terrible in battle! Sapristi! It is my birthday, and it will be my twenty-seventh duel."

"Oh, papa dear, when will you have

done with them? Will you not be calm until you know everything? Suppose it had been an accident—"

"An accident, my angel! B-r-r-r! Did you not hear the laugh which followed the missile? It was a laugh in the last vowel; a laugh in U"—the Colonel, of course, gave the vowel its French pronunciation—"and the laugh in U is always a laugh of malice. My angel, a missile like that"—the Colonel clapped his hand to the sticking-plaster—"fol-

yourself for years, papa; the holiday which was to celebrate the memory of Garibaldi."

"A sacred festival!" said Colonel Poparel, solemnly raising his hat. "Yes, I had promised it to myself; I, a volunteer of his in that great Sicilian Revolution thirty-two years ago. I was to go over again the ground I trod with that sublime man. Tiens! I discovered yesterday one of my own bullet-holes in a brick in a house near the quay. I have



lowed by a laugh in *U*, is an accident which one explains at the sword's point. *Saprelotte!*

"Then our holiday is spoiled," quavered Cécile; "our beautiful little holiday in Palermo; the holiday you had promised offered twenty francs for the brick. But it is not Garibaldi to-day! I have measured the ground for another affair."

"But if you would think, papa—"
"My angel, I have sent for the manager
of the hotel, and I see him shuffling to-

wards me. Leave me; I may have an

affair with this animal."

"Papa, papa, you will not kill the Promise me that you will not manager? kill him."

"Va t'en, petite. Such people die. No one troubles to kill them. They are the business of nature."

The manager salaamed to Cécile as she

passed him.

"Monsieur le Colonel wished to see me?" he said to Colonel Poparel.

"Sapristi!" said the Colonel.
"Monsieur le Colonel?" said the manager.

"Saprelotte!" said the Colonel.

"Monsieur le Colonel?" said the

"Nom d'un chien!" said the Colonel.

"I have the honour to wait for monsieur," said the manager.

"Listen!" said Colonel Poparel. am tattooed from head to foot-"

" Monsieur!"

"-with the wounds I have received in honourable combat. I am carved, quartered, and mapped with them. fought north, east, south, and west; and you may read the geography of Europe upon me in sword-cuts!"

"The name of Monsieur le Colonel is as good as a field-battery, and the hotel derives honour from his presence," said

the manager.

"It is to Palermo that I have had to come," continued Colonel Poparel, not heeding these encomiums, "to receive my first inglorious scar, -to Palermo, which I first entered at daybreak, sword in hand, at the shoulder of the illustrious Garibaldi."

"The liberator of his country-and Monsieur le Colonel was at his shoulder,"

murmured the manager.

"You observe the manner in which my face is decorated to-day," continued Colonel Poparel. "Last night I conducted mademoiselle, my daughter, to the bal masqué. On our return, as I was assisting her from the carriage, I was all at once the victim of an incredible assault."

" Monsieur!"

"Attention! From the window of an apartment on the highest floor of this hotel an object was suddenly hurled at

"Ah, monsieur, what a history!"

"I was stunned, parbleu! and nearly felled to the earth, corbleu! but I picked the thing up, morbleu! and what was it?"

"Monsieur--?"

"A guide-book, compiled in English by a German. Sapristi! a combined attack by England and Germany, directed from a bedroom window in the dark upon a veteran soldier of France! Crédié!"

"Mais, Monsieur le Colonel, some little

unblessed accident-"

"Taisez-vous! There was also a laugh a laugh in U; a laugh charged with the malice of all the enemies of France!"

"Tiens donc! He laughed in U, monsieur? It is grave then, the laugh in

U?"

"Tête bleu! It is the laugh of a scoundrel, of an assassin who would slay with a scurvy German guide-book from bedroom windows in the dark! Learn, Monsieur le Directeur, that there are only two honest laughs—the laugh in A and the laugh in O. If you have the habit of laughing in any other vowel, I beg that you will not laugh in my hearing. For myself, I laugh in O, which is the laugh of brave men and soldiers; but I do not laugh to-day. Find for me the villain in this hotel who laughs in U."

"Monsieur le Colonel knows nothing

then?"

"Pardieu, yes! I have a proof. Voilà!" The Colonel whipped from his pocket a guide-book in a familiar red cover.

"The object which—which fell, mon-

"The bomb which was hurled, monsieur!"

"Pardon! And monsieur knows not to whom it belongs?"

"There is a name inside. Read it!"

The manager, in some agitation, turned to the fly-leaf of the book, whereon was inscribed the name of "Edward Rolleston."

"Ed-e-ward Rol-les-ton!" said Colonel Poparel, rolling the syllables with a dreadful emphasis. "Where is Ed-e-ward Rol-les-ton, who shoots brave men in the dark with his villainous German guidebook?"

"Monsieur, he must certainly be a guest in the hotel. Eh bien, I shall find him and demand of him an explanation. One must not be a patriot in this way in the Hôtel des Roses. Non, non, c'est vilain! Monsieur le Colonel must have his reparation."

"Nothing less than every drop of

blood in his body," said the Colonel.

"Ah, Monsieur le Colonel is a terrible man! I tremble for this Englishman."

"Produce him!" said Colonel Poparel. "Monsieur, I shall inquire for him at once."

"I will await him here. If there is a surgeon in the hotel, let him be in readiness."

"Pray heaven there is no Rolleston!" said the manager to himself as he hurried from the Colonel. "But in that case he is capable of challenging the whole hotel. I should do well to send for the police."

As the manager beat an anxious retreat from that stormy presence, Mademoiselle Cécile came peeping again amid the lemon trees.

Close behind her she heard an amorous whisper, "Dear mademoiselle!"

She turned to behold the ardent youth

with the very wide blue eyes.

"Dear mademoiselle—I may call you Cécile? A thousand thanks! The errand that I mentioned——"

"Monsieur Geoffrey," interrupted Cécile in an alarmed whisper, "he is here! It is, oh, so dangerous! He has decided to kill somebody. Fly once more!"

"But, dear mademoiselle, am I the

person he would-"

"Ah, he does not stop to think. He often destroys persons by mistake. Fly!"

"But tell him that—"
"Oh, I im-plore you!"

"Then I go, dear mademoiselle. I may—"

"Yes, yes; oh, yes! Adieu!"

"I have a fear at my heart that it is he. *Oh*, *ciel!*" murmured Cécile, as she followed with furtive eyes the young man's unwilling exit. When he had disappeared, she turned to rejoin her father; but at that moment the manager came out again from the hotel, and hurried towards Colonel Poparel. Cécile shrank back, and ran away—after Geoffrey.

"Monsieur," said the manager to Colonel Poparel, "we have a real mystery on hand. There has been no gentleman of the name of Rolleston in the hotel."

"Ma foi, no! There has been no 'gentleman' of that name. But there has been a scoundrel of the name whom I desire to maim for life."

"Monsieur le Colonel, there is no such

person in the hotel!"

"What! You tell me that to my face, when I have here the rascally bundle of German lies with which he tried to assassinate me in the dark! Voyez-vous, Monsieur le Directeur, I am a man to whom it is not prudent to recount fables."

The manager, nearing desperation, wrung his hands with piti. 1 gestures.

"Monsieur le Colonel, I have searched the visitors' book, I have examined every waiter and chambermaid in the hotel. There has never been a person of the name of Rolleston in the Hôtel des Roses."

"I am to be baulked then, hein? I am to stand as a target for some beggarly free-shooter in the attic of your sacré hotel,



GEOFFREY HAD HIS UPPER PERSON CONCEALED UNDER AN ENORMOUS SICILIAN SADDLE.

and am not to make a d—d dead circular ticket Saxon of him in return, hein? Vanish, animal, before I blow you in pieces! Prepare my bill! I have done with your Hôtel des Roses. The soil of Palermo is no longer fit for the feet of a volunteer of Garibaldi!"

And in the moment of alluding to his feet, Colonel Poparel raised one of them with so terrific a menace, that the manager, with a bleached face, turned about and pelted towards the hotel.

"A very good morning to you, Colonel," cried a cheery voice in English; and a stalwart, sun-browned young man

came forward.

"Ah!" said Colonel Poparel, his features relaxing considerably, "here is one who does not laugh in U! Goodmorning, my friend. Why, I have not seen you for two days. You have been away from the hotel?"

"No, but I have been out all day for two days. I was out at seven this morning, exploring and making some

famous notes.'

"Yes, yes; for the great romance of Garibaldi. Tenez, you have not found the saddle yet,—the saddle riddled with bullets which served that lion's head for a

pillow?"

The new comer was a young Englishman who was collecting materials for a novel on the Sicilian Revolution of Garibaldi. In the Hôtel Bristol at Naples he had met Colonel Poparel, who had waxed enthusiastic over his mission; and while the Colonel had fought the whole campaign over again for the benefit of the novelist, the novelist's friend who was travelling with him had made surreptitious love to the Colonel's daughter. Colonel Poparel was a rapacious collector of Garibaldian relics, of which he said his house in Paris was un vrai petit musée. He was now hunting for the old saddle which the Liberator had carried with him through the campaign, and which the Colonel had been told was in the possession of a former "Red Shirt" in Palermo.

"No," said the novelist; "the saddle is not yet forthcoming; but I believe I'm on the track of it, and my friend was to make a special hunt for it to-day. But, Colonel, what has happened? You've met with an accident? And you look quite upset, I declare!"

"Ah, my friend, an atrocity! An outrage the most unheard of! Figurez-vous that, last night-" and in a moment Colonel Poparel had plunged again into

that lurid history.

"Extraordinary indeed!" said the novelist, when he had heard it to the final word, including Colonel Poparel's observations on laughter.

"And you refuse to believe that it was

an accident, Colonel?"

"Mon cher ami, I have expounded to you my philosophy of laughter. laugh in U, everywhere and at all times, precludes the possibility of accident; and

it is because he laughed in U that I shall be satisfied with nothing less than every drop of blood in the body of Ed-e-ward Rol-les-ton."

At that name the novelist bounded as though Colonel Poparel had bestowed on him the kick with which he had menaced the manager.

"Whose blood, Colonel?

blood did you say?"

"The blood of Ed-e-ward Rol-les-ton," said Colonel Poparel slowly.

"Incredible!" exclaimed the novel-

"You know him, hein? You can bring me face to face?" cried the Colonel with a fierce delight. "Tenez, cher jeune homme, you shall be my second! You shall witness the encounter of the age. Yes, with your own eyes you shall behold wounds to cherish and to dream of. shall inflict them, and Ed-e-ward Rol-leston will receive them. Ah, I knew well that you would befriend me!"

"Colonel Poparel, it is to Edward

Rolleston that you are speaking!" "
"Mor-dieu!"

This, in a choking tone, on the part of Colonel Poparel, after one of those pauses which contain all the mysterious terrors of the universe.

"You!-You tell me that you are Ed-e-ward Rol-les-ton! You!"

"That is indeed my name, Colonel."

"Then," very frigidly, "it appears that monsieur has a variety of names?"

"Not at all. The nom de plume which I gave you is the name that I am generally I am, however, Edward known by. Rolleston."

"Bon! It is enough for me," said Colonel Poparel as icily as before. Monsieur slept in the hotel last night?"

"Yes."

"And monsieur was in his room at half-past ten o'clock?"

"Yes.

"And this is also the guide-book of monsieur?"

"Certainly!"

"Allons donc! C'est fini. We are agreed!"

"As to what, Colonel?"

- "Corbleu, Monsieur Ed-e-ward Rol-leston! When one has the fancy to go shooting in the dark with one's guide-
- "Upon that point I must undeceive you, Colonel. This book was not in my hands at all last night."

Colonel Poparel shrugged his shoulders. Then, as the coveted encounter, so near but a moment since, seemed now more than ever remote, his wrath blazed anew, and he dashed into another pretext of

quarrel.

"And you would write of Garibaldi—you! But no; I say you shall not! I say it, *moi qui parle*. It is a task too great for you. Your countrymen did not know how to appreciate him. In London, half-a-crown was stolen from him. Yes,

Rolleston felt that the situation was within touch of its climax.

"Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see no one coming?" he murmured beneath his breath.

A singular procession of two came in sight. Geoffrey headed it, his upper person concealed under an enormous Sicilian saddle. At a little distance Cécile followed demurely, and seemed to con-



"ALLOW ME TO OFFER YOU THE SADDLE OF GARIBALDI."

he told me so. Come, we shall quarrel about that! I shall say that you are incapable of doing justice to that great man. You shall contradict me. But I allow no one to contradict me, and—voilà—our affair is arranged again!"

"Colonel," replied Rolleston, with grave good humour, "I am well aware of my deficiencies where your hero Gari-

baldi is concerned."

"Morbleu, I am fallen on feeble times!" said Colonel Poparel despairingly.

template with a mild curiosity the phenomenon in front of her.

"One moment, Colonel!" said Rolleston. "I think that my explanation may be at hand."

He darted towards the saddle.

"Is that you, Geoff?"

"Yes."

"Look here, you duffer; did you take Baedeker out of my room last night?"

"Yes; I wanted to read up Garibaldi."
"Did you chuck it at anybody?"

"No; but I let it fall out of window. I fancy it dropped on some one. There was an awfully beautiful girl—looked like Cécile—she lets me call her Cécile now—getting out of a carriage in a yellow silk domino—and—"

"Oh! Wa, there! Well, look here, in five minutes more I might have been a dead man for it. What have you got on

your moonstruck head?"

"The saddle of Garibaldi!—genuine,

"Well, it may just save you. At a critical moment you will say, 'Colonel, allow me to present you with the saddle, riddled with bullets, which served that lion's head for a pillow.' Follow me."

"Colonel," said Rolleston, "my explanation and my apology are before you. My friend, Mr. Graham, is in love with your daughter. In his emotion at seeing her in a yellow silk domino last night, he let my *Baedeker* fall on you. He is ready to offer you satisfaction."

"Eh?" said Geoffrey, ridding himself

of the saddle.

"Oh!" exclaimed Cécile, in fresh

alarm.

- "Bon!" said the Colonel. "I am charmed with your friend. The choice of weapons," he continued cheerfully, "belongs to me; but your friend is young, and I waive that right. Monsieur," to Graham, "I have pistols and swords up stairs. I can recommend either, for I have proved them both."
 - "Oh, papa, papa!" pleaded Cécile.
- "My angel, do you wish to return to the academy of Madame Bonnechose?"

"Oh no, papa!"

"Then be silent, my angel!"

"Colonel Poparel," stammered Geoffrey hurriedly, "allow me to offer you the—the pillow, riddled with saddles, which—

which served that lion's head for a bullet!"

"Idiot!" said Rolleston.

"Your friend has an original taste in bullets. Last night it was the guidebook; to-day it is the saddle of Garibaldi."

"Colonel Poparel," said Rolleston, "my friend is a nervous young man with the best heart in the world, an income of £3,000 a year, and a burning desire to

marry your daughter."

"Nom d'un petit bonhomme!" said Colonel Poparel. Then, reflecting a moment, he added, "But your friend laughs in U. It is impossible for me to receive a son-in-law who laughs in U."

Geoffrey, unable to control himself,

melted into laughter.

"Tiens!" exclaimed Colonel Poparel.

"He laughs in A to-day."

"Colonel Poparel," said Rolleston, "in congenial company, he is the best laugher in Europe. Also, as you perceive, he has been so fortunate as to discover the saddle—"

"Riddled with bullets," put in Geoffrey.
"—which served that lion's head for a pillow," added Colonel Poparel. "Then, for the sake of my museum, I accept him. But he must always laugh in A or in O/ My angel," to Cécile, "embrace your husband!"

"I have never dared to disobey you,

papa," said Cécile.

At about this time a certain *contadino*, who had a farm on the outskirts of Palermo, was observed by his friends to be sporting a splendid new saddle on his mule.

"Ma, che diavolo, dov' è l'antica?" (But what the devil have you done with the old one?) they asked.

HOME SEEKERS IN WESTERN LANDS.

A DAY IN THE NEW "CASTLE GARDEN."

By F. BALGARNIE.

RLLIS Island, the modern Castle Garden of New York, is undoubtedly during the height of the emigration season the most cosmopolitan centre in the wide world. There, on any day of the week, men, women, and children from every country in the Eastern Hemisphere, clad in every variety of garb—Teuton, Slav, Celt, Saxon, Hindoo, Arab, Turk, Greek, and Scandinavian-are gathered in crowds, chattering loudly in myriad tongues, gesticulating where speech is incomprehensible, and endeavouring by many a device to naturalise themselves as speedily as may be to their novel surroundings.

America! that hospitable land which is the bourn of their most ardent hopes and aspirations, in which they mean to make a free prosperous home, is still to some of them as far distant a reality as it was when they sauntered down the green slopes of Mount Hermon with teardimmed eyes, or said a sad farewell to the old moss-grown homestead in a Brittany apple orchard, or carried off a pot of shamrock from Queenstown Harbour. is true that but a narrow river strip now separates the emigrants from the mainland, but it may prove to them an impassable gulf, should the United States Government so determine. This dread uncertainty notwithstanding, care seems to sit lightly upon them, for the majority are in blissful ignorance of the new regulations which deny admittance to the absolutely destitute and infirm, as well as to the criminal.

Stringent as is the law, the executive department under Colonel Weber, Inspector-in-Chief, could not possibly be conducted in more humane and considerate fashion, and the whole staff of officers and matrons seem endowed with sensibilities as tender as their power of discernment is acute.

It is a matter of almost every-day

occurrence for three or even four thousand persons to pass through the hands of the emigration authorities, and it is this ever increasing influx which caused the transference of head quarters from Castle Garden to the Barge Office, and within the last few months to Ellis Island in the North River, which is set apart purely for emigration purposes. Here a large oblong building has been specially erected, and with a square turret flanking each of its four corners, it is quite a conspicuous object on entering New York Harbour. Within is a large reception room where the emigrants wait their turn for passing through the turnstile and responding to the various interrogations as to nationality, age, trade, finance, and destination which are invariably addressed to them. Any one too ill to proceed on his journey or suffering from an infectious disorder is detained in the well-appointed hospital, and if necessary is ultimately transferred to the city hospital—this branch of the service alone costing the United States Government \$100,000 per annum.

Every assistance is also rendered to those in perplexity, for although a very large majority have booked themselves through to the State where they have friends or employment in readiness for them, there is a minority which imagines that New York is Eldorado, and that once set foot in the New World all anxieties are at an end. It is such as these who are alike the despair of the statesman and of the philanthropist; these shiftless beings who, with scarce a dollar to call their own, cherish wild ideas of fortunes to be won, or farms to be bestowed for the mere asking. While fair lands are waiting for the plough and dry deserts for the irrigator who shall make them "blossom as the rose," hundreds and thousands of miles of distance prove the insuperable barrier which keeps the penniless emigrant in New York and adds to the miserable swarm of

persons of all nationalities which has made the Bowery a perfect byword—by reason of its terrible over-population, crowded into tenements, under conditions worse than any in London, only second in horror to the notorious Neapolitan chambers, or the honeycombed district of San Francisco known as Chinatown.

When a Transatlantic Liner crosses the



PEASANT GIRL IN SEARCH OF WORK.

bar, the first class and intermediate passengers are at once landed, while the steerage contingent are detained and are transferred to tenders, which carry them with bag and baggage to the Island where the business formularies must be transacted. The friends of the emigrants are in waiting. They have been here since dawn of day, and may, perhaps, have to wait until after sunset before the last passenger has been landed. There is a sense of eager expectancy in the air; but the greatest order prevails, and it is difficult to realise that these well-dressed men and fashionable-looking girls were themselves less than twelve months ago new comers to a strange land. Now to all intents and purposes they are Americans; hosts come to welcome the guests, whose advent they have hastened by sending their savings, wherewith to purchase the ticket which shall extricate father, mother, sister, or sweetheart from the miseries of rack-rented Irish bog, or over-taxed Italian città. At length the long hours of suspense are at an end, and the smart young

servant girl has her arms clasped tight round the neck of a venerable son of Erin, who starts back with a half-sheepish look as his gaze wanders from his own tattered coat to the attire of his lady daughter. The small brother seems even more abashed-not even a big bag of "candy" reconciles him to his once bare-footed, redpetticoated sister who has become such a superior-looking person in one short year. But father, mother, baby sister, and little brother are soon all at their ease, for out of the depths of a mysterious looking basket, coats, shawls, and hats have been produced of latest New York fashion, and each member of the family now feels on equal terms with the elegant daughter who had at first seemed so overwhelming in her unwonted magnificence.

While this transformation of tatterdom has been proceeding in one part of the hall, a very different scene has been enacted only a few yards away. Again it is a young girl who has acted as pioneer for the old folks at home, but this time life's drama was a tragedy, for she is told that the face she had so long ached to see is cold in death, and the dear form of the mother has found a watery grave in mid-

ocean.

In the hospital too a mother is weeping over the little child who lies dying in her arms, and in the mortuary the body of a nameless man is stretched, whom the Steamship Company have persisted in landing, and who will again be returned to the ship, with the intimation that the emigration authorities do not undertake the landing of corpses. And so this poor emaciated remnant of humanity is battle-dored from steamer to landing-stage and back again, to find an unknown grave outside the harbour bar.

Nor is it fair to be severe upon the United States Government for this sorry state of things, for too many of the steamship companies employ more or less unscrupulous agents, especially on the borderlands of the Mediterranean Sea, and many an ignorant peasant is tempted with specious promises to abandon his little all, and to embark in a vain pursuit after health and happiness.

A separate room is provided for the girls and single women who have come off alone to seek their fortunes in the new world. This department is almost invariably crowded, for so great is the demand for servants, or as they are more usually called "hired girls" or "hired ladies," that young Scandinavian, German, Swiss,

and Irish peasants are tempted to make the first start which shall eventually lead to the emigration of the entire family. As a rule, employers or reliable friends come to claim the new comers, but failing this, provision is made that no girl need of her free choice go into New York as a homeless wanderer.

Colonel Weber is a man of the world, and his quick eye discriminates between the true and the false persons who come to befriend his charges. Occasionally a girl emigrates on promise of marriage, and whenever the slightest suspicion arises as to the genuineness of these matrimonial prospects, a detaining hand is in all kindness laid upon her, and in fatherly fashion the Colonel interviews both bride and bridegroom, and if he believes that the man means to play the girl false, he acts the part of officiating priest, and sending for the Registrar and a special licence has the knot tied then and there in his presence.

It seems incredible, but it is no less a fact, that foolish girls now and then emi-

grate with the view of wedding men they have never seen, and cases of personating the true bridegroom every now and then occur.

The action of Colonel Weber, far from being tyrannical as would seem at first sight, is realised, by those who know the inner history of the department, to be in every sense beneficent, and many are in this manner saved from the harpies who ever lie in wait to pounce upon guileless victims. Another interposing providence is in readiness in the person of

the agent of a Ladies' Benevolent Society. She invites to a home any girl who is in trouble, and who has, as is not infrequently the case, been shipped off by the cajolery of some betrayer desirous of avoiding expense and disgrace.

Of all nationalities, the Jews to their honour are the most solicitous over the interests of their co-religionists, and whatever the ultimate lapse into poverty may be, help is invariably forthcoming at the outset.

These special agents together with one or two missionaries are the few persons

privileged with a footing on Ellis Island, in addition to the ample staff of New Castle Garden officials provided by the United States Government. Many of these are men and women of no small linguistic acquirements; one of the oldest men on the staff speaks seven languages, and passes with perfect ease along the gamut of tongues from Hindustani to Hibernian English, and modern Greek to German patois.

All day long the many turnstiles are kept in constant revolution, and the crowds of emigrants, as they disembark upon Ellis Island, march off in files to the intervening clerks who stand in position to receive them. "Click, click," goes the turnstile, and a swarthy turbaned Arab, direct from Mount Hermon, his brown arms gaily tattooed, passes his examination as to occupation, possessions, and so forth, and then makes way for a fair-haired broad-shouldered Teuton, who gives in his name as George T. Bokholt, aged twenty, and declares in response to interrogations that he has twenty dollars



UNDER TEMPORARY DETENTION.

in his pocket of "reines Geld." His blonde little sister Frynge accompanies him, neatly dressed in Sunday black frock, while behind them comes a bright-looking Alsatian maiden, Adele Blaess, with her all tied up in a red cotton handkerchief and a few dollars in her purse which she proudly displays, together with a railway ticket which will take her to her aunt on the Pacific coast somewhere near San Francisco.

These are passed, and "click" goes a neighbouring turnstile, where a quickwitted official gets his Hindustani in readiness, as a little white-turbaned visitor comes in sight, and at his heels a lonely Afghan who baffles every one by his speech, and who would be utterly forlorn were it not that a kindly Syrian family have taken him under their wing. The spokesman for the Syrian party is bright black-eyed Sultana Meinnia, who, dressed in French fashions purchased en route at Marseilles, and possessed of a marvellous facility in speaking both English and Spanish, seems commanderin-chief of the motley caravan of her fellow country people, the majority of whom are still in the rainbow-hued garbs of their sunny land.

Hungarian peasants in homespun, the men in rough jackets and top boots, the women with short petticoats and kerchiefed head-gear, are next in line, behind them an Austrian mother, her child on one arm, an unwieldy bundle in the other which she clutches with difficulty, unaided by any one, least of all by the Roumanian peasant who stares placidly at her, and draws his sheepskin more tightly around him as he tries to push before her. Meanwhile Italians and Poles are filing in at a third turnstile, while another contingent of Arabs engross the entire attention of two officials. Amongst these is a little twelve-year-old bride, Zehenig by name, who, coming straight from the mountains of Lebanon, has nevertheless picked up a lace feathers, and flounces somewhere on the voyage. Indeed, most of the Orientals stop at Marseilles and there, for a few francs, lay in a stock of manufactured curios and relics, which they dispose of to credulous Westerners as genuine native articles.

The bride's elder sister follows up in the rear—picturesque in her lace mantilla coquettishly thrown over her massive coils of hair, beneath which gleam a pair of the boldest of black eyes, while the brilliant red shawl over her shoulders and startlingly blue dress make her an object of universal attraction.

Behind them again, a group of tired-looking Arab mothers are wearily standing, with heavy bundles of bedding poised on their head, tin pots and pans jingling on their arms, and cross hungry children clinging to their skirts. Their gay particoloured bodices are open, revealing their skinny necks; and long gold earrings are rivals in colour of the wizened cheeks of women who are mothers at fourteen, and old women at twenty-four. Panting,

heated, and worn as these poor women are, their lords and masters follow them with the coolest unconcern, pipe in mouth, hands in pockets, utterly oblivious of the fact that they are now treading on American soil, where man has the special privilege of being burden-bearer for the race.

Meantime all those under temporary detention have assembled in an ante-room, where they squat on the floor, lounge or sit around, some fast asleep, others singing to a guitar, upon which a gay Lothario of a Portuguese is strumming old love songs. Behind this lively group a little barefooted Mohammedan maiden, her toes tucked up under her quaintly figured petticoat, is weeping bitterly and drying her eyes at intervals with her lace mantilla. She has been deceived by some Beyrout ticket agent, and now finds to her dismay that the ticket she holds in her hand, instead of taking her to Chicago, must be given up at New York. With but four dollars in her pocket and never a friend within a thousand miles, she is in the very depths of despair, and it is hard to make her realise that the authorities are in telegraphic communication with her friends to whom she will be sent, provided they are found willing to receive her. But Colonel Weber's sole attention at this moment is concentrated upon a well-to-do looking German couple, who stand with scowling faces while he investigates their The middle-aged "Frau" is the chief offender: she is a bigamist with a decidedly romantic vein in her composition.

Fifteen years before she had married her first love, and five years later he was sentenced to penal servitude for participation in outrages and consequent murder.

When prison bars separated her from her husband, believing that woman should not live alone, she hied her to the New World, and there took unto herself a simple-minded fellow, who, making no inquiries, was content to bask in the sunshine of a capable "Hausfrau" who could cook good dinners and add to his savings. But the soul of a professional cook may have its sentimental side, and in the intervals of dishing up the courses, her mind wandered back to the cottage in the Fatherland, and when a "Zeitung" intimated that the term of ten years was at an end, she said farewell to her pots and pans and announced to her second husband that she was seized with an unutterable longing to revisit the Father-

land. So her trunks were packed, her husband embraced her in affectionate ignorance of her design, and not until weeks after did he miss his naturalisation papers. Still no suspicions were aroused in his simple breast, and it was not until to-day that the horrid truth dawned upon In response to a special messenger from the Emigration Office, in he now rushed, and found himself face to face with his faithless wife and her old love, whom she was introducing to America, by means of the stolen papers, as a duly naturalised and respectable citizen. White with rage, the much injured man stood speechless, while the woman at bay declared with cool effrontery that she had been legally divorced ten years before, and now merely desired that her old love should live as a friend of the family and helper in the business. The second husband, needless to say, did not see the matter in this light, and the ex-convict (under the new law) was returned to his ship with the intimation that there was no room for men of his sort in America.

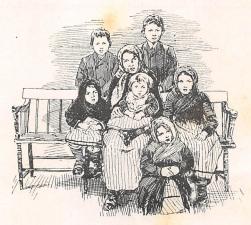
Not infrequently there are as many as forty cases which call for special investigation on any given day, out of a disembarkation of three to four thousand souls; of these, for example, out of a group of Italians, five are proved to be convicts, seven utterly penniless and physically incapable of work, who would at once come upon the public charge; these twelve are therefore prohibited from landing upon American soil, and if they succeed in so doing it will be by sheer strategy. The remaining twenty-eight having given bonds for good behaviour pass through the turnstile.

In an inner apartment a Dutch family of fourteen persons is congregated, grandparents, father, mother, aunts, uncles, and children, clean, well dressed, and well provisioned with money, but each and every one possessed of an identical physical infirmity which manifests itself in bent back, or lame arms or legs; after medical inspection they pass muster, and are transferred to the tender which plies between the office and the mainland.

The bleating of babes is heard above all other sounds. Mothers are hushing tired little ones to rest, and in a corner stretched upon the floor is quite a kindergarten of little flaxen-haired darlings, who have fallen asleep over their buns and milk.

The restaurant arrangements are excel-140. May, 1895. lent, and good plain food at moderate prices is to be had in abundance; German sausage and Irish stew being the tour de force, but the Northern sighs in vain for his whiskey, the child of the sunny south for his purple wine, and the Englishman for his beer, as all drinks of an alcoholic kind are excluded from this Prohibition Island.

Colonel Weber, who has been for so many years Chief of the Emigration Department, has many stories to tell of his especial protégés. On one occasion an eight-year-old Englishman arrived, labelled from "Liverpool to Philadelphia, care of the Captain." He had enjoyed himself immensely, but was so unwilling



MOTHERS ARE HUSHING TIRED LITTLE ONES.

to leave the ship that the captain had to send him ashore under special convoy, to frustrate his desire to play stowaway on the homeward trip. A still more juvenile voyager was little Patrick Mahoney, who had been despatched from Cork-with about as much care as is usually bestowed upon a Saratoga trunk-to rejoin his mother on Long Island. This two-year-old toddler, or "Tiny Pat" as he was universally called, became the pet of both steerage and saloon, and found scores of willing slaves ready to do his bidding. Arrived at Castle Garden, no mother was there to welcome the baby, and the forlorn little waif was at once taken possession of by a matron, scrubbed down, dressed in new clothes, and then, at the urgent request of the Colonel's children was sent to their home where "the perfect beauty of a flaxen-haired boy, sweet as a peach," as his admirers describe him, became such a centre of

attraction, that there was mourning and lamentation when the distracted mother came to claim him. The poor stupid creature had mistaken the date of the ship's arrival, and had come down to the docks three or four days too late.

Italian stowaways are a great bugbear of the new as well as of the old Castle Garden, for they are usually incapable as well as penniless. Societies, however, exist which on occasion will take them in charge and endeavour to convert them into good citizens. The Padrone system is the greatest curse of all in America, for under it hundreds of labourers are enticed over to be let out on contract or sweating systems. Many English, as well as Italian girls, are tempted by specious promises and are then hired out as street



LABELLED "LIVERPOOL TO PHILADELPHIA."

organ-grinders, singers, or tambourine players. They are practically sold into servitude without even the advantages of the slave, for, when broken down in health, their good looks vanish and, sweet voices become hoarse, they are turned adrift to go—"God knows where."

To freedom-loving, free-trading Britons, many of the Ellis Island regulations may appear harsh and tyrannical; America, with its wide fertile plains, only waiting for the husbandman, ought to be the refuge for all of every degree, and there seems an element of selfishness in a people which decrees otherwise.

On the other hand, the United States of America occupies a proud position by virtue of its attainment to a higher civilisation for its "common people" than any other country in the world, if we except, perhaps, the Australasian and Canadian colonies. A mere "triumph of mediocrity" it may be, but it is a triumph in which the greatest possible number of people share, and its Government is naturally anxious that the upward trend of centuries should not become retrograde by the influx of foreigners whose standard of comfort is low. Emigration is, indeed, an enormous factor in the future of that great continent; the figures have risen with fluctuations from 9.127 in 1821, to 560.319 in 1891. A very small and steadily decreasing proportion of these emigrants hail from the British Isles; the majority are from countries where really free government is unknown; while many are escaping from absolute tyranny and come prepared with but one idea, viz., "to vote agin the Government," and are apparently incapable of grasping the new situation in which they so suddenly find themselves placed.

The true remedy would be, not to restrict emigration, for America needs population as much as population needs America, but to deny civil rights to all those unable to pass a simple constitutional examination conducted in the English tongue.

As each State enjoys Home Rule in this most important department of state-craft, many an ignorant emigrant becomes a voter within a few months after arrival, on having stated his intention of taking out papers of citizenship when the five years' residence required by the Federal Government has expired. The old Puritan State of Massachusetts sets an example which is worthy of imitation, inasmuch as it denies the vote to every foreigner until he has been resident at least five years in the country, and can read the constitution and write the English language with some degree of exactitude and has paid tax within two years.

A leading article in a New York newspaper recently drew attention to the existing abuses as illustrated by the case of a man who, on coming to claim the rights of voting, was asked by the Registrar "What is the governing power of the United States?" The candidate for enfranchisement, scratching his head, looked terribly puzzled, but after sundry jerks from his wife who was standing by,

he managed to stammer out, "Yes, sir, I know, it's the Sinnit." "Quite so," replied the officer; "but what are some of the other factors in Government, it is the Senate and what?" "Yes, sir, indeed," replied the aspirant. "It's the Sinnit and Wat." And so far as can be determined this highly intelligent and newly arrived foreigner, while still an alien, was not denied admission to the list of those who by their expression of opinion at the poll are determining the future of the great Western Republic. To balance this danger, the United States seem gifted with a supernatural power of absorption. While in New York every second person to be met with in the street speaks a strange tongue, out West in Colorado or California, Washington or Nebraska, the English tongue everywhere prevails, and the foreigner is to all intents and purposes as much an American as his native-born neighbour. Especially in the Far West, English is taught as a foreign language, and the juvenile foreigners who might resent the additional duties imposed upon them in the schools are encouraged by finding that in their turn young Americans are called upon to apply themselves to the acquisition of German or French.

Dr. Harris, Minister of Education at Washington, D.C., remarked that after many years of practical experience he has come to the conclusion that the best means of Americanising the foreigner is

to educate in polyglot fashion according to the nationality which preponderates in any town or district. Hence Americans, who are proverbially the poorest linguists in the world, are waking up to the need of applying themselves to the acquisition of languages other than their own.

But to return to the travellers. It is now late in the afternoon, the exchange bureau, restaurant, and waiting rooms are closing, and Ellis Island will soon be deserted. The tender is in waiting to convey the last band of emigrants to the mainland, the baggage room is fast disgorging its multifarious and curiously labelled luggage, and by the time the mainland is reached the Expressmen will be in readiness for the final transfer of passengers and luggage to the railway stations. Arrived there, the emigrants have nothing to do but "board the cars" and take their seats. These second class or emigrant cars are very rough compared with the luxurious Pullmans, but they are nevertheless not infrequently fitted up with berths upon which travellers may spread their own ship's bedding, and they are invariably provided with lavatory and cooking arrangements of a simple kind, while the ubiquitous ice-water tank is like a grateful fountain in a weary land, as the train slowly crawls night and day over the parched plains of Arizona or the alkali-blotched deserts of Utah and Nevada.



PIONEERS.



ON THE RIVER.—By A. M. Rossi.



By NELLA STUART.

CHE was neither beautiful nor clever, nor, indeed, remarkable in any way. At sixteen she was a very fair type of the ordinary English schoolgirl. A slender graceful child, with wavy auburn hair, and a pale face, only redeemed from positive plainness by the charm of the expression and the eyes. They were wonderful eyes, neither large nor brilliant, but singularly expressive; in colour a clear hazel. Their long dark lashes curled backward, giving them a starry appearance, and they were true sweet eyes, looking out straight and fearlessly from under their dark level brows. At times they wore a pathetic expression that seemed to suggest some vague presentiment of coming trouble. "Mais, que cette enfant va souffrir!" a Frenchwoman had exclaimed once on seeing Cecil for the first time. She was quite right—that child did suffer, as only a sensitive and highly-strung nature can. There are some souls incapable of really deep feeling, some who never experience "the finest quiver of joy or the agony thrill of woe." Cecil was not one of these. Her capabilities for either joy or sorrow were intense.

She was sixteen years old when first sorrow came into her life.

It came in this way.

On a bright sunshiny morning early in January, with the snow frozen deep on the ground, a schoolgirl friend came to ask Cecil to go skating. Ready acquiescence on her part. She had been on the ice once that week for the first time in her life, and came home very much bruised, but equally delighted, and was anxious to repeat the experience.

"You must help me, Gwendoline," she said to her friend. "I cannot stand

alone!"

"Of course I will, and you are sure to get on splendidly soon."

So Cecil ran up stairs to her bedroom, where she put on stout laced boots, a tight-fitting black cloth astrachan-trimmed jacket, and a three-cornered black straw hat. She looked her best that morning. She wore a dark green and red-striped dress, which suited her well. She took an astrachan muff out of her wardrobe and drew from it an old pair of gloves.

"These will not do," she said, "they are too shabby, and, tossing them aside, she dived into the recesses of an extremely untidy drawer to find another pair. Only a new pair of tan dogskin were forthcoming.

"And these are too good," she cried

impatiently; "but I cannot wait to find others," and she ran down stairs.

In the hall Gwendoline was standing waiting, and they set out immediately.

At the corner of the square Gwendoline's two elder sisters, who were waiting for her, welcomed Cecil warmly. She was a great favourite.

The four girls walked on till an omnibus for Battersea passed them, which they

hailed and got into.

At the other end of the omnibus a girl was sitting. A very pretty, dark-haired, blue-eyed girl, with a rose-leaf complexion, and Cecil, who adored pretty people, was immediately fascinated by her. She stared at the girl, and the girl stared back at her, till the omnibus stopped outside the park gates, and then Cecil jumped out eagerly without noticing that the object of her admiration got out also, and that a young man came down from the top and joined her.

Linking her arm in Gwendoline's the two school friends walked on together, talking the nonsense that I think only schoolgirls can talk and enjoy, and shouting with laughter at each other's remarks.

"Put your skates on, miss?" volunteered half a dozen roughs as they reached the ice, and the girls sat down on the only four vacant chairs.

"Please," said Cecil, extending a very neat foot, as she handed over her skates.

She was gazing intently while a hole was being screwed in the heel of one of her boots, when she heard a girl's voice say—

"There is nowhere I can sit down."

And a man's replied—

"Sit down here, on the railing."

Looking up she saw the pretty girl seat herself on the low railing immediately opposite to her, and a man in a light tweed suit who stood with his back to her, began putting on the pretty girl's skates.

A minute later Cecil was on the ice, and for the next hour she was too much absorbed in her own progress to watch any one else, till, finding herself alone at one end of the pond, she suddenly saw the pretty girl skating fast towards her. She was trying hard to keep her balance, but failed, and fell down a few yards from where Cecil stood.

"Can I help you? I hope you are not hurt?" exclaimed Cecil, extending both hands to help her up, though she was very unsteady herself.

"Thanks, so much," the girl answered, accepting the somewhat inefficient help so

graciously proffered. "No, I am not in the least hurt. One gets accustomed to falls when one is learning to skate. But what a mess I am in"-and she began vigorously brushing the snow off her skirt. Cecil brushed the back for her. Then they stood and talked together for some little time till the girl suggested that they should try and skate together, which they did with very moderate success. After that they discovered a mutual friend on the bank, a Mrs. Walthers, whom Cecil knew well, and who turned out to be the other girl's cousin. So Cecil learnt that her new friend's name was Elsie Thornton, and told her own name in return.

"I wish I could see my brother," Miss Thornton said later; "he skates awfully well, and I know he would be delighted to help you."

Presently she did find him, and took him across to Cecil, who was struggling along alone.

"May I introduce my brother? Miss Dalston."

Cecil bowed, and he took off his cap, and that was how the story of her life began.

"Will you come for a turn?" he said, taking both her hands, and they started

off at a good swinging pace.

Cecil could skate well enough with any one who could support her if necessary, and the firm hands that held hers gave her confidence.

"That was glorious," she exclaimed at last when they had stopped to take breath. She really looked quite pretty with her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, and her curly fringe blown across her white forehead. So, at least, Ralph Thornton thought, as he looked down at her. Of course she was only a schoolgirl, but one can get some fun out of a schoolgirl even sometimes, and there was a freshness and simplicity about this girl that attracted him.

They skated together for the rest of the morning and all that afternoon. About four o'clock Gwendoline skated up to them.

"We must be off, Cecil," she said.

"Oh, surely you need not go yet. Stay a little longer," said Ralph Thornton, looking very beseechingly into Cecil's eyes.

A strange, wholly new sensation, half pain and half pleasure, swept over the girl, and she gave a slight shiver.

"You are cold," continued the pleading



HE TOOK OFF HIS CAP AND THAT WAS HOW THE STORY OF HER LIFE BEGAN.

voice. "Come round again, just to get warm," and he took her small hands and held them tight, tight, very tight, in his own.

"One more turn, Gwendoline, and then I will come."

It was growing dark now, and many

people had left the ice; they had a good open sweep to themselves. They skated in silence now, and neither of them felt the silence to be the least embarrassing, though before they had talked freely, she in her girlish simplicity telling him all about herself and her pleasant, un-

eventful life, he listening with flattering

interest and drawing her out.

As they skated he pressed her hand, and she stopped suddenly. She was not in the least angry-she only wondered why he did it, and that strange overwhelming sensation crept over her again. Cecil had been brought up in almost She had mixed Puritanical strictness. very little with any girls except those of her own immediate set, who had had much the same upbringing, and consequently she was as absolutely simple and pure-minded where men were concerned She had as if she were still in her cradle. never indulged in the romantic day-dreams in which most girls of her age, quite innocently and naturally, revel, so when this new experience came to her she was utterly unprepared for it. And there was no one to tell her that she stood on the brink of a precipice—only Ralph Thornton knew that-and knowing, deliberately took advantage of it.

"Are you coming here to-morrow?"

he asked presently.

"Yes, I think so," she answered shyly, unbuttoning her glove in her nervousness. Then she noticed with a little shock of annoyance that the glove she had put on new that morning was torn and stained by her frequent falls on the ice.

"Did you ever see such a disreputable specimen of a glove?" she laughed, holding up her hand, "and it was new when

I started?"

"I think it is a very nice glove," he said, taking her hand again to skate with her to the bank, from which Gwendoline was beckoning, and giving it another pressure.

"Cecil, we must really go."

"I am coming this moment, Gwendoline. Good-bye, Mr. Thornton, and thank

you ever so much for helping me."

All the way home Cecil was rather silent, and her friends thought she was tired, and yet she did not look tired. There was a light in her eyes and a colour in her cheeks that transformed her.

"Cecil looked quite handsome this evening, did she not?" said Gwendoline to her sisters, as they walked home after leaving Cecil at her own house. "I am glad she is going with us again to-morrow. I am sure it does her good to go out with other girls; she has rather a dull time of it"

Kind little Gwendoline!

The next day was a Saturday. At ten

o'clock the sisters called for Cecil, who was ready and waiting for them. They found a great many people on the ice when they arrived, many more than on the previous day, and from the bank Cecil did not recognise any one. She had not been on the ice, however, many minutes, before a man skated up.

"Good morning, Miss Dalston. I was hoping you would arrive soon. Why did

you not come earlier?"

"Earlier!" she exclaimed in frank surprise," why, it is only half-past ten."

"Is that all? Then I have only been here ten minutes myself; but it has seemed like hours waiting for you."

The surprise in her eyes deepened, and he felt that he had said something rather foolish, and hastened to change the conversation.

They skated together all that day.

When she left him to go to lunch with her friends, he put on an aggrieved air, and stood smoking a cigarette at the foot of the steps till she returned.

"What a time you have been!" he said, when she reappeared. Cecil had hurried over her luncheon, but it had seemed long to her too, and she said so

quite frankly.

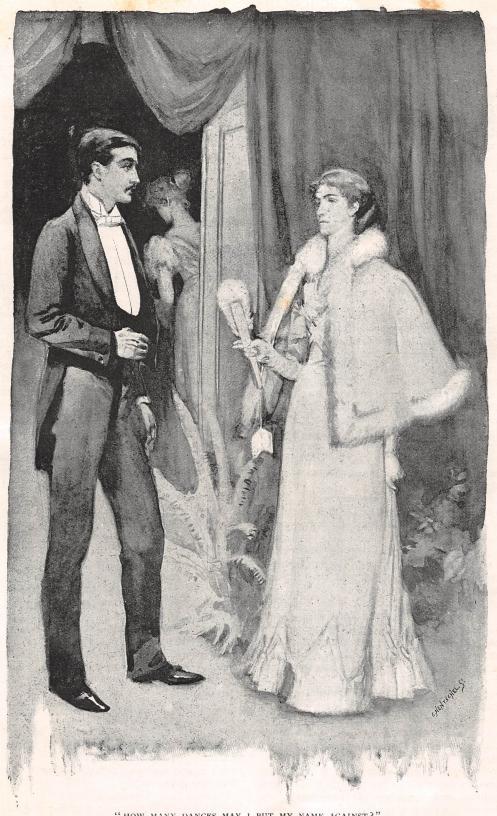
The afternoon flew. At five o'clock Cecil found it difficult to believe they had been together more than half an hour. To the end of her life she never forgot that winter's afternoon. The pretty little pond shut in by tall trees, their snow-laden branches standing out in exquisite tracery against the blue, background of sky, and the snow-covered ground glittering, as if it were powdered with diamonds, in the sunlight.

She went home that evening with her mind in a whirl. She was wildly excited and dangerously happy, but it never occurred to her to search for any raison

d'être.

Only every now and then she squeezed her right hand with her left, to bring back the exquisite sensation his pressure had produced, and she put her torn right-hand glove away in her desk. Silly and childish? Yes, very. She was only a silly child.

She was very sweet in manner to her mother all that evening and the next day, Sunday. Mrs. Dalston was a querulous invalid, and sometimes tried Cecil's temper much. There had been a little coldness for some days between them—it was chiefly Cecil's fault—and her sudden return



"HOW MANY DANCES MAY I PUT MY NAME AGAINST?"

to the most perfect sweetness was a very

pleasing surprise to Mrs. Dalston.

She was going to a dance the following Friday—one of those mixed dances for children and "grown-ups" so often given during Christmas holidays, and she had been looking forward to it with great excitement, which was now intensified, for Mr. Thornton was going too. Not that she owned that that was the reason; indeed, she scarcely realised it herself. She was in a sort of trance of happiness, and neither past nor future troubled her thoughts at all.

On the Monday morning a thaw set in which lasted till Thursday night. Then came a heavy snowstorm, followed by a

sharp frost again.

All Friday Cecil was at home busy with her lessons, for the school term had recommenced; but her thoughts were hardly in her work. By eight o'clock she was in a state of intense inward ecstasy as she ran up to her bedroom to dress. Mrs. Dalston was too much of an invalid to chaperone her, so she was going under the escort of a friend, who was to call for her at nine punctually. before nine Cecil was down stairs again in the drawing-room. Her evening frock was of soft white material, very simply made; it fitted her to perfection and suited her admirably. It was a new frock, and Mrs. Dalston congratulated herself on having chosen Cecil so becoming

"You look very nice, dear child," she said, and Cecil blushed with pleasure—she never received a more flattering com-

pliment than this.

Then they heard the carriage drive up to the door, and she threw her opera cloak over her shoulders, caught up her big white feather fan, and ran lightly down stairs.

At the door of the dancing-room—it was in a public hall—Ralph Thornton was standing, and his eyes met Cecil's as she walked in demurely behind her chaperone. The moment she had moved away from speaking to the hostess he was at her side, with a dainty pink programme in his hand.

"How are you, Miss Cecil? May I give you a programme? and how many dances may I put my name against first?"

"Thank you," she said, taking the programme, which he parted with reluctantly, and ignoring his question—only because a sudden intense happiness swept

over her and she could not trust her

"Will you give me this first waltz, and Nos. 4, 7, 10, 11, 14, 15?" he said, coolly marking them, as he spoke, on his own programme.

This rather took the child's breath away. She had only been to one dance before, and her Puritan conscience suggested three as the outside limit of dances with the same man; but she looked up at him, and that was fatal.

"Yes——" and then another man came up and begged for the honour of a dance, and partner after partner was introduced to her, long after the little pink programme was full. "By Jove!" one man would say to another, "who is the little girl in white that dances so well? Must get an introduction."

And the evening passed all too quickly; it was like a flash of summer lightning in the calm summer's day of her schoolgirl life—the flash that precedes the

storm.

"This dance is the Lancers," Mr. Thornton said to Cecil, when he came to claim her for No. 10. "Shall we go and sit down in a cool corner somewhere, or are you keen on dancing it?"

"No, I should prefer to sit out," she answered simply. "I am so hot after

that last polka."

So they found their way to a sequestered corner—Thornton had been there before—and they sat there through that dance and the next, and the next.

He told her that he was going to India to rejoin his regiment on the following Tuesday. She knew he was going soon, but she had not imagined it would be so soon, and her true eyes betrayed her dismay.

"I shall be coming home again in two years' time," he almost whispered, bending very close to her. "Do you think you

will remember me still, Cecil?"

"I think so."

"I may come and see you when I come back? But perhaps you will not care to see me then. Very likely you will be married?"

"I shall not be married," rather

quickly.

"Then I may come? You won't forget me? She did not answer him in words, but her eyes spoke for her.

"I must see you again before I go. Will you come to the ice on Monday?"

"If the frost lasts, yes---"

"The frost is going to last for weeks;



SO THEY FOUND THEIR WAY TO A SEQUESTERED CORNER.

say you will come on Monday. I must

see you again before I go."

"I will come on Monday afternoon," she said softly; "but in the morning I go to school."

And at that moment a tiresome little boy of somewhere about her own age, who ought to have been her partner for that dance, found her, and came up in a state of great indignation, which he tried to hide by assuming an air of injured dignity that had a most comical effect; and Cecil was forced to go with him to have some refreshment—which she did not want—in the interval before the next dance.

When No. 13 was over, and she was waiting in the hall, in a state of rapture, for the next was with Thornton, her chaperone came up.

"Are you ready to go, dear? The carriage is here, and I do not like the horses kept waiting on such a night."

"To go! So soon!" The words escaped her involuntarily, and her dismay was so obvious that her chaperone was melted.

"Well, then, after the next dance."

"Oh, now, of course, if you wish it, Mrs. Maxwell," her sense of duty prompted her to say.

"No, no. Stay for the next dance, and when it is over you will find me here."

"Thank you so much," and then

Thornton hurried up.

"Miss Dalston," he said, avoiding her eyes and speaking rather quickly, "would you mind giving me No. 16, the last dance, instead of this one?"

"I am sorry," she answered, "but we are leaving after this dance, and anyway

I am engaged for No. 16."

"Oh, well," he said, and to do him justice he looked a little uncomfortable, "I hope you will not mind, but I—er—ah! I am—so stupid of me—engaged for this dance to some one else."

She did not speak or move—she only looked at him in a puzzled wistful manner, exceedingly embarrassing to endure, and he cut short his apologies very hastily and disappeared among the crowd of dancers.

Then she moved nearer to the door, and

stood leaning against a pillar.

The band was playing the "Marguerite" valse, and to the end of her life the strains of that valse brought back to Cecil the same cold sickening sense of pain and disillusionment that she experienced then. No one who saw her standing there,

fanning herself languidly with her huge ostrich feather fan, could have guessed at the storm of misery and disappointment raging within her. She felt an intense desire to scream out loud, to cry out as if in physical pain. She could not analyse her own misery, she did not ask herself then if she loved this man—she only knew that he had deserted her for another girl, and that she was leaving after that dance.

Another man came up and begged her to dance and she refused; but he stood and talked to her, and she answered and talked to him in a manner that caused him to say afterwards, "By Jove! that innocent-looking little schoolgirl talks like a blase old Jezebel. She is too young to affect that sort of thing; it is

sickening in a girl."

That dance seemed interminable, but it came to an end at last, as everything, however unendurable—even life itself—will in time. Mrs. Maxwell, as arranged, was waiting in the refreshment room, and Cecil joined her there. Thornton was there, too, pouring out champagne cup for the girl for whom he had thrown over Cecil. She was an exquisitely pretty girl in the Dresden china style, the belle of the evening, and 14 was the only dance she had been able to give him. It was only natural he should have taken it at Cecil's expense—a schoolgirl!

Still he really wanted to dance 15 with Cecil, and was much annoyed when he heard her say "Good-night" to the hostess, who happened to be standing near. She passed out of the room without looking at him, and his surprise was so great that he narrowly escaped spilling the champagne cup over his partner's

vellow tulle dress.

"Excuse me one moment," he said to her, and rushed out into the passage after Cecil, who had already reached the door of the cloak-room. He waited in the passage till she came out with her pretty white opera cloak round her shoulders, and a soft chiffon scarf becomingly arranged over her head. At that moment she looked beautiful—every one does at some supreme moment in their lives.

Mrs. Maxwell came out first, and said good-night to him, before she took the arm of the host, who was waiting to escort her to her carriage. Cecil followed; she held her fan firmly in her right hand and extended two fingers.

"Good-night, Mr. Thornton."

"Good-night, Miss Dalston."

He had intended to make excuses, apologies, to remind her of their agreement to meet on the ice the following Monday; but something in her face checked him. He felt almost ashamed of himself, and there are not many young men who can boast of having done that.

At the door Mrs. Maxwell stopped. The carriage had driven away and had to be shouted for. Cecil turned round, and looked back down the passage. So they saw each other for the last time. He stood still where she had left him, biting the end of his moustache—a puzzled, half-annoyed expression on his handsome face.

She stood at the top of the steps, her slender white-robed figure standing out against the red felt curtain. The light of a lamp above shone full on her face, and her auburn hair gleamed like an aureole of gold round her head. Sometimes, in after years, if he heard of any wrong done to a defenceless creature, anything at all pathetic that appealed to a latent sense of chivalry in him, there arose, all unbidden, before his mental vision, the figure of a girl in white, with wonderful speaking eyes in a cold set face.

"Mrs. Maxwell's carriage!" bawled out a powdered footman, and next moment he heard the carriage roll away. Then he turned on his heel with a shrug of the shoulders, and hurried back to the Dresden china beauty, who had learnt her lesson long ago, and was more than a

match for him.

A few months later Ralph Thornton came into a title and a small fortune through the sudden death of a distant relative, and returning from India he met a society belle, whom he fell in love with honestly, for the first time in his life, and married. It was not a happy marriage, for a man's love never burns long when there is no fuel to feed the flame, and the society belle had only accepted him for the sake of the newly-acquired fortune and title. They lead a cat and dog existence now, when they are together, which, however, is not often, for as a rule he goes to find amusement—elsewhere.

And Cecil? She got into the brougham that night, and sat with her hands clasped so tightly round her fan handle that the delicate mother-of-pearl shivered into bits, and her feet pressed hard against the floor. She talked to Mrs. Maxwell all the way home (thank God it was not a long drive!), and then she went up stairs into her mother's bedroom and talked to her;

finally she went into her own room and talked to her maid who helped her to undress-and then at last the strain was over; the maid left the room, and she fell down on her knees by her prayer table, and laid her tired head on her arms. cried a little, not very much. It would have been a great relief if she could have done so, but only a few scalding, passionate tears forced their way from under her aching lids and gave no relief to her pain. For three whole hours she lay there quite still in a sort of dumb anguish, neither praying nor crying, till at last the gray morning light crept into the room, and roused her to a sense of duty. "I ought to get into bed," she said to herself wearily out loud, dragging herself up very cold and stiff from the floor. And she got into bed, and the warmth and the softness comforted her, and she fell into a long uneasy sleep, from which she did not wake till nearly eleven o'clock. And with the morning hope returned. How different everything always seems after we have "slept on it," as we say! With the morning sunlight streaming into her room, and the noise and bustle of a household going on all round her, Cecil felt a different creature. She wondered why she had been so utterly miserable the night before, as she looked in the glass at her white face and swollen eyes. After all, what had happened? He had danced with another girl instead of her once. Was there anything so terrible in that? And she would see him again on the Monday, when doubtless he would explain. A hundred reasons why he might have done so without in the least wishing to slight her crowded into her mind. Her spirits rose. She had a bad headache all Saturday, and could not go out. On Sunday she felt much better, and was seized with a fit of restless excitement. She counted the hours that must elapse before she could go to the pond on Monday afternoon, and as one after another passed, her excitement increased. All Sunday night she scarcely slept at all; in the morning when she got up it was raining. To describe her feelings when she looked out of her bedroom window and saw that a thaw had set in and it was raining fast would be quite impossible. She sat down on a chair and stared hopelessly at the pitiless gray sky. She was very late for breakfast and very late for school, and was well scolded for both. She tried to give her attention to her work during the morning, and deliberately shut out the thought of the afternoon. When she went back after school it was still pouring with rain. There was no hope for it. He sailed for India the next day, and this was her last chance of seeing him.

There was just the possibility that he might come and see her; he had never been to the house, but he could easily find out from mutual friends, if he wished to, where she lived. But the afternoon wore away and no one came—and the rain fell

unceasingly.

The whole long dreary afternoon she stood like a statue at the dining-room window staring out at the gloomy square through the pouring rain. Every time a man's footstep sounded along the pavement a faint colour rose in her pale cheeks, and her heart seemed to give a great jump and then stand still till the man had passed, and the sound of his echoing footsteps had died away again. Once a hansom with a man inside dashed up, and she gave a great sob and clasped the carved back of the chair she stood by till the sharp wood cut her tender palm, and, after all, it was only a stranger whose cabman had mistaken the address, and the hansom dashed away The room grew darker and darker, and her misery deepened with the shadows; at length a summons came to her from the drawing-room for five o'clock

"What have you been doing all the afternoon, child?" said Mrs. Dalston, and Cecil answered—

"I have been doing my school pre-

paration, mother, dear.'

I think that was the first time in her life that Cecil deliberately told an untruth. Mrs. Dalston liked to doze in the firelight when she felt worse than usual, as she did that afternoon, and for another long hour that seemed like eternity, Cecil sat motionless, upright, while her mother dozed, staring into the fire which gradually burnt lower and lower, listening to the dull splashing sound of the heavy rain, varied by the occasional rumble of a cab down the square, or the hurrying footsteps of some passer-by.

After her mother had gone to bed that evening she told the servants she had a headache, and dismissing her maid, locked herself into her own room. And then she lay on the floor and cried her heart out, and no one knew. If they had known they would probably have suggested a

tonic.

Presently, when another morning broke, she roused herself, and, still sobbing, undressed and got into bed.

The next day her head ached so that she stayed in bed. The day following she got up and went to school-and so her life went on in the same quiet round, which had never seemed dull to her before, but which now almost maddened her with its pleasant monotony. I think it was her great love for her mother that kept Cecil from giving way during the long dreary days and weeks that followed. Mrs. Dalston was very unwell, and when with her Cecil was always her old bright self; but what she suffered at nights, when no one could see or hear, only those women who have suffered in like manner, and no man, can understand. Truly "there is no despair so absolute as that which comes in the first moments of our first great sorrow, when we have not yet known what it is to have suffered and to have been healed, to have despaired and to have recovered hope."

After a few weeks her health broke down under the strain, and they said it was overwork at school, and sent her to the seaside for a long holiday. She came back quite well and bravely determined to live down her trouble, and not long after she heard the news of Thornton's

engagement.

It was strange how much she altered during those few months. All her friends noticed the change and endeavoured to account for it, without even coming near the true reason.

"It is the constant anxiety abou her mother," one said.

"No, I think she is dreadfully overworked," another would reply.

Only once a young married woman, who met Cecil out somewhere, said—

"That child is in love."

"How absurd!" cried a chorus of friends. "In love! at sixteen!"

And the young married woman laughed, and shrugged her pretty shoulders and went away, and her words were forgotten almost before the echo of her laugh had died.

Anyway, it is certain that Cecil seemed suddenly to have grown into a woman from a child. Her face altered, too, a good deal; a few lines appeared in the forehead and round the mouth, and people complained that her eyes never smiled even if her lips did.

Less than a year after Thornton's marriage Mrs. Dalston died, and then,

indeed, all the joy of her life was over for Cecil.

She went to live with an uncle and aunt in the country. She had cousins of her own age to be with, and I know they were very good to her, but I do not think she was ever very happy there. Probably that was her own fault; she was too morbid and sensitive a nature to throw off her trouble and enter afresh into the happiness of life as she ought to have done. Perhaps in time she might have cared for some other man—more than one man had already cared for her—and been a happy wife and mother after all, but she died a year later from scarlet fever, caught from a poor old woman in the village, whom she had found utterly neglected, and had nursed till arrangements for her

removal to the hospital could be made. Of course she was sent to the hospital too, so there was no one present when she died except the doctor and a hard-featured nurse, who barely listened to the long fevered ramblings about a "dance" and a "wet afternoon" and a man called "Ralph."

When her eldest cousin was looking through her private desk the day after Cecil's funeral, she came upon a torn dogskin glove—a girl's glove—wrapped round a pink ball programme, and wondered what possible connection the two could have as she threw them into the fire.

That is the end of the story. Rose-leaf agony do you say? A storm in a tea-cup? Perhaps so.



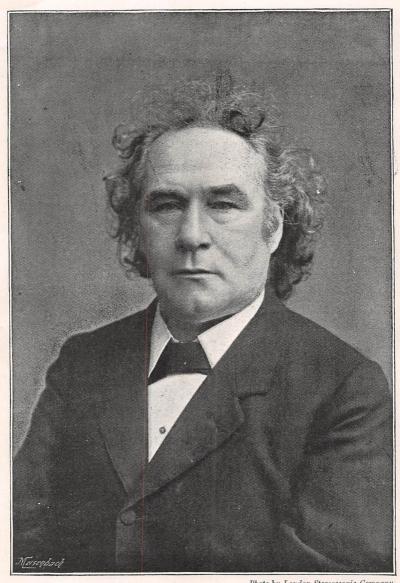


Photo by London Stereoscopic Company.

THE REV. DR. JOSEPH PARKER, OF THE CITY TEMPLE.

THE REBUILDING OF LONDON.

By DR. JOSEPH PARKER.

F London could be rebuilt in any adequate sense the relationship. adequate sense, the problem of the unemployed would be laid to rest for at least half a century. That would certainly be a distinct and satisfactory advance upon the present social condition. The mere prospect would enkindle special interest in almost any suggestion or scheme that seeks to realise such an issue. It would seem to be perfectly clear that something must be done; what that something is may perhaps be discovered by threshing out two or three schemes that bring with them at least a prima facie claim to attention. The scheme proposed by this paper is nothing less than the vast and costly process of rebuilding London. Such a scheme (like all similar schemes) will have to fight its way through such sneers as "romantic," epithets and "chimerical," "visionary," "insane," and "impossible," and if it cannot do that it will be proved that another scheme must displace it.

The main proposition is: The Rebuilding of London offers the most adequate alleviation of present economic and social difficulties.

As to methods, times, purchases, and co-operations, these must clearly be referred to independent and competent exports. This paper is not a Parliamentary Bill; at best it is but a series of suggestions which may serve as hints to any draughtsman who may undertake the formal elaboration of such a document.

When Brunel was consulted about some difficult and expensive engineering operations, he declared that engineers had only one real difficulty to cope with, and that was money. In this case the money difficulty would not arise. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer were to ask for twenty-five millions, or four times that amount, at a very moderate interest (for it must be remembered that we have to deal with unemployed wealth as well as with unemployed men), the money would be

subscribed within a good deal less than a week.

For the purpose of rebuilding, London might be divided into eight or ten principal centres in some such way as this—

I. CIVIC: Mansion House, Guildhall, minor courts, County Council Offices, departmental bureaus; the whole constituting a crescent of magnificent buildings.

2. RAILWAYS: All the railways to be brought to one centre, say Ludgate Circus (as best for all the points of the compass), where, of course, would be erected stations, warehouses, offices, and all other necessary

buildings.

- 3. FINANCIAL: All the banks, exchanges, insurance offices, clearing-houses, and similar institutions. The Bank of England would, of course, have to be rebuilt, and during the rebuilding of such a pile Newgate Jail (which has no business in the City) could easily be so adapted as to bring the inconvenience within the narrowest limits.
- 4. MARKETS: Smithfield, Covent Garden, Fish Market, Mincing Lane, Mark Lane, and others.
- 5. POSTAL: General Post Office, Money Order Office, Central Telegraph Office, International Cable Offices, residences, libraries, news rooms, and savings banks.
- 6. LITERARY: Abolish Paternoster Row; begin Fleet Street at some point on the Thames Embankment, from which it could be extended right through to Holborn, thus running north and south instead of east and west; to Fleet Street bring booksellers, publishers, stationers, printers, and all that belongs to them.
- 7. EDUCATIONAL: University buildings, public schools, museums, art galleries, polytechnics, School Board Offices, academies, and schools of music. The British Museum might be one of the lines of this centre.
- 8. Dramatic and Recreational: Theatres, concert halls, entertainment

No. 140. May 1895.

galleries and chambers, lyric clubs, and the like, the whole constituting a new and

glorified Leicester Square.

9. POLITICAL: Party clubs and kindred institutions forming three sides of Trafalgar Square; or this might be called the club centre—a thorough embodiment of the club life of to-day—metropolitan, national, and international.

The shipping centre is, of course, de-

termined by the river.

It is absurd to suppose that any centre will absorb and represent everything that comes under its own designation. The scheme can only be laid down on general lines. There will always be necessary exceptions, branches, local advantages, and so forth, yet these need not seriously impair the unity or prestige of any centre. Paternoster Row represents the book trade wherever the English language is spoken, yet no one imagines that all publishers are to be found in that particular lane alone. That may illustrate the use of the term centre for the purpose of the present inquiry.

Such an arrangement of centres would require a large intra-mural use of electric railways, with a subway so arranged and managed as to get rid of the miserable spectacle to be seen any morning between nine and ten along the whole length of Oxford Street and other principal thoroughfares, such as orange-boxes, pails, flagons, tubs, coal-boxes, and all manner of unsightly receptacles filled with ashes and various refuse. This disgraceful state of the best thoroughfares in London can only be remedied by an adequate adaptation of subways. anything be less agreeable than to see dustmen bringing loads of refuse through cookshops and restaurants?

Much of the material used in the rebuilding of London might, with obvious advantage, be brought from Aberdeen, Portland, Bath, Derbyshire, and other great quarries, thus extending the quickening impulse to distant and outlying places, and perhaps suggesting the possible rebuilding of other great cities. London would bear an immense infusion of granite and Portland stone, and could well dispense with miles of depressing stucco.

The multiplication of commercial arcades, with well ventilated crystal roofs, the whole sufficiently lighted and heated,

would do much to cope even with the severest frosts or the wildest weather. Imagine Regent Street so roofed and warmed!

It will not be supposed, of course, that the rebuilding of London can be begun to-morrow morning, nor is it to be supposed that the whole scheme can be begun in its entire length and breadth this day twelvemonth. The vital point is that whenever the scheme is begun, the part, however limited, must be done with a view to the whole; that is to say, a start can be made with one centre, and made with such foresight that other centres could work up to it in the development of architectural coherence and Why not begin with the railway centre or the market centre? But to do this properly the whole conception of the rebuilding should be reduced to plan and scale, so that there would be no danger of patchwork, or of doing and undoing by the rule of thumb. It would thus be understood from the outset that all the streets radiating from each centre should be built in keeping with their point of origin, though the reconstruction of every street might not take effect for half a century.

In connection with each centre it might be good political economy to establish a labour settlement. We hear of labour members, labour journals, labour unions, labour churches: why boggle at labour settlements? The connection with the centre need not be determined by distance. The Whitechapel settlement might be related to the financial centre. settlement at Bermondsev might enjoy the co-operation of a rich relative by being connected with the railway centre. Along this line may lie the equalisation of rates and taxes, and the interblending of interests too often in needless collision. Why should not the new Leicester Square—the rendezvous of refinement and luxury-have its affiliated labour settlement in the New North Road or in the lowlands of Lambeth? It is one thing to dine with poor relations and another to send them a postal order.

The discussion of such matters is rendered absolutely necessary by actual social conditions. Is it too much to describe them as in a sense tragical? We are not cutting out and painting a few paper toys, or making shot answers to trivial conundrums. We are in a severe social crisis,

and on all hands we wish to deal wisely with it. Something must be done. Something must be done quickly. That something must be audacious, sweeping, statesmanlike, and perhaps unprecedented in daring and ambition. But even ambition may be patriotic and beneficent.

Suburban London would not be over-looked in a sufficient rebuilding scheme. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that suburban London is a disgrace to civilisation. Jerry-building is about the most criminal outrage that can be perpetrated. And here, as always, it is the poor who have to suffer; not the pauper class, but men trying to make both ends meet when one of the ends is a small income and the other a large family. The poor man's house should, on its own scale, be as well built as the rich man's castle, and would be so under a proper rebuilding scheme.

Supposing the idea of centres to be substantially adopted, there should almost necessarily follow a great scheme of light and water. In every centre there should be a fountain, as in Trafalgar Square (around which could be grouped figures of eminent Englishmen, not only heroic, but social and civic), which could be banked with flowers and green stuff. It might even be practicable to bring a sea-canal to London; certainly a river-way could be cut down to Brighton. The issues of such a connection with the coast no one can foresee and estimate; and who can doubt the attractiveness of a residential use of the riverside? It is beyond all doubt that London could be so rebuilt as to bring back thousands who now travel miles daily between the City and the With noble crescents and squares, on a scale unknown at present, London might offer supreme residential attractions.

Is it too much to hope that mechanical genius will discover a means of warming the inner circles of London so as to abate or counteract the deadly effects of a long and bitter frost? It ought at all events to be comparatively easy so to regulate the water-mains as to render a water-famine impossible. And is there no way of getting rid of so-called watering-carts in summer? With electric railways intersecting underground London, could not some arrangement be contrived by which a water-train could pass under the main thoroughfares (say, twice a day

at fixed hours) and thoroughly drench the roads? They would, indeed, be fountaintrains. There are already openings from the underground railways communicating with the outer air. Can the idea not be so adapted as to secure larger uses?

As to contracts and prices, why should not the local government (whatever it may be) contract directly with all labour agencies? Then there could be no possibility of strikes and labour wars. But what about the great building firms? So much the better for them, for they could be engaged as inspectors, surveyors, or directors, whose work would be to see that all contracts were efficiently carried out in the letter and spirit of the specifications and estimates. Along with architects and designers of every name they would constitute the genius of the whole undertaking. There need be no loss of dignity and independence on their part, while there would be considerable access of status and responsibility on the part of labour. Or there is another view, Labour must go somewhere for its materials—stone, timber, iron, glass—why not go to the great building firms? And why should not the great building firms let for proper loan and rental such necessaries as scaffolds, ladders, barrows, cranes, and other apparatus? By this arrangement the building firms would not suffer loss of income, yet they would get rid of many a worry and vexation. This question, however, would settle itself if a general agreement could be established as to the desirableness of rebuilding London. The greatness, the utility, and, indeed, the poetry of the whole scheme might happily affect the sense of duty all round.

Rebuilt London would solve many problems, notably the style and compass of government best suited to altered conditions. This paper does not concern itself with contending views of metropolitan government. Probably something strong is to be said for every view. But a new London would mean a rearrangement of powers and jurisdictions. Every centre might have its own mayoralty, corporation, vestry, and other official representation; or it might have all these for local use, leaving what may be called imperial questions for a central council or legislature. It is quite evident (and to this point attention must revert again and again, even at the risk of tediousness) that the occasion calls for strenuous measures. A pill for an earthquake is an outworn

policy. If we had to deal with unemployed men only, the case would be one-sided. But we have to deal also with unemployed capital—with idle millions. We have to consider an all-round situation. Business is in a pitiable plight. Competition has become aggravated into war. England is in danger of becoming less and less every day. In view of such a social condition, it is worse than ridiculous to imagine that the pressure can be relieved by a revival and extension of the stone-breaking industry. Nor can it be adequately relieved by building a few more

ships. But in the rebuilding of London all classes without exception would be included and benefited — architects, navvies, builders, designers, painters, decorators, quarrymen, colliers, seamen, and every class of mechanic, labourer, artist, and artisan, would be in full and remunerative employment. All that is merely spasmodic and fitful must be discouraged, because of the necessary and disastrous reaction. In the rebuilding of London the rational thoroughgoing revolution would proceed upon legitimate and healthy lines.



SCENES THE VOSHTI HILLS. IN

By GILBERT PARKER.

IV.—THE GUARDIAN OF THE FIRE.

"Height unto height answereth knowledge." TIS was the first watch, the farthest fire, for Shaknon Hill towered above the great gulf, and looked back also over thirty leagues of country towards the great city. There came a time again when all the land was threatened. sovereign lands far off two fleets were sailing hard to reach the wide basin before the walled city—the one to save, the other to destroy. If Tinoir, the Guardian of the Fire, should sight the destroying fleet, he should light two fires on Shaknon Hill, and then, even on the edge of the wide basin, in a treacherous channel, the people would send out fire-rafts to burn the ships of the foe, for they would be helpless in the turmoil and the fire. Five times in the past had Tinoir been the Guardian of the Fire, and five times had the people praised him; but praise and his scanty wage were all he got.

The hut in which he lived with his wife on another hill, ten miles from Shaknon. had but two rooms, and their little farm and the garden gave them but enough to live, no more. Elsewhere there was good land in abundance, but it had been said years ago to Tinoir by the great men that he should live not far from Shaknon, so that in times of peril he might guard the fire, and be the sentinel for all the people. Perhaps Tinoir was too dull to see that he was giving all and getting naught, that while he waited and watched he was always poor and also was getting old. There was no house or home within fifty miles of them, and only now and then some wandering Indians lifted their latch, and drew in beside their fire, or a good priest with a soul of love for others came and said a Mass in the room where a little Calvary had been put up, or, if in summer, under the good pine-trees. Two children had come and gone, and Tinoir and Dalice had dug their graves and put them in a warm nest of maple-leaves, and afterwards lived upon the memories of them. But only these two children came—no more; and Tinoir and Dalice grew closer and closer to each other, coming to look alike in face, as they had long been alike

in mind and feeling. None ever lived nearer to nature than they, and wild things grew to be their friends; so that you might see Dalice at her door tossing crumbs with one hand to birds, and with the other bits of meat to foxes, martins, and wild dogs, that came and went unharmed by them. Tinoir shot no wild animals for profitonly for food, and for skins and furs to wear. Because of this, he was laughed at by all who knew, save the priest of St. Sulpice, who on Easter Day, when the little man came yearly to Mass, over two hundred miles of country, praised him to his people, and made much of him, though Tinoir was not vain enough to see it.

When word came down the river, and up over the hills to Tinoir, that war was come, and that he must go to watch for the hostile fleet and for the friendly fleet as well, he made no murmur, though it was the time of harvest, and Dalice had had a sickness from which she had not recovered.

"Go, my Tinoir," said Dalice, with a little smile, "and I will reap the grain. If your eyes are sharp, you shall see my bright sickle moving in the sun."

"There is the churning of the milk too, Dalice," answered Tinoir. "You are not strong, and sometimes the butter comes so slow; and there's the milking also."

"Strength is coming to me fast, Tinoir," she said. And she drew herself up, but her dress lay almost flat on her bosom. Tinoir took her arm and felt it above the elbow.

"It is like the muscle of a little child."

he said.

"But I will drink those bottles of red wine the Governor sent the last time you watched the fire on Shaknon," she said, brightening up and trying to cheer him.

He nodded, for he saw what she was trying to do, and said: "And a little of the gentian and orange-root three times a

day—eh, Dalice?"

Then they both nodded at each other, and said the war would soon be over, and guarding the fire done; and after arranging for certain signs, by little fires, which they were to light upon the hills and so speak with each other, they said, "Goodday, Dalice," and "Good-day, Tinoir,"



WORD CAME THAT WAR WAS COME, AND THAT HE MUST GO TO WATCH FOR THE HOSTILE FLEET.

and then drank a glass of the red wine, and added, "Thank the good God"; and then Tinoir wiped his mouth with his sleeve, and went away, leaving Dalice with a broken glass at her feet, and a look in her eyes which it is well that Tinoir did not see.

But as he went he was thinking how, the night before, Dalice had lain with her arm round his neck hour after hour as she slept, as she did before they over had a child, and that even in her sleep she kissed him as she used to kiss him before he brought her away from the parish of St. Geneviève to be his wife. And the more he thought about it the happier he became, and more than once he stopped and shook his head in pleased retrospection. And Dalice thought of it too

as she hur g over the churn, her face drawn and tired and shining with sweat; and she shook her head, and tears came into her eyes, for she saw further than Tinoir. And once, as she passed his coat on the wall, she rubbed it softly with her hand, as she might his curly head when he lay beside her.

From Shaknon Tinoir watched; but, of course, he could never see her bright sickle shining, and he could not know whether her dress still hung loose upon her breast or the flesh of her arms was still like a child's. If all was well with Dalice, a little fire should be lighted at the housedoor just at the going down of the sun, and it should be at once put out. If she were ill, a fire should be lit and then put out two hours after sundown; if she should be ill beyond any help, this fire should burn on till it went out.

Day after day Tinoir, as he watched for the coming fleet, saw the fire lit at sundown and then put out; but one night the fire did not come till two hours after sundown, and it was put out at once. fretted much, and he prayed that Dalice might be better, and he kept to his post, looking for the fleet of the foe. Evening after evening was this other fire lighted and then put out at once, and a great longing came to him to leave this guarding of the fire, and go to her-"for half a day," he said, "just for half a day." But in that half-day, in half that half-day, the fleet might pass, and then it would be said that Tinoir had lost his country. Sleep left him and he fought a demon night and day, and always he remembered Dalice's arms about his neck and her kisses that last night they were together. Twice he started away from his post to go to her, but before he had gone a hundred paces he came back.

One afternoon at last, he saw ships, not far off, rounding the great cape in the gulf, and after a time, at sunset, he knew by their shape and sails it was the fleet of the foe, and so he lighted his great fires, and it was answered leagues away towards the city by another fire.

And two hours after sunset the fire in front of Tinoir's home was lighted, and was not put out, and Tinoir sat and watched it till it died away. So he sat in the light of his own great war-fire till morning, for he could not travel at night, and then, his duty over, he went back to his home, and found Dalice lying beside the ashes of her fire, past hearing all he said in her ear, unheeding the kiss he set upon her lips.

Two nights afterwards, coming back from laying her beside her children, he saw a great light in the sky towards the city, as of a huge fire. When the courier came to him bearing the Governor's message of thanks and the praise of the people, and told of the enemy's fleet destroyed by the fire-rafts, he stared at the man, then turned his head to a place where a pine cross showed against the green grass, and said: "Dalice, my wife, is dead."

"You have saved your country, Tinoir,"

answered the courier kindly.
"What is that to me?" he said, and fondled the rosary Dalice used to carry when she lived; and he would speak to the man no more.

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V.—BY THAT PLACE CALLED PERADVENTURE.

BY that place called Peradventure in the Voshti Hills dwelt Golgothar, the strong man, who, it was said, could break an iron pot with a blow, or pull a tall sapling from the ground.

"If I had a hundred men so strong," said Golgothar, "I would go and conquer Nooni, the city of our foes."

Because he had not the hundred men he did not go, and Nooni still sent insults to the country of Golgothar, and none could travel safe between the capitals. And Golgothar was sorry.

"If I had a hundred men so strong," said Golgothar, "I would build a dyke to keep the floods back from the people

crowded on the lowlands."

Because he had not the hundred men, now and again the floods came down, and swept the poor folk out to sea, or laid low their habitations. And Golgothar pitied

"If I had a hundred men so strong," said Golgothar, "I would clear the wild boar from the forests, that the children should not fear to play among the trees."

Because he had not the hundred men the graves of children multiplied, and countless mothers sat by empty beds and mourned. And Golgothar put his head between his knees in trouble for them.

"If I had a hundred men so strong," said Golgothar, "I would with great stones mend the broken pier, and the bridge between the islands should not fall."

Because he had not the hundred men at last the bridge gave way, and a legion of the King's army were carried to the

whirlpool, where they fought in vain. And Golgothar made a feast of remembrance to them, and tears dripped on his beard when he said, "Hail and farewell!"

"If I had a hundred men so strong," said Golgothar, "I would go against the walls of chains our rebels built, and break

them one by one."

Because he had not the hundred men the chain walls blocked the only pass between the hills, and so cut in two the kingdom; and they who pined for corn went wanting, and they who wished for fish went hungry. And Golgothar, brooding, said his heart bled for his country.

"If I had a hundred men so strong," said Golgothar, "I would go among the thousand brigands of Mirnan, and bring back the beloved daughter of our city."

Because he had not the hundred men



HE LIGHTED HIS GREAT FIRES, AND IT WAS ANSWERED LEAGUES AWAY BY ANOTHER FIRE.

the beloved lady languished in her prison, for the brigands asked as ransom the city of Talgone which they hated. And Golgothar carried in his breast a stone image she had given him, and for very grief let no man speak her name before him.

"If I had a hundred men so strong!" said Golgothar, one day, standing on a great point of land, and looking down the valley.

And as he said it he heard a laugh, and looking down he saw Sapphire, or Laughof-the-Hills, as she was called. A long staff of ironwood was in her hands, with which she jumped the dykes and streams and rocky fissures; in her breast were yellow roses, and there was a tuft of pretty feathers in her hair. She reached up and touched him on the breast with her staff; then she laughed again, and sang a snatch of song in mockery-

> "I am a king, I have no crown, I have no throne to sit in-

"Pull me up, boy," she said. wound a leg about the staff, and taking hold, he drew her up as if she had been a

"If I had a hundred mouths I would kiss you for that," she said, still mocking; "but having only one I'll give it to the cat, and weep for Golgothar."

"Silly jade!" he said, and turned towards

Suddenly, as they passed a slippery and dangerous place where was one strong solitary tree, she threw a noose over him, drew it fast, and sprang far out over the precipice into the air. Even as she did so he jumped behind the tree and clasped it, else on the slippery place he would have gone over with her. The rope came taut, and presently he drew her up again to safety, and while she laughed at him and mocked him, he held her tight under his arm and carried her to his lodge, where he let her go.

"Why did you do it, devil's madcap?"

he said. "Why didn't you wait for the hundred men so strong?" she laughed. " Why did you jump behind the tree?

If I had a hundred men, heigho! I would buy my corn for a penny a gill; If I had a hundred men or so,

I would dig a grave for the maid of the hill, heigho!

He did not answer her, but stirred the soup in the pot and tasted it, and hung a great piece of meat over the fire. Then he sat down, and only once did he show anger as she mocked him, and that was when she thrust her hand into his breast, took out the little stone image, and said-

"If a little stone god had a hundred hearts Would a little stone goddess trust in one?"

Then she made as if she would throw it into the fire, but he caught her hand and crushed it, so that she cried out for pain and anger, and said: "Brute of iron, go break the posts in the brigands' prisonhouse, but leave a poor girl's bones alone! If I had a hundred men—" she added, mocking wildly again, and then, springing at him, put her two thumbs at the corners of his eyes, and cried, "Stir a hand, and out they will come—your eyes for my bones!"

And he did not stir till her fury was Then he made her sit down and eat with him, and afterwards she said softly to him, and without a laugh: "Why should the people say, 'Golgothar is our shame, for he has great strength, and yet he does nothing but throw great stones

for sport into the sea?"

He had the simple mind of a child, and he listened to her patiently, and at last got up, and began preparing for a journey, cleaning all his weapons, and gathering them together. She understood him, and she said, with a little laugh like music: "One strong man is better than a hundred—a little key will open a great door easier than a hundred hammers. What is the strength of a hundred bullocks without this," she added, tapping him on the forehead.

Then they sat down and talked together quietly for a long time, and at sunset she saw him start away upon great errands. And before two years had gone Nooni the city was taken; the chain wall of the rebels opened to the fish and corn of the poor; the children wandered in the forest. without fear of wild boars; the dyke was built to save the people in the lowlands; and Golgothar carried to the castle the King had given him the daughter of the city freed from Mirnan.

"If Golgothar had a hundred wives said a voice to the strong man as he

entered the castle gates.

Looking up he saw Sapphire. He stretched out his hand to her in joy and

friendship.

"—I would not be one of them," she added with a mocking laugh as she dropped from the wall, leaped the moat by the help of her staff, and danced away Yet there are those who say laughing. that tears fell down her cheeks as she laughed.

HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES.

"FINE OYSTERS!"

BY JAMES D. SYMON.

ROTUNDITY, enveloped in a brown coat, ancient but comfortable, that almost swept the ground; a "bowler" crowning a head and face that irresistibly suggested a sun-fish—that is an impressionist sketch of one who nightly patrols a certain unfashionable West-End district, inviting in stentorian tones the inhabitants

to purchase his "Fine oysters!"

Slowly he plods along his accustomed round, patiently pushing his barrow and pausing frequently to send his voice down the street, where it re-echoes from side to side like a giant tennis-ball in a court of the ancient model. It was the dull "flipflop" of his business cry that first made me pause to take note of the merchant, whose keen business eye swiftly took note of me. The heavy powerful voice rose once more, then sank to a conversational tone, and a remark, edged with a jest, tempted me to seek the gentleman's better acquaintance. "Sixpence a dozen! They're for saile, Guv'nor, not for advertisement!" He set his barrow down as he spoke, and faced me. It must be confessed that neither dealer nor stock-in-trade had an altogether tempting aspect when viewed critically by the light of the four guttering candles, enclosed in smoky lamp-glasses, that adorned the stand. But it was his wit, not his wares, that I desired to taste. so I ventured a question or two on strictly trade topics, in hope of being able to draw him out without resorting to bribery in the first instance. If conversation flowed, he could be remunerated at the close of our talk; just now a purchase would have been impolitic. He expected his customers to open and partake on the spot, or if not, to carry the goods away at once. A public banquet I could not away with; and it was plain that to buy and linger without falling on the delicacies would have given offence, and would either have rendered him altogether dumb or provoked him to oratory—of an amusing character, doubt-less, but not (to borrow the watchword of modern popular journalism) "what was wanted."

The hope, however, of an ultimate transaction, or, perhaps, of something else (to be noted later), kept his tongue wagging bravely for a little on what was, no doubt, arrant "shop." Well content, I let it wag,

for shop was wanted.

There were two qualities of oysters on the board, each pile with its attendant placard announcing that the one might be had at sixpence a dozen, the other at "You see," explained the fourpence. vendor, "I can get them at about two shillin's the hundred, but they stand ye in 'arf-a-crown the 'undred all told: wot wiv candles and winegar, you can't get out under the 'arf-crown. Supposin', now, I started wiv three 'undred o' the best, that 'ud be seven-an'-six. If I sold out at sixpence the 'undred I'd be five shillin's to the good, but one can't count on that. Then there's a shillin' a d'y for the barrer and two-an'-six a week for house-rent, and one-an'-six a d'y to the missus, an' the copper's tip to let ye stand ten minutes. So, you see, we can't clear much, good an' bad d'ys together. Oh, it's a foine time we 'ave; I wonder you 'aven't a barrer yourself, Guy'nor. You'd think even a pound a d'y not good enough for bein' wet through. I s'y"—the rotund little body waddled closer to me and struck the attitude Mr. Gus Elen has rendered classic-"I'll toss yer for two drinks, Guv'nor! W'en one's bin out in the cold and the wet for hours 'e needs a glass o' ale." Plainly the moment had come for encouragement, but I waived the glorious hazard of the spinning coin, and made the little man happy by a more direct and certain His affection warmed from that method. moment, and personal talk became easy and unrestrained. He knew the true secret of friendly converse between man and man. Out came a stumpy clay, which he charged with villainous shag; then, pulling off one of his sooty lamp-glasses from the



"I'LL TOSS YER FOR TWO DRINKS, GUV'NOR!"

dip it enshrined, he bent down and set the calumet agoing at the candle-flame. Between the comforting puffs came his

story.

" T goes to market early—yes, Sir, Billingsgate - gets there at seven, an' sometimes 'as to wait four hours. Then I comes 'ome and puts the stock in a cellar-a nice cool place the landlord lets me 'ave for nuffin'. Goes out wiv the barrer at five, starts 'ollerin' at six. About seven o'clock, on an' orf, is the best business time; some folks likes 'em afore seven, some later, but by nine things gets pretty slack, an' there ain't much 'ope o' more traide for the night, I taikes 'ome wot's left over. You see, you tries always to increase your stock, if you can; but it's werry 'ard w'en one 'as debts. Lately I was cleared out, an' a gen'leman opposyte the street wi' me, 'e guv me 'arf-a-crown. It goes for food. Then 'e give me five shillin's. I'm tryin' 'ard to clear it orf, but we must eat, Guv'nor. If I was livin' as I ought, I couldn't get clear. Oh, the I wish I'd never seen 'em! streets! was 'prenticed to a wheelwright fust, and then was in a pianoforte plaice; but it was the streets, the streets, allus the streets, for me!"

The throttling grip of London was upon him; but he could only writhe in utter hopelessness. His day of grace was past. The momentary disquietude vanished, however, and the old serenity reasserted

itself.

"Competition? W'y, yes, there's a tidy lot in the traide, but we maikes a livin',

more or less."

Evidently, it was rather less than more. Still, he did not whine, and at times made a shift to speak cheerfully, even on delicate domestic matters. Marriage had not been altogether a failure with him, he admitted, but he devoutly wished he were single. The wife was a burden he could well dispense with, though he owned that she was a good creature, who didn't "go out drinkin', or that; but then, you see, Sir, she 'asn't nuffin' to do it on." I fancied the burden of marriage arose altogether from lack of funds to maintain an establishment; later, however, I concluded that there might be other reasons, of which more hereafter. Whatever the present state of his matrimonial relations, his life had not been without its romance, its little

"I was born an' brought up in Edgware Road," he continued; "I live there now in a back room, and my wife an' me was boy an' girl together. But when she

was little, her people got into trouble, an' at last there was nuffin for her but to get an 'order to go in'—wukkus, you know, Sir. They sent her to Southall School, I believe, an' after that she went to service. For a goodish bit I lost sight o'her, but at last I fell in wiv a friend o' mine—'e works in oysters too. 'E were a married man, Sir, 'e were; an' who should 'e 'a married but a sister o' my gal's, Well, my gal 'appened to be out o' a plaice, and she come to live along o''er sister, my pal's wife. We began to keep company an' so—" He paused and shifted from foot to foot. "And so?" I queried.

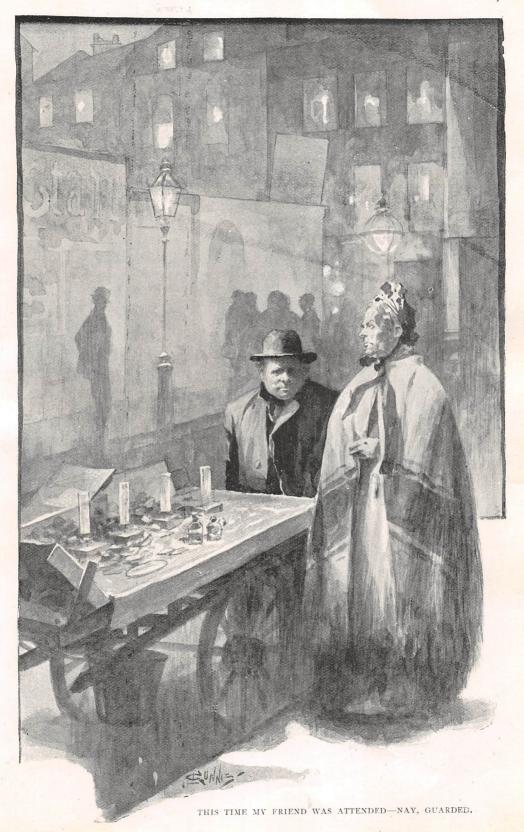
"I married 'er," he answered, with the

"I married 'er," he answered, with the shamefaced air of a small boy detected in purloining treacle; "yus, we wos married, an' 'ere we are! That wos five years ago—

we've one baiby."

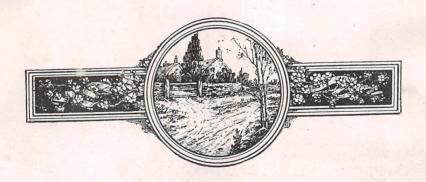
The streets by this time were growing deserted, for it was close on eleven o'clock, and Bayswater is not Piccadilly. It was a gusty night to boot, with dreary slants of cold rain, that splashed uncomfortably on the barrowand rendered it more squalid and unwholesome looking than ever. It did not seem likely that the little pile of empty shells lying in one corner would be augmented, or that the delf plates, where rain-water contended for the mastery with certain forlorn pools of vinegar, would improve upon their Barmecide hospitality. To this fact my companion was evidently alive, for he yoked himself to his car, and prepared to move. We went along together for a space indulging in fitful scraps of conversation, broken at intervals by the merchant's cry, "Fine oysters!" which he still raised, on the off-chance of luring some Paddington Montanus to bestow late patronage, and try the quality of the wares that yet remained. Nor was he disappointed. Forth from the public house at the corner came a sportive Boniface, accompanied by a friend. Both greeted the merchant familiarly. The two newcomers were in merry vein, and mine host challenged his companion to a contest of skill in guessing an oyster's age by mark of shell, even as a horse is dated by mark of mouth. But the less erudite comrade fought shy of the challenge; so from skill the worthy allies passed to chance, and tossed for "two dozen o' the best." When the vendor was appeased with a shilling, they passed within, jesting merrily on the vitalising properties of the desirable mollusc.

Evidently the last stroke of business was done. "It was no good waitin' about longer," the vendor remarked, so he said



good-night, and headed for home. Feeling chilled by long waiting in the wet, I turned off for a sharp turn in the same direction, and soon left the barrow and its owner far behind. But I was not done with him, as I fancied. Twenty minutes later, as I came westwards once more, I caught the murky glimmer of four stars that blinked and staggered towards me. It was the oyster-barrow and its owner wending east. This time my friend was attended—nay, guarded. On the pavement, close along-

side of the establishment and him whose humble duty it was to run it, strode a lady—a tall, martial personage arrayed in a clean white apron, whose air of proprietorship bespoke her the better half. Doubtless she made it her business to see that scanty earnings were not made scantier by marital indiscretions. It is a duty not confined to goodwives of the "Other Half." Elsewhere, at eventide, we have seen the business man being taken home!





A FLOWER FROM PADDY'S LAND.—By Thomas FAED, R.A. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Graves, Pall Mall, S.W.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

A COMPLETE RECOVERY.

6#3

By BARRY PAIN.

T had been a clear summer day. In the pale evening also the pale evening sky was now that one star. Through flat fields a straight white road led from Saffinwell to the The omnibus of the Saffinwell Arms met all trains—all the poor slow six-every day. It was now making its last journey to the station for the day, to meet the evening down - train. The horses seemed to move with mechanical doggedness; they had been doing the same thing at the same times for so long. mechanically, at a certain point in the road, the driver touched his hat. He almost always passed that lady just there. It had been a novelty to him once, and then a joke, and now it was what the thing that always happens always becomes in the end—nothing at all. But he still touched his hat every evening as he passed her, and with reason: when Miss Emmeline Folker was so ill that her sister and her doctor were ready, if necessary, to use physical force to prevent her from walking to the station to meet the evening train, she would take a cab from the Saffinwell Arms. "Coachman," she would say, "when you get to the station, draw up in such a position that I can see everyone who comes out from the 7.15 train. When the last has gone by, unless I have occasion to give an order to the contrary, drive home at once." But it was seldom that she was so ill as to consent to the hire of a cab. "Our circumstances," she would say to her sister Alice, "are comfortable enough, but they do not justify extravagance." She refused to make any concessions to mere weather. Walking or driving—and almost always walking—she had met the last down-train at the Saffinwell Station every night for the last twelve years. "Poor mad lady!" they sometimes said in the village. She was forty-three years old, looked sixty-three, and dressed like twenty-three. She never seemed sanguine when she went to the station, or disappointed when she came back. She smiled pleasantly if she met anyone she knew; the worst weather could not damp

her spirits. If she had time to chat for a minute with a friend without being late for her train, she always appeared bright, cheerful, rational. In the village all knew

the story.

When Miss Emmeline Folker was thirtyone years old, and it had seemed likely that the proud beauty (as she was then-Alice had always been plain) would never become engaged, she met a certain Wilfrid Gunton and falsified expectations. Gunton was a homely man, engaged in business, not romantic, not good-looking, not particularly well off. There seemed to be no reason why Emmeline should accept him, seeing that she had refused many men more attractive and more eligible. But she did accept him, and for the first time in her life was in love. His least wish, however commonplace, had but to be speken to become a sacred law to It was the every-day miracle. Shortly after her engagement he wrote that he was coming to see her. He was coming from London by the last down-She was to meet it, and they would walk back together to her mother's house.

She never would believe the accounts of the accident that happened to the train. She never would believe that he was dead. They showed it her in the newspapers; his mother and sisters wrote to her. She was perfectly cheerful when she read those letters, but a little embarrassed. "She is a dear lady," she said, speaking of her lover's mother, "and as fond of a joke as Wilfrid is himself, but she really ought not to do this. Suppose I were one of those nervous and hysterical women, what harm it might do! I don't know what Wilfrid will say to her. It really isn't in very good taste-with that deep mourning edge on the envelope too. However, I must write her a chaffing letter back." She sat down at once and wrote it; it was mercifully intercepted before it reached the bereaved mother. At the mention of mourning she lost her temper. "If," she said to her sister, "either you or mamma suggest that



ALMOST ALWAYS WALKING, SHE HAD MET THE LAST DOWN TRAIN AT THE SAFFINWELL STATION EVERY NIGHT FOR THE LAST TWELVE YEARS.

I should wear mourning, or wear it yourselves, or try in any way to keep up this stupid and hideous farce, I will never forgive you. I'm going now," she said, "to meet the last down - train. Don't drive me to complain to Wilfrid about this silliness-it's worse than that-it's madness!"

Every night—every night for twelve years — she met that particular train. Medical advice was taken. It was suggested that they should leave the place, and Emmeline Folker would not hear of it—threatened to take her life if they insisted upon it. She was perfectly rational in every other respect, and it was considered best to let her have her way—to humour her. When her own mother died, she shared a sincere and natural grief, and consented to wear mourning. "But," she said, "it must be for as short a time as is decent. Wilfrid has such a dislike for dark colours. Mamma would have understood." She kept close watch on any alterations that the railway company made in the time of the arrival of the last down-train, and the dinner-time for herself and her sister was arranged to suit it. As soon as she got back from the station, she dressed for dinger (Alice never did when they were alone, but Wilfrid had said that he always preferred to dress), and at dinner a place had always been laid for him-"in case," she said. Sometimes she would say, "Poor Wilfrid's detained again. How I detest business!" or more often, "It must have been to-morrow night he meant, then." More often still she would make no allusion whatever to the subject. As a tragedy grows old, sympathy grows less. There was a time when the village boys shouted after Miss Emmeline Folker in the street. She was distressed by it, but could not understand it. Long before twelve years had passed she had established her right; she was a familiar figure; people expected to find her every evening on the road to Saffinwell Station. That was the story.

She had changed much in those twelve years. She had lost all her beauty, and become gaunt and grey. She had acquired some old maid's ways—great neatness, and a certain formality in speaking. These were the merciless changes that nature would have of her. For the rest, she did not change. She persisted in wearing bright colours. Her sister remonstrated once. "Ah!" said Miss Emmeline Folker, "wait till Wilfrid comes, and he will tell you which of us knows his taste best." Her sister went into another room

then; it did not do to let Emmeline see her crying. Emmeline had a vague idea that Alice was growing old before her time. Of herself she always spoke as quite a young woman. If any objection was raised to her going out in bad weather, she would say, "My dear Alice, you must remember that young people can do with perfect safety things that old people cannot."

As she walked along the road to the station this evening the sky became quickly overcast. A quarter of a mile from the station the torrent fell and drenched her through. The train was late, and she had to wait for some time on the platform—a limp, grotesque figure in her wet light dress.

"You don't think," she said to the porter, "that there can have been any accident, do you?"

"No, Miss," he said, with a grin, as he

turned away.

He could have respected the pathos of it twelve years before; but the tragedy of twelve years ago is the comedy of to-day.

"He doesn't understand the reason for my nervousness," she thought to herself, smiling charitably.

When she got back her sister met her

with some consternation.

"You must have got wet through,

Emmie! You'll catch cold!"

"Oh no, dear! I shall change everything. Wilfrid's detained again. How annoyed the poor darling must feel at these disappointments!" It was rarely that she said so much on the subject.

Her sister's prophecy came true. the following day Emmeline had a cold and was feverish. She became very ill indeed. Her sister nursed her assiduously, and she completely recovered.

Yes; that was where her story began to be sad—she completely recovered. doctor had hinted to Alice that something of the kind might take place, and it did. One disease killed the other. Emmeline recovered from her fever she also recovered from her kind, merciful delusion.

Alice had noticed that for two days her sister had never spoken of her lover, and had shown no inquietude at being unable to get to the station. Then one afternoon Emmeline said:

"Alice darling, they needn't lay three places at dinner to-night. There's only we two now."

"Yes, dear," said Alice, with no voice

to say more.

"There was something in a newspaper," Emmeline went on. "They showed me it a long time ago, and I half remember it. Have you got it still?"

Alice fetched it for her, a newspaper-

just as he liked bright people. But he would understand—he was always reasonable. I must send a note to the dressmaker to-night."

On the next morning the doctor came to see Emmeline.



"NO, DEAR," SAID EMMELINE GENTLY, "I DON'T THINK I'LL GO TO CHURCH TO-NIGHT."

cutting yellow with age. Emmeline took it in her hand, and then put it down. "After all," she said, "I remember so much that I couldn't bear any more."

"I've grown old," she went on after a pause, "and I'm not pretty any more, I couldn't help that, could I? But I must not wear these dresses. They are not suitable. Wilfrid liked bright colours

"I don't think I need come again," he said afterwards to Alice. "Your sister's none the worse for her illness—in fact, she's the better for it. It's a complete recovery."

"There's no further danger?"

"My dear Miss Folker, with reasonable care your sister may live to be eighty or ninety. She's quite sound and—"

At this point the doctor stopped short because Miss Emmeline Folker entered the room. She had overheard the last sentences.

"Doctor," said Emmeline, smiling, "I've caught you and Alice conspiring to give me a more unpleasant medicine than you've achieved yet. And that is far from being necessary—the last was bad enough."

"On the contrary," said the doctor laughing, "we were conspiring not to give

you any more medicine at all.'

The poor joke was worried out a little further, and the doctor left.

"Ah!" said Alice, "I'm so thankful.

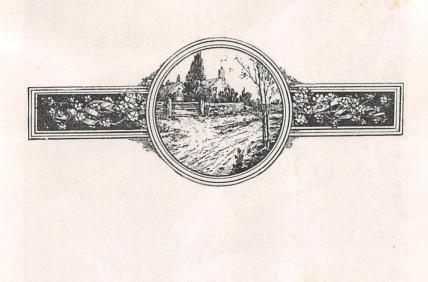
And you're cheering up quite—quite! How the doctor did laugh!"

"No, dear," said Emmeline gently, "I don't think I'll go to church to-night."

"Not on Sunday night? But you

always-well, dear, why?"

"It's when they sing that 'Lettest now thy servant depart in peace' that I can't help crying. I don't want to cry about it. Wilfrid, you remember, so much disliked anything of the kind; it's not seemly. Alice dear, I won't do it any more; only speaking of it has made me think of it, and—and—don't look at me just now, darling."



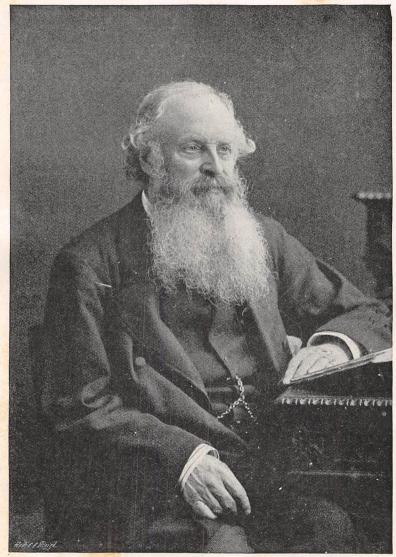


Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

MR. J. J. COLMAN, M.P.

THE MAN AND THE TOWN.

MR. J. J. COLMAN, M.P., AND NORWICH.

WO HUNDRED years ago, we have it on the authority of Macaulay, Norwich was "the first English manufacturing town," and it might have continued to occupy this position had not machinery destroyed the art which it owed to the Huguenot exiles. That the commercial importance of Norwich has survived the decline and fall of its weaving trade, that it should now number over 100,000 inhabitants, as compared with 40,000 at the beginning of the century, is largely due to an industrial enterprise which lavish advertising has made famous throughout the English-speaking world. The family of which Mr. Jeremiah J. Colman is to-day the head must be regarded, indeed, as the chief resurrectors of a city that at one time was fast

hastening to decay.

Whether one approaches Norwich in a railway train from London or a riverlaunch from Yarmouth, one of the first objects of attention is a great pile of buildings surmounted by the name of Colman. No part of these buildings is older than forty years, but the great business which is carried on there was founded as far back as 1814 by a Colman who, in illustration of the fondness of Norfolk people for Biblical characters, also bore the Christian name of Jeremiah. This Jeremiah Colman was a prosperous miller of Norwich when he decided to take three nephews into partnership, and add to his flour-milling the manufacture of mustard and starch at Stoke Holy Cross, a village four miles from Carrow. It was to the united efforts of these three brothers that the sure and rapid growth of the undertaking was due. The eldest, James, of whom the present head of the firm is the son, took charge of the manufacturing processes on which the success of the business primarily depended, while his brother directed affairs in the London office. At the end of forty years, when "J. J.," as he is called throughout Norwich, was twenty-four, and beginning to take an important part in the business of the firm, it was deemed advisable to

remove the works at Norwich in order that full advantage might be taken of the transport facilities afforded by the new Eastern Counties Railway. Accordingly in 1854 choice was made of Carrow as the site for the new buildings, and a fresh impetus was given to the growth of Norwich.

On entering the works from Conisford, which has been a busy highway by the side of the Wensum from the time of the Engle chiefs, my first thought is of the parable of the mustard-seed. This great aggregation of mills and wharves, warehouses and workshops, with the large colony of cottages close at hand, is not, indeed, entirely the product of a grain of mustard-seed. Starch, cornflour, and "blue" are also produced here in great quantities. But mustard is the staple industry which occupies most of the 2200 men, women, and children now at their daily work, and feeds the six or seven thousand people directly dependent upon them. It is for the making of mustard that engines of many hundred horsepower, driving many scores of different machines, are constantly kept going. It is from a grain of mustard-seed that the celebrity of the Carrow Works—which have a river frontage of the best part of a mile, and cover twenty-five acres of ground-has sprung. With the growth of the Carrow Works, it must also be observed, under the direction of Mr. J. J. Colman, the mustard-seed has been grown on an increasing area of East Anglia. It is also grown in the neighbourhood of Selby, in Yorkshire, and large quantities are imported from Holland. Of late years some effort to cultivate the plant has been made in California. but the American seed appears to be deficient in strength and quality. There are two kinds of seed in use at Colman's works, known as "white" (Sinapis alba) and "brown" (Sinapis nigra). The fine art of mustard-making consists in the proper blending of both seeds. The brown seed has the pungency and is the more expensive; the white seed is almost

tasteless, but by its capacity for fermentation, enables a little of the brown to "go a long way." It is by the judicious combination of the two varieties that the proper colour of mustard is obtained. In kilns for a very short time together. In order that it may be freed from dirt or other extraneous matter, the seed is next passed through machines with fine sieves, and is then ready to be crushed into

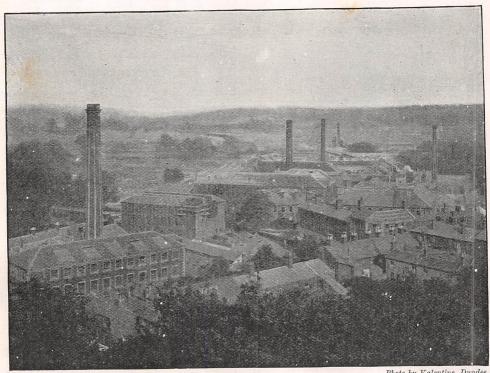


Photo by Valentine, Dundee.

CARROW WORKS, NORWICH.

the earlier part of his career, I believe, Mr. Colman did not disdain to devote a great deal of attention to these two seemingly small points.

As showing the nature of the great business Mr. Colman has built up at Norwich, let me describe briefly the many processes through which mustard passes before it is dispatched by trains of the Great Eastern Railway or by Norfolk "wherries," which convey it along the river to Yarmouth, where the firm has large warehouses for the temporary storage of goods for export. When the seed is received from the growers, it has first to be dried and cleaned. It is dried in kilns, the task of turning over the seed being, I am told, a very trying one for the work-I can well believe it as I struggle through a cloud of dust, which inflates the nostrils and moistens the eyes. Mr. Colman has been careful so to arrange matters, however, that the men shall work at the powder. This is accomplished by two processes. In the first the seed passes from one floor to another through great rollers, driven by machines whose reverberation seems to shake the iron girded wall. On the lower floor the rough work performed by these engines is completed by rows of mechanical pestles or "pounders," which reduce the broken seeds into a mixture of flour and husk of a green hue. To separate the husk from the flour, sieves are employed made of silk lawn, with perforations finer than the eyes of small needles. These sieves, by the way, still give employment to a few women in that decayed centre of the silk industry, Spitalfields. The mustard emerges from the sieves in a golden shower, the almost invisible dust from which brightens the clothes of the workpeople. It has now obtained all possible purity and beauty, but the pungency of the mustard has to be considerably reduced by the mixture of wheaten flour before it can be ready for consumption. Over two thousand sacks of wheat are ground every week in the mill, the flour being mixed with the mustard and coloured by the addition of farina.

The packing of the mustard and the other products of the Carrow Works, the manufacture of the tins and boxes and the printing of the labels, are industries in themselves. In the tin-shops, the packingrooms, the coopers' factories, and the printing departments I witnessed in actual operation that minute division of labour and almost complete independence of the outer world by means of which Mr. Colman has developed the undertaking into what it is to-day. In one or two packing-rooms, for instance, several hundred boys-in the actual manufacture of the mustard only men are employed—are engaged simply in filling and labelling canisters. The boys work in batches of six, and each boy has his particular task. One boy weighs the mustard, another holds the canister and closes it when full, the third gums a label which the fourth boy puts on, and so on. It is astonishing to witness the dexterity the boys have acquired in their several tasks, each batch being able to deal with 2500 canisters in the day. The boys' working day begins at half-past eight, and

they leave as soon as they have finished a fixed amount of work, which is generally about half-past five. The importance of the packing department, it should be mentioned, proceeds from the fact that by far the greatest quantity of mustard is retailed in penny tins containing one ounce.

In the course of my peregrinations through the buildings I was greatly impressed by the cleanliness and good order that were everywhere observable. Mr. Colman, I was told, is constantly supervising the arrangements of everything with a view to the comfort and health of the workpeople. The buildings are lighted entirely by electricity—generated on the premises-and painted with asbestos paint. A doctor receives a salary from the firm and resides on the premises, in order that any case of accident or sickness may have immediate attention. There are great kitchens where food is prepared for the employés, and fine dining-rooms in which their meals can be taken. This commissariat department may, indeed, be regarded as a remarkable illustration of the collectivist principle: the men and women employed in the Carrow Works can obtain a breakfast for a penny and a dinner for twopence or threepence at

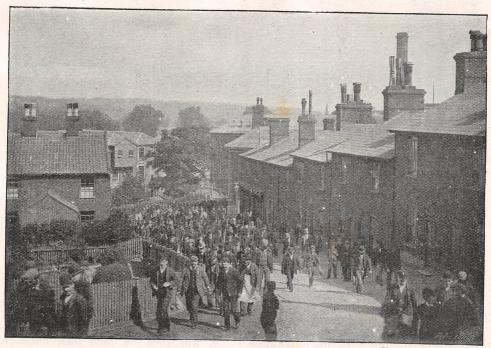


Photo by Valentine, Dundee.

DINNER-HOUR AT CARROW WORKS.

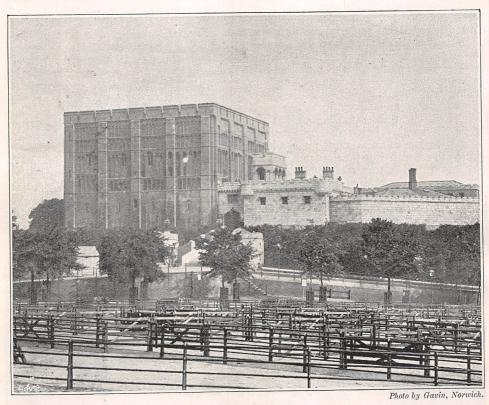
which the most enterprising caterer would There are also stare in amazement. reading-rooms in which the leisure of the

intervals for meals can be spent.

The schools Mr. Colman has established for the free education of the children of the workpeople deserve a word to them-In all respects they compare favourably with the best elementary schools in the country. There are now some seven hundred scholars in attendance, including convinced that these schools assured the firm of a constant supply of good, steady,

and intelligent workmen.

Other institutions Mr. Colman has been instrumental in establishing within the gates of the Carrow Works are thrift clubs and savings banks, schools of technique for the workmen, and of cookery for their wives, a dispensary and a lending library, an orchestral band and a fire-brigade. He has provided a gymnasium and a



NORWICH CASTLE.

the infants in a kindergarten. In addition to the code subjects, the boys are taught drawing, modelling in clay, ironwork, gardening, and bee-keeping; and the girls cookery and domestic economy. In the evening the pretty school-buildings are occupied by classes for men and lads. Of course, with the extension of free education as a matter of legal right, these schools are not the boon they once were; but although the State would now relieve him of the charge, Mr. Colman has thought fit to continue to make himself responsible for the schooling of the little He was long since ones at Carrow.

recreation-ground, and, largely owing to his encouragement, the firm has flourishing cricket and other athletic clubs. Speaking of cricket, it must be mentioned that the Colmans have throughout the country a traditional connection with the national game. The three nephews of whom I have already spoken were of a family which numbered eleven sons. The brothers were all enthusiastic cricketers, and, forming a team in themselves, they frequently played against the clubs of Norwich and the district.

It will thus be seen that, although Carrow is an integral part of Norwich, the

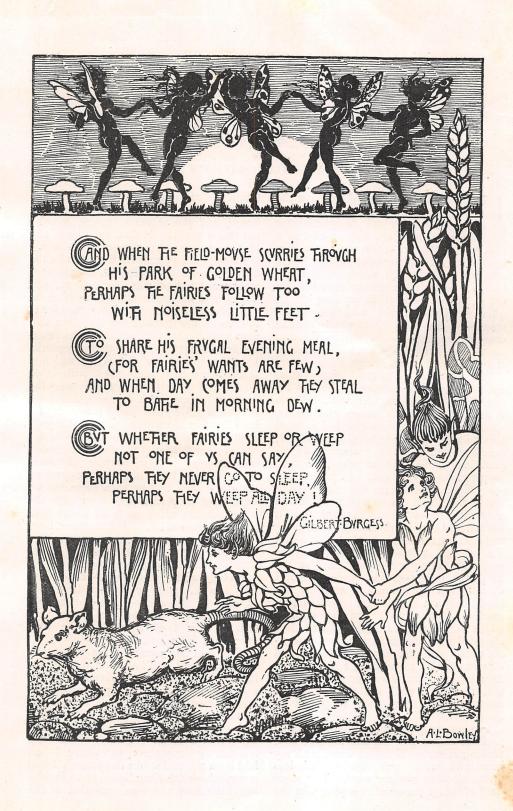
people who obtain their living there almost form a colony unto themselves. It is a colony, however, in which Norwich people generally take a strong and kindly interest. As the stranger soon discovers, they are as proud of it in its way—as an example of Capital and Labour dwelling together in amity, as a great industrial organisation existing in what is no longer regarded as a great commercial centre—as they are of their Cathedral and their Castle, their ancient Guildhall and Grammar School, the spacious Market-place, and St. Andrew's Hall. Mr. Colman has been the more successful in carrying into effect his many ideas for the good of the business and the welfare of its employés, because he has resided so much right at the gates of the This course can have involved little sacrifice, however, on the part of himself or his family, for Carrow House, although so close to the smoke of tall chimneys and the roar of machinery, is one of the pleasantest of residences. It has beautiful, well-wooded grounds and glass houses, in which the cultivation of the vine and various choice plants has been brought to a high state of perfection. In the corner of the grounds are the remains of an old abbey and priory. The priory consists of ruins, but a very small part of which were visible till the accidental discovery of a Norman column in 1881 led Mr. Colman to have systematic excavations made. The abbey Mr. Colman has had very skilfully restored, and the ivycovered walls, with fine carved doors and oak ceilings, now form a fine memorial of the mediæval era. For many years past Mr. Colman has been collecting every book or pamphlet he could lay his hands upon written by Norfolk men or having a Norfolk subject. This Norfolk library, which now numbers over five thousand volumes, has been housed in Carrow Abbey, and arranged for the convenience of such persons as may wish to consult it.

The walls of the rooms are covered by the finest works of Crome and other distinguished Norfolk painters. Mr. Colman's ancestors have belonged to Norwich or its neighbourhood for several hundred years, and in his local patriotism he has proved himself worthy of them.

Spending much of his time at this residence, Mr. Colman has been able to keep in close touch with the affairs of the firm and its employés, on the one hand, and with the general interests of Norwich, on the other. Mrs. Colman, too, assisted in later years by her daughters, has been able to supplement in various ways-such as in securing the provision of cheap and comfortable lodgings, when necessary, for the workgirls—the efforts of her husband for the well-being of the people employed at the works. His sons have, moreover, grown up with a familiar regard for Carrow and all that pertains thereto, and two, Russell James and Alan C., have been taken into partnership. The first-named inherits his grandfather's enthusiasm for cricket, and is captain of the Carrow First Eleven, admission to which is esteemed a signal proof of prowess with the bat or ball.

That Mr. J. J. Colman has been for twenty-three years in succession one of the members for Norwich is sufficient proof of the hold which he has gained upon the respect and esteem of the citizens, when the Tory proclivities of the town are taken into account. He has also been both Mayor and Sheriff of Norwich, and as he could not be induced again to accept the Shrievalty, his son Mr. Russell James Colman was in 1892-93 chosen in his stead. Yet it does not appear that in the affairs of Norwich itself Mr. Colman has ever courted popularity or sought favour; the position he occupies in Norwich has been accorded to him simply in recognition of the substantial service his business ability has rendered to the FREDERICK DOLMAN. town.





FROM THE MEMOIRS OF A MINISTER OF FRANCE.

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

THE MAN OF MONCEAUX.

In the month of August of this year the King found some alleviation of the growing uneasiness which his passion for Madame de Condé occasioned him in a visit to Monceaux, where he spent two weeks in such diversions as the place afforded. He invited me to accompany him, but on my representing that I could not there—so easily as in my own closet, where I had all the materials within reach—prepare the report which he had commanded me to draw up, he directed me to remain in Paris until it was ready,

and then to join him.

This report which he was having written, not only for his own satisfaction but for the information of his heir, took the form of a recital of all the causes and events, spread over many years, which had induced him to take in hand the Great Design; together with a succinct account of the munitions and treasures which he had prepared to carry it out. As it included many things which were unknown beyond the council, and some which he shared only with me-and as, in particular, it enumerated the various secret alliances and agreements which he had made with the princes of North Germany, whom a premature discovery must place at the Emperor's mercy—it was necessary that I should draw up the whole with my own hand, and with the utmost care and pre-This I did; and that nothing caution. might be wanting to a memorial which I regarded with justice as the most important of the many State papers which it had fallen to my lot to prepare, I spent seven days in incessant labour upon it. It was not, therefore, until the third week in August that I was free to travel to Monceaux.

I found my quarters assigned to me in a pavilion called the Garden House; and, arriving at supper time, sat down with my household with more haste and less ceremony than was my wont. The same state of things prevailed, I suppose, in the

kitchen; for we had not been seated half an hour when a great hubbub arose in the house, and the servants rushing in cried out that a fire had broken out below, and that the house was in danger of burning.

In such emergencies I take it to be the duty of a man of standing to bear himself with as much dignity as is consistent with vigour, and neither to allow himself to be carried away by the outcry and disorder of the crowd, nor to omit any direction that may avail. On this occasion, however, my first thought was given to the memorial I had prepared for the King, which I remembered had been taken with other books and papers to a room over the kitchen. I lost not a moment, therefore, in sending Maignan for it; nor until I held it safely in my hand did I feel myself at liberty to think of the house. When I did, I found that the alarm exceeded the danger; a few buckets of water extinguished a beam in the chimney which had caught fire, and in a few moments we were able to resume the meal with the added vivacity which such an event gave to the conversation. It has never been my custom to encourage too great freedom at my table; but as the company consisted, with a single exception, of my household, and as this person—a Monsieur de Vilain, a young gentleman, the cousin of one of my wife's maids-of-honourshowed himself possessed of modesty as well as wit, I thought that the time excused a little relaxation.

This was the cause of the misfortune which followed, and bade fair to place me in a position of as great difficulty as I have ever known; for, having in my good humour dismissed the servants, I continued to talk for an hour or more with Vilain and some of my gentlemen, the result being that I so far forgot myself when I rose as to leave the report where I had laid it on the table. In the passage I met a man whom the King had sent to inquire about the fire; and thus reminded of the

papers, I turned back to the room, greatly vexed with myself for negligence which in a subordinate I should have severely rebuked, but never doubting that I should find the packet where I had left it.

To my chagrin the paper was gone. Still, I could not believe that it had been stolen, and supposing that Maignan or one of my household had seen it and taken it to my closet, I repaired thither in I found Maignan already there, with M. Boisrueil, one of my gentlemen, who was waiting to ask a favour; but they knew nothing of the report, and though I sent them down forthwith, with directions to make strict but quiet inquiry, they returned at the end of half-an-hour with long faces and no news.

Then I grew seriously alarmed; and reflecting on the many important secrets which the memorial contained, whereof a disclosure must spoil plans so long and sedulously prepared, I found myself brought on a sudden face to face with disaster. I could not imagine how the King, who had again and again urged on me the utmost precaution, would take such a catastrophe, nor how I should make it known to him. For a moment, therefore, while I listened to the tale, I felt the hair rise on my head and a shiver descend my back; nor was it without an uncommon effort that I retained my coolness and composure.

Plainly no steps in such a position could be too stringent. I sent Maignan with an order to close all the doors and let no one Then I made sure that none of the servants had entered the room between the time of my rising and my return, and this narrowed the tale of those who could have taken the packet to eleven, that being the number of persons who had sat down with me. But having followed the matter so far, I came face to face with this difficulty: that all the eleven were, with one exception, in my service and in various ways pledged to my interests, so that I could not conceive even the possibility of a betrayal by them in a matter so important.

I confess, at this, the perspiration rose upon my brow; for the paper was gone. Still, there remained one stranger; and though it seemed scarcely less difficult to suspect him, since he could have no knowledge of the importance of the document, and could not have anticipated that I should leave it in his power, I found in that the only likely solution. He was one of the Vilains of Pareil by Monceaux, his father living on the edge of

the park, little more than a thousand yards from the château; and I knew no harm of him. Still, I knew little; and for that reason was forward to believe that there, rather than in my own household, lay the

key to the enigma.

My suspicions were not lessened when I discovered that he alone of the party at table had left the house before the doors were closed; and for a moment I was inclined to have him followed and seized. But I could scarcely take a step so decisive without provoking inquiry; and I dared not at this stage let the King know of my I found myself, therefore, negligence. brought up short, in a state of exasperation and doubt difficult to describe; and the most minute search within the house and the closest examination of all concerned failing to provide the slightest clue, I had no alternative but to pass the night in that condition.

On the morrow a third search seeming still the only resource, and proving as futile as the others, I ordered La Trape and two or three in whom I placed the greatest confidence to watch their fellows. and report anything in their bearing or manner that seemed to be out of the ordinary course; while I myself went to wait on the King, and parry his demand for the memorial as well as I could. This it was necessary to do without provoking curiosity; and as the lapse of each minute made the pursuit of the paper less hopeful and its recovery a thing to pray for rather than expect, it will be believed that I soon found the aspect of civility which I was obliged to wear so great a trial of my patience that I made an excuse and retired early to my lodging.

Here my wife, who shared my anxiety, met me with a face full of meaning. cried out to know if they had found the

"No," she answered; "but if you will come into your closet I will tell you what I have learned."

I went in with her, and she told me briefly that the manner of Mademoiselle de Mars, one of her maids, had struck her as suspicious. The girl had begun to cry while reading to her; and when questioned had been able to give no explanation of her trouble.

"She is Vilain's cousin?" I said.

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Bring her to me," I said. "Bring her to me without the delay of an instant.

My wife hastened to comply, and whatever had been the girl's state earlier, before the fright of this hasty summons had upset her, her agitation when thus confronted with me gave me, before a word was spoken, the highest hopes that I had here the key to the mystery. I judged that it might be necessary to frighten her still more, and I started by taking a harsh tone with her; but before I had said many words she obviated the necessity of this by falling at my wife's feet and protesting that she would tell all.

"Then speak quickly, wench!" I said.

"You know where the paper is?"
"I know who has it!" she answered, in a voice choked with sobs.



THE GIRL HAD BEGUN TO CRY WHILE READING TO HER; AND WHEN QUESTIONED HAD BEEN ABLE TO GIVE NO EXPLANATION OF HER TROUBLE.

" Who?"

"My cousin, M. de Vilain."

"Ha! and has taken it to his house?" But she seemed for a moment unable to answer this, her distress being such that my wife had to fetch a vial of pungent salts to restore her before she could say more. At length she found voice to tell. us that M. de Vilain had taken the paper, and was this evening to hand it to an agent of the Spanish Ambassador.

"But, girl," I said sternly, "how do you know this?"

Then she confessed that the cousin was also the lover, and had before employed her to disclose what went on in my household, and anything of value that could be discovered there. Doubtless the girl, for whom my wife, in spite of her occasional fits of reserve and temper, entertained no little liking, enjoyed many opportunities of prying, and would have continued still to serve him had not this last piece of villainy, with the stir which it caused in the house and the rigorous punishment to be expected in the event of discovery, proved too much for her nerves. Hence this burst of confession, which, once allowed to flow, ran on almost against her will. Nor did I let her pause to consider the full meaning of what she was saying until I had learned that Vilain was to meet the Ambassador's agent an hour after sunset at the east end of a clump of trees which stood in the park, and being situate between his, Vilain's, residence and the château, formed a convenient place for such a transaction.

"He will have it about him?" I said. She sobbed a moment, but presently confessed. "Yes; or it will be in the hollow of

the most easterly tree. He was to leave it there if the agent could not keep the

appointment."

"Good!" I said; and then, having assured myself by one or two questions of that of which her state of distress and agitation left me in little doubt-namely. that she was telling the truth—I committed her to my wife's care; bidding the Duchess lock her up in a safe place upstairs, and treat her to bread and water until I had taken the steps necessary to prove the fact, and secure the paper.

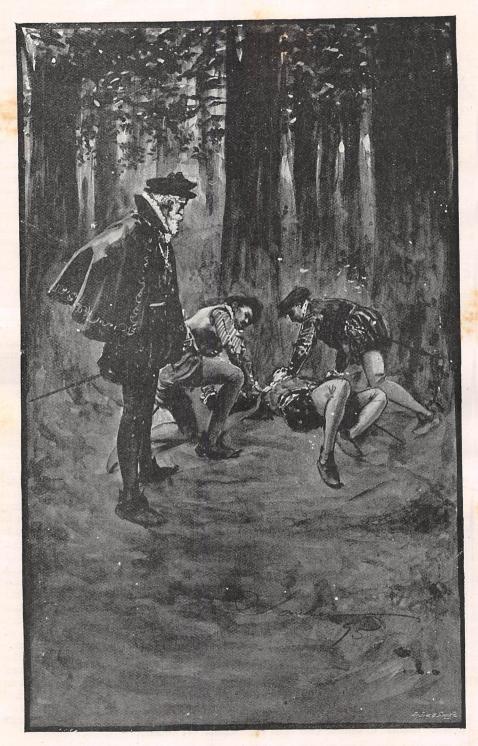
After this—but I should be tedious were I to describe the alternations of hope and fear in which I passed the period of suspense. Suffice it that I informed no one, not even Maignan, of what I had discovered, but allowed those in the secret of the loss still to pursue their efforts; while I, by again attending the Court,

endeavoured at once to mitigate the King's impatience and persuade the world that all was well. A little before the appointed time, however, I made a pretext to rise from supper, and quietly calling out Boisrueil, bade him bring four of the men, armed, and Maignan and La Trape. With this small body I made my way out by a private door, and crossed the park to the place Mademoiselle had indicated.

Happily, night had already begun to close in, and the rendezvous was at the farther side of the clump of trees. Favoured by these circumstances, we were able to pass round the thicket-some on one side and some on the other-without noise or disturbance; and fortunate enough, having arrived at the place, to discover a man walking uneasily up and down on the very spot where we expected to find him. The evening was so far advanced that it was not possible to be sure that the man was Vilain; but as all depended on seizing him before he had any communication with the Spanish agent, I gave the signal, and two of my men, springing on him from either side, in a moment bore him to the ground and secured him.

He proved to be Vilain, so that when he was brought face to face with me I was much less surprised than he affected to be. He played the part of an ignorant so well, indeed, that for a moment I was staggered by his show of astonishment and by the earnestness with which he denounced the outrage; nor could Maignan find anything on him. But, a moment later, remembering the girl's words, I strode to the nearest tree, and, groping about it, in a twinkling unearthed the paper from a little hollow in the trunk that seemed to have been made to receive it. I need not say with what relief I found the seals unbroken, or with what indignation I turned on the villain thus convicted of an act of treachery towards the King, only less black than the sin against hospitality of which he had been guilty in my house. But the discovery I had made seemed enough of itself to overwhelm him; for, after standing apparently stunned while I spoke, he jerked himself suddenly out of his captors' hands, and made a desperate attempt to escape. Finding this hopeless, and being seized again before he had gone four paces, he shouted at the top of his voice: "Back! back! Go back!"

We looked about, somewhat startled, and Boisrueil, with presence of mind, ran into the darkness to see if he could detect the person addressed, but though he



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thought that he saw the skirt of a flying cloak disappear in the gloom, he was not sure; and I, having no mind to be mixed up with the Ambassador, called him back. I asked Vilain to whom he had called, but the young man, turning sullen, would answer nothing except that he knew naught of the paper. I thought it best, therefore, to conduct him at once to my lodgings, whither it will be believed that I returned with a lighter heart than I had gone out. It was, indeed, a providential escape.

How to punish the traitor was another matter, for I could scarcely do so adequately without betraying my negligence. determined to sleep on this, however, and, for the night, directed him to be locked into a chamber in the south-west turret, with a Swiss to guard the door, my intention being to interrogate him further the morrow. However, Henry sent for me so early that I was forced to postpone my examination; and, being detained by him until evening, I thought it best to tell him, before I left, what had happened.

He heard the story with a look of incredulity, which, little by little, gave way to a broad smile. "Well," he way to a broad smile. "Well," he said, "Grand Master, never chide me again! I have heard that Homer sometimes nods; but if I were to tell this to Sillery or Villeroy, they would not

believe me."

"They would believe anything that your Majesty told them," I said. "But you will not tell them this?"

"No," he said kindly, "I will not; and there is my hand on it. For the matter of that, if it had happened to them they would not have told me."

"And perhaps been the wiser for that,"

"Don't believe it," he answered. "But now, what of this young Vilain? You have him safe?"

"Yes, Sire."

"The girl is one degree worse; she betrays both sides to save her skin."

"Still, I promised—

"Oh, she must go," Henry said. "I quite understand. But for him-we had better have no scandal. Keep him until to-morrow, and I will see his father, and have him sent out of the country."

"And he will go scot free," I said bluntly, "when a rope and the nearest

"Yes, my friend," Henry answered with a dry smile; "but that should have been done last night. As it is, he is your guest

and we must give an account of him. But first drain him dry. Frighten him, as you please, and get all out of him; then I wish them joy of him. Faugh! and he a young man! I would not be his father for two such crowns as mine!"

As I returned to my lodgings I thought over these words; and I fell to wondering by what stages Vilain had sunk so low. Occasionally admitted to my table, he had always borne himself with a modesty and discretion that had not failed to prepossess me; indeed, the longer I considered the King's saying, the greater was the surprise I felt at this dénouement, which left me in doubt whether my dulness exceeded my negligence or the young man's parts surpassed his wickedness.

A few questions, I thought, might resolve this; but having been detained by the King until supper-time, I postponed the interview until I rose. Then bidding them bring in the prisoner, I assumed my harshest aspect and prepared to blast him by discovering all his vileness to his

But when I had waited a little, only Maignan came in, with an air of consternation that brought me to my feet. "Why, man, what is it?" I cried.

"The prisoner," he faltered. "If your

Excellency pleases—"

"I do not please!" I said sternly, believing that I knew what had happened. "Is he dead?"

"No, your Excellency, but he has escaped."

"Escaped? From that room?"

Maignan nodded.

"Then, par Dieu!" I replied, "the man who was on guard shall suffer in his place! Escaped? How could be escape except by treachery? Where was the guard?"

"He was there, Excellency. And he says

that no one passed him."

"Yet the man is gone?" "The room is empty."

"But the window—the window, fool, is fifty feet from the ground!" I said. "And not so much footing outside as

would hold a crow!"

Maignan shrugged his shoulders, and in a rage I bade him follow me, and went myself to view the place, to which a number of my people had already flocked with lights, so that I found some difficulty in mounting the staircase. A very brief inspection, however, sufficed to confirm my first impression that Vilain could have escaped by the door only; for the window, though it lacked bars and boasted a tiny balcony, hung over fifty feet of sheer depth, so that evasion that way seemed in the absence of ladder or rope purely impossible. This being clear, I ordered the Swiss to be seized; and as he could give no explanation of the escape, and still persisted that he was as much in the dark as anyone, I declared that I would make an example of him, and hang him unless the prisoner was recaptured within three days.

I did not really propose to do this, but in my irritation I spoke so roundly that my people believed me; even Boisrueil, who presently came to intercede for the culprit, who, it seemed, was a favourite. "As for Vilain," he continued, "you can

catch him whenever you please."

"Then catch him before the end of three days," I answered obstinately, "and

the man lives."

The truth was that Vilain's escape placed me in a position of some discomfort; for though, on the one hand, I had no particular desire to get him again into my hands, seeing that the King could effect as much by a word to his father as I had proposed to do while I held him safe; on the other hand, the evasion placed me very peculiarly in regard to the King himself, who was inclined to think me ill or suddenly grown careless. Some of the facts, too, were leaking out and provoking smiles among the more knowing, and a hint here and there; the result of all being that, unable to pursue the matter further in Vilain's case, I hardened my heart and persisted that the Swiss should pay the penalty.

This obstinacy on my part had an unforseen issue. On the evening of the second day, a little before supper-time, my wife came to me and announced that a young lady had waited upon her with a tale so remarkable that she craved leave to bring her to me that I might

hear it.

"What is it?" I said impatiently.

"It is about M. Vilain," my wife answered, her face still wearing all the marks of lively astonishment.

"Ha!" I exclaimed. "I will see her then. But it is not that baggage

wno---

"No," my wife answered. "It is another."

"One of your maids?"

"No, a stranger."

"Well, bring her," I said shortly.

She went, and quickly returned with a young lady whose face and modest bearing were known to me, though I could not at

This was the moment recall her name. the less remarkable as I am prone to look much in maids' faces, leaving that to younger men; and Mademoiselle de Figeac's, though beautiful, was disfigured on this occasion by the marked distress under which she was labouring. Accustomed as I was to the visits of persons of all classes and characters, who came to me daily with petitions, I should have been disposed to cut her short but for my wife's intimation that her errand had to do with the matter which annoyed me. This, as well as a trifle of curiosity—from which one are quite free-inclined me to be patient; and I asked her what she would have with

"Justice, M. le Duc," she answered simply. "I have heard that you are seeking M. de Vilain, and that one of your people is lying under sentence for complicity in his escape."

"That is true, Mademoiselle," I said.

"If you can tell me-"

"I can tell you how he escaped, and by

whose aid," she answered.

It is my custom to betray no astonishment, even when I am astonished. "Do so," I said.

"He escaped through the window," she answered firmly, "by my brother's aid."

"Your brother's?" I exclaimed, amazed at her audacity. "I do not remember him."

"He is only thirteen years old."

I could hide my astonishment no longer. "You must be mad, girl!" I said, "mad! You do not know what you are saying! The window of the room in which Vilain was confined is fifty feet from the ground, and you say that your brother, a boy of thirteen, contrived his escape?"

"Yes, M. de Sully," she answered.
"And the man who is about to suffer is

innocent."

"How was it done, then?" I asked, not knowing what to think of her persistence.

"My brother was flying a kite that day." she answered. "He had been doing so for a week or more, and everyone was accustomed to seeing him here. After sunset, the wind being favourable, he came under M. de Vilain's window, and, when it was nearly dark, and the servants and household were at supper, he guided the kite against the balcony outside the window."

"But a man cannot descend by a kite-

string!"

"My brother had a knotted rope, which M. de Vilain drew up," she answered

simply; "and afterwards, when he had

descended, disengaged."

I looked at her in profound amazement. "Your brother acted on instructions!" I said at last.

"On mine," she answered.

"You avow that?"

"I am here to do so," she replied, her face white and red by turns, but her eyes

continuing to meet mine.

"This is a very serious matter," I said.

"Are you aware, Mademoiselle, why M. de
Vilain was arrested, and of what he is
accused?"

"Perfectly," she answered; "and that he is innocent. More!" she continued, clasping her hands, and looking at me bravely, "I am willing both to tell you where he is, and to bring him, if you please, into your presence."

I stared at her. "You will bring him

here?" I said.

"Within five minutes," she answered, "if you will first hear me."

"What are you to him?" I said.

She blushed vividly. "I shall be his wife or no one's," she said; and she looked a moment at my wife.

"Well, say what you have to say!" I

cried roughly.

"This paper, which it is alleged that he stole—it was not found on him, but in the hollow of a tree."

"Within three paces of him! And

what was he doing there?"

"He came to meet me," she answered, her voice trembling slightly. "He could have told you so, but he would not shame me."

"This is true?" I said, eyeing her

closely.

"I swear it!" she answered, clasping her hands. And then, with a sudden flash of rage, "Will the other woman swear to her tale?" she cried.

"Ha!" I said, "what other woman?"
"The woman who sent you to that place," she answered. "He would not tell me her name, or I would go to her now and wring the truth from her. But he confessed to me that he had let a woman into the secret of our meeting; and this is her work."

I stood a moment pondering, with my eyes on the girl's excited face, and my thoughts, following this new clue through the maze of recent events; wherein I could not fail to see that it led to a very different conclusion from that at which I had arrived. If Vilain had been foolish enough to wind up his love passages with Mademoiselle de Mars by confiding to her

his passion for the Figeac, and even the place and time at which the latter was so imprudent as to meet him, I could fancy the deserted mistress laying this plot, and first placing the packet where we found it and then punishing her lover by laying the theft at his door. True, he might be guilty; and it might be only confession and betrayal on which jealousy had thrust her. But the longer I considered the whole of the circumstances, as well as the young man's character, and the lengths to which I knew a woman's passion would carry her, the more probable seemed the explanation I had just received.

Nevertheless, I did not at once express my opinion; but veiling the chagrin I naturally felt at the simple part I had been led to play—in the event I now thought probable—I sharply ordered Mademoiselle de Figeac to retire into the next room; and then I requested my wife to fetch her maid.

Mademoiselle de Mars had been three days in solitary confinement, and might be taken to have repented of her rash accusation were it baseless. I counted somewhat on this, and more on the effect of so sudden a summons to my presence. But at first sight it seemed that I did so without cause. Instead of the agitation which she had displayed when brought before me to confess, she now showed herself quiet and even sullen; nor did the gleam of passion, which I thought that I discerned smouldering in her dark eyes, seem to promise either weakness or repentance. However, I had too often observed the power of the unknown over a guilty conscience to despair of eliciting the

"I want to ask you two or three questions," I said civilly. "First, was M. de Vilain with you when you placed the paper in the hollow of the tree? Or were you alone?"

I saw her eyelids quiver as with sudden fear, and her voice shook as she stammered, "When I placed the paper?"

"Yes," I said, "when you placed the paper. I have reason to know that you did it. I wish to learn whether he was present, or you did it merely under his orders?"

She looked at me, her face a shade paler, and I do not doubt that her mind was on the rack to divine how much I knew, and how far she might deny and how far confess. My tone seemed to encourage frankness, however, and in a moment she said, "I placed it under his directions."

"Yes," I said drily, my last doubt resolved by the admission; "but that being so, why did Vilain go to the spot?"

She grew still a shade paler, but in a moment she answered, "To meet the

"Then why did you place the paper in

the tree?"

She saw the difficulty in which she had placed herself, and for an instant she

like one fascinated. But she did not answer.

"Because," I cried, "your story is a tissue of lies! Because it was you, and you only, who stole this paper! Because—down on your knees! down on your knees," I thundered, "and confess! Confess, or I will have you whipped at the cart's tail, like the false witness you are!"

She threw herself down shrieking, and



SHE THREW HERSELF DOWN SHRIEKING, AND CAUGHT MY WIFE BY THE SKIRTS, AND IN A BREATH HAD SAID ALL I WANTED.

stared at me with the look of a wild animal caught in a trap. Then, "In case the agent was late." she muttered.

agent was late," she muttered.

"But since Vilain had to go to the spot, why did he not deposit the paper in the tree himself? Why did he send you to the place beforehand? Why did——" and then I broke off and cried harshly, "Shall I tell you why? Shall I tell you why, you false jade?"

She cowered away from me at the words and stood terror-stricken, gazing at me

caught my wife by the skirts, and in a breath had said all I wanted, and more than enough to show me that I had suspected Vilain without cause, and both played the simpleton myself and harried my household to distraction.

So far, good. I could arrange matters with Vilain, and probably avoid publicity. But what was now to be done with her?

In the case of a man, I should have thought no punishment too severe, and the utmost rigour of the law too tender for such perfidy; but as she was a woman, and young, and under my wife's protection, I hesitated. Finally, the Duchess interceding, I leaned to the side of that mercy which the girl had not shown to her lover, and thought her sufficiently punished at the moment by the presence of Mademoiselle de Figeac, whom I called into the room to witness her humiliation, and in the future by dismissal from my household. As this imported banishment to her father's country house, where her mother, a shrewd old Béarnaise, saved pence and counted lentils into the soup, and saw company once a quarter, I had,

perhaps, reason to be content with her chastisement.

For the rest, I sent for M. de Vilain, and by finding him employment in the finances, and interceding for him with the old Vicomte de Figeac, confirmed him in the attachment he had begun to feel for me before this unlucky event; nor do I doubt that I should have been able in time to advance him to a post worthy of the talents I discerned in him. But, alas! the deplorable crime which so soon deprived me at one blow of my master and of power, put an end to this, among other and greater schemes.



A STUDY OF A SPY.

By ANDREW LANG

IS name is not in the "Dictionary of National Biography." Rarely to find, in that magazine of learning, the information which one wants, is no new sorrow. The supplementary tomes, the Lives Left Out, ought to be agreeable reading, and among these should be recorded the career of him concerning whom I desire to be instructed—Oliver Macallester, Esq. He was the author of a work "as interesting as anything of the kind," according to his own opinion. This book contains more than five hundred solid pages in quarto, and has a title nearly as long as a leading article.

In "A Series of Letters" (London, 1767), Mr. Macallester reveals the "Scheme projected by France, for an intended invasion of England with Flat Bottom'd Boats, in 1759." He also proposes to divulge "the Secret Adventures of the Young Pretender," and, moreover, "the Chief Cause which brought on the late Expulsion of the Jesuits from the French Dominions, a Secret as yet concealed from the Jesuits themselves . . . together with the particular Case of the Author, in a memorial to his late Royal Highness, the Duke

of Cumberland." The particular case of the author is the real question at issue. Was he more or less mad? Was he actually a spy and secret agent of the French Police, who tried to sell his knowledge to England, and made a bad bargain? Was he a romance-writer with an extraordinarily bad style? What, in brief, are the precise proportions of fool, knave, and novelist in Oliver Macallester, Esq.? And how much trust can be given to his rambling and scarcely readable narrative? These are the questions which perplex the rare and sorely puzzled readers of Oliver Macallester. He had good materials; his situations are not ill-invented; he assuredly possessed some private knowledge of Jacobite intrigues, though on certain points, as on Prince Charles's secret journey from Rome to France in 1744, he is utterly misinformed. He asserts that His Royal Highness decamped from Rome to France in 1744 without the knowledge of his father. The scheme, in fact, had James's full approval, though he neither knew beforehand nor approved of the invasion of Scotland with seven men, in 1745. Probably Macallester was one of the many Jacobite hangers-on who, after 1748, tried to vend the cause and the Prince to the British Government. In Lord Holderness's papers, now belonging to the Duke of Leeds, we find letters from one such turn-coat, whose terms were reckoned too high by the Duke of Newcastle, but who did bring about the arrest of Mr. Walkinshaw of Scotstown in April

The English Government, having already, as early as 1749, secured a trustworthy informer in the inner circle of Charles's entourage, paid slight attention to "little videttes" (sic), as the more important scoundrel styles minor spies. Macallester was, or wished to be, one of those little védettes, but meanwhile, he was ready to act as an agent of France, and to sell France to England, if he could. In the same way, and on a larger scale, the Earl Marischal, an ex-Jacobite, when he was Ambassador of Frederick the Great in Spain, sent to the English Government the secret family compact of the Bourbons. But his pardon was already gained. Like the Earl Marischal, our petty Macallester was a furious enemy of Charles Edward, who seems to have become an idée fixe with him, as the Empress Maria Theresa was in the addled brain of Lady Mary Coke. "The Jesuits and the Young Pretender" haunt Macallester's fancy, and to their secret machinations he attributes his deserved misfortunes. In spite of this halfcrazy idea, Macallester does throw a dim light on a period of the Prince's history neglected by Mr. Ewald in his "Life of Charles Edward," namely, the adventures between the break-up of the English Jacobite party, in 1754-1755, and the attempt to bring over the Prince with a French fleet,

^{* &}quot;Historical MSS. Commission," x.; Appendix, part vi., pp. 216, 217. Mr. Walkinshaw is here described as the father of Miss Clementina Walkinshaw, the Prince's mistress; but he was Walkinshaw of Barrowfield.

in 1759. For this reason, and because he really knew the backstairs Jacobite and Court gossip of the day, Macallester is worth some notice, even if we discount his extraordinary tale about the Jesuit Hamilton.

As for Macallester's social position and means of obtaining information, we learn that he was brought up "by ancient, superannuated relations," in the spirit of loyalty to the exiled royal family. Through his mother, he was descended from Oliver Plunket, Lord Louth; was related to the Cusaks, the Nugents, and to many descendants of the banished Irish Jacobites. He claims acquaintance with Lord Clare the Marshal Thomond about whom Mr. Carlyle confesses a general ignorance and was most intimate with Lord Clancarty. This nobleman, in a disgust with the English Government about a property which he could not recover, went to France before the Forty-Five. The Marquis d'Argenson, then French Foreign Minister, mentions Clancarty as the one man of title in England or Ireland whose name the Jacobite agents could give him as that of a pronounced adherent. "They had a list of names, but no authentic signatures

or proofs."*

The English Jacobites, as one of their leaders, Dr. King, of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, assures us, would never put hand to paper. The case of Bishop Atterbury, in 1722, had frightened them away from penand-ink. So the Beauforts, Westmorlands, Wyndhams, Gorings, Dawkinses, have left scarcely a permanent trace of their traffic with the exiled House of Stuart. All business was done by word of mouth; consequently the French Government had no ground of confidence, for nobody relied on such a broken reed as the one-eyed, slatternly, drunken, and blasphemous Irish peer. This Lord Clancarty, according to Macallester, was a profane ruffian, cursing all and sundry, and ready to side with any party-Jacobite, French. Sardinian even — which or promised the restoration of his estates. We know from d'Argenson that the Duc de Richelieu, with the Duke of York, lay at Boulogne all through the winter of 1745, awaiting the chance of carrying over a large French army to England. But, according to Macallester, when the Earl Marischal and Clancarty visited d'Argenson at the camp in Flanders (where d'Argenson saw the battle of Fontenoy), the Minister declined to give

We must pass over Macallester's account of the Rising in 1745, but a story or two may be noted. In his extreme distress, after Culloden, the Prince, according to Macallester, met Malcolm Macleod, who concealed him in his sister's cottage. "There was a young child lying in a cradle, which the Pretender took up and carried about with him, and the next morning, very early, amused himself in the same He . . . saw himself at once reduced to the low and mean condition of amusing himself with an infant in his arms." Persons who had not turned their coats might regard the Prince's love of children as a trait rather pleasing than "low and mean." Another proof of Charles's infamy is that, by aid of Marshal Belleisle, he deprived Æneas Macdonald of his pension from France. As the said Æneas, after betraying the cause, like Murray of Broughton, had the singular impudence to apply to James, demanding a peerage for his nephew, we may think that Charles's conduct scarcely stands in need of excuse.‡ But how did the Prince hear of Æneas's treachery? According to

even 7000 men for a new Scotch invasion. He taunted the Earl Marischal with his absence from Charles's side in the race to Derby, and remarked to Lord Clancarty, "Vous n'êtes bien coiffé, Monseigneur. Voulez-vous que je vous envoye mon perruquier, il sait bien coiffer?" Thereon Clancarty, who wore an "ordinary black tie-wig," and "is a man generally careless in his dress," leaped up angrily, saying, "Damn the fellow! He is making his diversion of us!" Unluckily, the part of d'Argenson's "Mémoires" which might report this incident is lost. But Lord Marischal, by this and other trifles, was practically lost to the cause, which, had he listened to Atterbury, he might have won at the death of Queen Anne.† Though he saw much of Lord Clare, Clancarty, and other French and Scotch people of rank, if we are to believe him, Macallester's information was probably derived from a more lowly source, from This man had been one Gilshenagh. Lord Clare's butler, and, according to Macallester, became the steward of Prince Charles's household. From him our spy got some curious gossip.

[†] Spence's "Anecdotes," p. 168. London, 1820. † Æneas was examined in England, and told what he knew, on Sept. 17, 1746. Mr. Ewald frequently quotes his deposition, from the State Papers. The demand for a peerage is contained in a letter from Æneas to James's secretary, Mr. Edgar, Oct. 12, 1751. See Browne's "Highland Clans," iv. 91.

^{*} D'Argenson: "Mémoires," iv. 317.

Macallester, the gossip of Versailles ran that the news came "from someone then near his Royal Highness, Frederick, the late Prince of Wales," and this is not the only case in which Macallester gives similar hints. Was "Fred" a bit of a Jacobite? Horace Walpole suggests "a tartan waistcoat" under Fred's green coat.

Macallester has his own remarks to make on that fatal hidden treasure of Loch Arkaig which was the Dwarf Andvari's hoard of Jacobitism, and caused heartburnings and mutual accusations among the melancholy exiles. According to our spy, Æneas Macdonald helped himself freely to the £30,000, and also got Charles's gold snuff-box, a diamond ring, and other things of value. He attributes Archibald Cameron's death (1753) to his greedy search for the same hoard, but here, like many of his contemporaries, he is mistaken. The good Doctor was engaged on quite another affair. Finally, we note in this early part of Macallester's prolix and wandering work, the adventures of one Dumont, who came over to bring Charles off from the Highland coast, but only succeeded in rescuing his companion, Sullivan. This Dumont plays a great part in Macallester's later revelations.

All these details are matters of ancient history, and merely prove that Macallester intimate with discontented and, usually, disloyal supporters of the Stuarts. His own narrative of his private and personal romance begins in the Seven-His "private affairs" teenth Letter. brought him to Dunkirk in 1755. On returning to London, he was apprehended at Sheerness, an ungrateful caitiff having laid information to the effect that our injured hero "had some connection with the Ministers of the French Court, or was upon some dangerous enterprize." was examined at the Secretary of State's Office (Lord Holland's), was released, and returned to Dunkirk, uncompensated for all this disturbance. Here he abode, on his private business, living much in the company of the ranting Lord Clancarty. Lord Clare (Comte de Thomond) was also in Dunkirk at the time, and attached himself to the engaging Macallester, whom he Our fleet was then invited to Paris. unofficially harrassing that of France, in America. As Mr. Gladstone would say, we were not at war, but there were naval operations. Braddock had been beaten and slain in America, a cause of joy to Jacobites, and notably to Lord Clancarty. He cherished a distaste for General Braddock, "who had some years before

unfortunately deprived Lord Clancarty of the sight of one of his eyes by the unlucky throwing of a glass bottle, while they were at supper together at the King's Arms, in Pall Mall." General Braddock was of Considine's opinion that "a cut-glass decanter, aimed low," is occasionally a serviceable missile.

Meanwhile, France negotiated the secret Treaty with Austria, while Frederick joined hands with England. Dunkirk began to wear a very warlike aspect, in despite of treaties, which bound France to keep it dismantled—" Je savais que nous avions triché avec les Anglais," says d'Argensonthe fortifications were being reconstructed. d'Argenson adds that now is the moment to give an asylum to the wandering Prince Charles. "The Duchesse d'Aiguillon, a great friend of the Prince, tells me that, some days ago, while she was absent from her house at Ruel, an ill-dressed stranger came, and waited for her till five in the morning, Her servants recognised the Prince."*

In August 1756, d'Argenson again notes activity at Dunkirk. Mr. Macallester, rather in the spirit of Mr. Pepys, reports the cleansing of the great harbour as "a most grand and curious piece of work." There was mustering, marching, practising of embarkment and disembarkment, and at last war was proclaimed in London; but, as we know, Minorca was attacked, not the English coast. Charles Edward is said to have been offered a command in Richelieu's assault on Minorca, and to have refused to serve as a mere épouvantail, or bugbear. Macallester, omitting the Minorca business, and careless as to dates, runs on to the attempted assassination of Louis XV. by Damiens (Jan. 5, 1757). He appears to think that the Court knew the secret causes and springs of an affair which connects itself later with his own adventures.

At this very time (January 1757), Lord Clancarty began to rail in good set terms against all and sundry. For his own purposes, "for just and powerful reasons"—in case it might come in useful—Macallester kept a journal of these libellous remarks, obviously for use against Clancarty. Living at that nobleman's table, Macallester played his favourite part of spy for the mere love of the profession.

Tuesday, January 11, 1757.—When we had drunk hard after supper, he broke out, saying, "By God! dear Mac, I'll tell you a secret you don't know; there is not a greater scoundrel on the face of the earth than that same Prince; he is in his

^{*} July 12, 1756, "Mémoires," ix. 296, 297.

heart a coward and a poltroon; would rather live in a garret with some Scotch thieves, to drink and smoak, than serve me, or any of those who have lost our estates for his family and himself... He is so great a scoundrel that he will lie even when drunk: a time when all other men's hearts are most open, and will speak the truth, or what they think..."

In calling the Prince a coward, Lord

Clancarty, though drunk, lied.

"He damned himself if he did not love an Irish drummer better than any of the breed." "The Prince has no more religion," said this pious enthusiast, "then one of my coach-horses." . . . "He asked me if I knew Jemmy Dawkins?" I said I did not. "He could give you an account of them," said he, "but Lord Marischal has given the true character of the Prince, and certified under his hand to the people of England what a scoundrel he is. . . The Prince had the canaille of Scotland to assist him, thieves, robbers, and the like. . . ."

Jemmy Dawkins, of Over Norton, and Lord Marischal did, indeed, express these sentiments, as may be read in the letter of the English Resident at Berne, published by Mr. Ewald.* Lord Marischal would not start for Scotland with Charles in a fishing-boat after the failure of the French attempt in 1744. From that hour he detested the Prince, whose private behaviour by this time (1756-1757) was about as bad as possible. About Jemmy Dawkins there are curious tales to be told: he, also, is not in the "Dictionary of National Biography," though he has various claims to that pride of place.

Lord Clancarty now called Louis XV. "a beast," with many curious and disgusting particulars. He wished Ireland in the hands of the French. As to his own ancestor, Lord Sunderland, being asked if he did not die a Catholic, Lord Clancarty said that "he knew better things than to give himself any trouble about religion," though he went on to blame Prince Charles's laxity, and the profession of Protestantism which he left in the hands of Dr. King, of Oxford, probably in 1752. The Prince had confided to Clancarty the English Jacobites' desire that he would put away Miss Walkinshaw. "The Prince, swearing, said he would not put away a cat to please such fellows"; but, as Lord Clancarty never opened his mouth without a curse, his evidence is not valuable. On March 8, hearing that Loch Garry was in the neighbourhood, Clancarty called him a "thief and a cow-stealer," and bade the footman lock up the plate. The brave Loch Garry, however, came to dinner, as being unaware of his Lordship's sentiments. Loch Garry it was who offered to lie in wait for the Duke of Cumberland. after Culloden, and shoot him between Fort William and Fort Augustus, which the Prince forbade. Loch Garry remained loyal to his death. There is a curious legend to the effect that when his son went over to sue for a pardon, the old chief threw his dirk after him, imprecating a curse on the house of Loch Garry while any of his name held it under a Hanoverian king. Consequently the house of Loch Garry remained in the possession of a noisy rapping spirit, till, in despair, the

owners pulled it down.

Enough of the elegant conversation of this one-eyed, slovenly Irish nobleman, whom we presently find passing his Christmas with Prince Charles. Mr. Macallester now made two new friends. the adventurous Dumont and a Mr. Lewis. In July 1757, Lewis and Macallester went to Paris and were much with Lord Clare (de Thomond). In December, Lord Clancarty came hunting for our spy, "raging like a madman," after Macallester, much to that hero's discomposure, for, being as silly as he was base, he had let out the secret of his "Clancarty Elegant Extracts." His Lordship, in fact, accused Macallester of showing all his letters to Lord Clare, whom Clancarty hated. He then gave Macallester the lie, and next apologised; in fact, he behaved like Sir Francis Clavering. Before publishing his book, Macallester tried to "blackmail" Clancarty: "His Lordship is now secretly and fully advertised that this matter is going to the press," and it was matter to make the Irish peer uncomfortable in France, where he had consistently reviled the King.

It is probable that Macallester was now engaged in the French Secret Police. At all events, on March 31, 1758, he received a letter from one Buhot, in that service, who took him to Bertin, then Lieutenant-General of the force. He was presently put on an extraordinary task, and invited to be at Versailles on Sunday, whither Bertin always carried his week's budget of business. Macallester was now presented to one Trefraville, and warned, as he had been before, of the necessity of secrecy. After many mysterious dealings, he was sent to La Rochelle, and thence, after some stay in that town, to Paris, receiving six hundred livres. But the meaning of this expedition he never discovered. Some weeks later, Buhot came to him, in the gardens of the Luxembourg, and asked if he knew one Hamilton, a priest. He did not; but, in November,

^{* &}quot;Life of Charles Edward," ii. 223. May 28, 1756.

[†] The tale is given in Mr. Mackenzie's "History of the Macdonalds."

1758, Buhot sent for him again, and bade him bring clothes for a trip into the country. About two miles from Paris they stopped, in this pleasure tour, at a noble but deserted palace, named Bicêtre, of which the guileless Macallester had never heard any mention made. The nature of the establishment was explained to him; it was a lunatic asylum, and "you may go in there, perhaps, for a little while, to talk to one of the inmates on an affair which I shall mention to you." So, in brief, Macallester was soon under lock and key. His depression was increased by "a most overcoming, uncommon, and extraordinary smell, such as I never perceived in all my life," prvading the interior of the noble but deserted palace. He also learned from the jailer that he was himself committed as a prisoner by the name of Philip Grandville, and we may, perhaps, pity a gentleman of Ireland, whose family boasted of high antiquity, when he finds himself in a situation so devoid of agreeable promise. Locked up in his cell, Macallester opened a piece of paper given him by Buhot at parting. This note contained

INSTRUCTIONS FOR MR. MACALLESTER. "The person who is to be studied speaks often of Jesuits, and notably of Father Florian. . . . it is necessary to discover adroitly where he lives, and in what convent."

Mr. Macallester's honourable office, then, was that of a mouton, or gaol-spy; he was to worm information out of a fellowprisoner. If he succeeded, he was likely to be assassinated by Jesuits, or locked up for life by the French Police, lest he should reveal his secret discoveries. There were conveniences for such locking-up, as Galbanon was no further away than across the yard, and in Galbanon men were kept chained till they were fleeced over in their own white hair, like Menzel, the Saxon Foreign Office clerk, who sold despatches to Frederick the Great. Galbanon was pretty full at the moment, and satirists who rhymed against Madame de Pompadour lay there, in filth and chains, twenty feet under ground. Still, there was ample room for another prisoner, and what if he should be an Irish gentleman of old

Next night, a tall, fierce fellow, in wooden shoes, and in the brown uniform of the gaol, was kicked into Macallester's presence, obviously suffering great pain. He was locked up in a bare, cold cell, opening out of our hero's room, and therein he sang Latin anthems to a late hour, repeating the same exercise very early in the morning. Next day, he

opened a conversation in English with Macallester, observing that he spoke many languages, among others Greek and Hebrew. He had been captured first at Fontainebleau, had escaped from prison, been retaken, and had hurt himself His body looked as if it had terribly. been torn by dogs. The wounds were caused by a fall during an attempt to escape, in which his friend, Father Fleurian, he said, had been successful. Macallester wrote an account of his talk, but did not believe that Fleurian had really got clean away. Hamilton's "confessions," recorded by Macallester, were a tissue of nonsense. He had been sent, he declared, to assassinate Prince Charles; or, at least, Prince Charles accused him of this intention. Finally, he fully admitted that he had been bribed to commit the crime, by money down, and the offer of a Bishoprick! What interest the Jesuits had in killing Charles (at that moment secretly a Protestant) is not obvious. There were many tales of such plots, true or false, but England had hitherto been regarded as the perfidious employer of the pistol or dagger. Macallester himself moralises on the untrustworthiness of all such declarations as Father Hamilton's. Hamilton (his real name was Vlieghe), "his person and figure were bold, strong, and engaging; he was very learned; had a memory beyond belief or human imagination; he spoke several languages fluently, from all which flowed a powerful elocution; and with all this he seemed to be of great vivacity and activity, quick in his conceptions, with an undaunted courage and intrepidity." When his examination was ended, Hamilton implored, with tears, that he might be executed rather than sent back to the awful Galbanon. Back he was carried, however, almost before Macallester left Bicêtre.

What meant all this mystery of iniquity, or is Macallester merely romancing? We shall never know the truth, but, as time went on, and Macallester was not paid for his digusting services, he took it into his wise head that "The Young Pretender" was at the bottom of the business. Hamilton was originally arrested just before Damiens' attempt on Louis XV. Macallester supposes that these two affairs of Hamilton and Damiens induced the French Court to take up Charles Edward's cause, and, at the same time, to attack the Society of Jesus. In Charles's cause, they schemed an invasion in 1759; the Jesuits they expelled somewhat later. In all this

there is no more truth than the fact that Prince Charles was to have been with the invading force of 1759. This we know from the information of the really valuable Jacobite spy in the English service, and we may also gather it from the letters of Andrew Lumisden, secretary to the Old Chevalier.*

For the purpose of the invasion of 1759, Dumont (who, as we saw, rescued Sullivan in the Highlands) was commissioned to make a secret study of the English coast. Sullivan got a command in the invading force, and Prince Charles, after "damning the Marshal's old boots" (the boots of the Maréchal de Belleisle, "always stuffed full of projects"), went to Brest in disguise. Even Sullivan was not in his confidence, which was now reserved for Alexander Murray, Lord Elibank's brother. This gentleman concocted "the great affair" of kidnapping George II. in 1752-1753. He was now in much favour with the Old Chevalier, and was created Earl of Westminster. Macallester says that Mr. Murray was given to cheating at cards, and was detested by all the Scotch. This is only one of Macallester's fables, probably. Mr. Murray was assuredly on very good terms with Lord Airlie. †

But with Mr. Macallester Mr. Murray was on terms the reverse of good; hence, doubtless, these tales about gambling. As for poor Sullivan, he was rather under a cloud, as he was accused of having been Miss Walkinshaw's lover before she joined the Prince. Here Macallester tells a long, dull tale, on the evidence of Gilshenagh, the butler, about the Prince's being detected while incognito by a woman who looked after Miss Walkinshaw's daughter, later created Duchess of Albany. woman once accidentally saw Charles, who seldom stirred out except after dark, and who was then living over a butcher's shop in the Rue de la Boucherie, Faubourg St. Germain. She knew him as the gentleman who every Sunday went to mass at the Cordeliers, where a little chapel, with iron railings, was reserved for him. So much for his secret Protestantism! Charles, finding that he was discovered, withdrew by night to other quarters, so fugitive and secret was his existence before the attempt of 1759. The invasion was ruined by Hawke's defeat of the French fleet. "Hawke did bang Monsieur Conflans," as the sailors chanted, in

Ouiberon Bay. Consequently there was no descent on the West Highland coast, and Thurot merely fidgetted about Islay and on the shores at Carrickfergus. All through 1760, Macallester

dunning the French Police for his fee in the affair of examining Hamilton. At the same time (he says) a new invasion of the English South Coast was being planned, and Charles himself went over occasionally to England to examine the shores and places fit for a landing. Dumont was sent for to Versailles to present his charts and notes to the Ministry, and with Dumont, Macallester would often drinking. Over the third bottle Dumont promised to show Macallester some curious papers, and he did, in fact, lend him his charts and reports. Macallester now conceived that "Providence had some special blessing in store for him"; he determined to copy the papers and sell them to England for £2000 a year and a large sum of ready money. He felt that his Jacobitism had really been an obsolete superstition. was now a proselyte, a proselyte upon conviction." His fancy heard King George exclaim, "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," and, in brief, he thought that he was in a very good thing. In point of fact, the documents were not worth twopence: they contained only a few notes as to the lie of the land and the depth of the water at Shoreham and Newhaven. In conversation, Dumont added that the attack was to be in the winter of 1762, that seven or eight hours would suffice for the transit, that flat-bottomed boats, once landed, would form a battery, and so forth. The Prince himself had just returned from England, after visiting the coast, in a Dutch yacht, and his worst enemies may admit that Charles was, at least, a person of untiring energy. Unluckily, his valet, Stuart, "hunting in Paris for Miss Walkin-shaw" (who had fled from Charles to a cloister), became aware of Macallester's intimacy with Dumont, and that source of information was promptly closed. Mr. Macallester had gone about saying that the Prince's friend, Alexander Murray, deserved to be caned. This came to the Prince's ears; "as a man he ought to have applauded, if he had an atom of either honesty or honour in his heart or But, "overflowing as he was with tyranny," the Prince did not applaud Mr. Macallester's censures on his friend. A few days later, indeed, Mr. Macallester was waited on by "a gentlemanlike man, dressed in black," who requested his

^{*} In Mr. Dennistoun's "Life of Sir Robert

Strange," ii. 187, 188.
† See Letters of 1763, in the Laing Collection of MSS. in Edinburgh University.

company to Fort l'Evêque, near the Pont Neuf. Here Mr. Macallester was locked up, nor was he released till February 1762. The charge was one of corresponding with England, a baseless accusation, on which he utters ethical reflections, concluding that the Young Pretender is an assassin rather worse than Damiens. As Mr. Macallester, by his own confession, was about to do the very thing of which he was accused, as he was only stopped by the term of imprisonment (four months), as he was a double-dyed scoundrel and traitor, his unfeigned indignation is a very pretty spectacle to the contemplative moralist.

We now find Macallester retired from France, and plaguing Sir Joseph Yorke, the English Minister at The Hague. He will sell his information for £,20,000 and £,2000 a year. He offers to show that Charles "has had early intelligence of matters that could only come to him from persons near the throne of England." He "havers," of course, at great length about his own adventures. Sir Joseph, in reply, said that he had no interest in Mr. Macallester's private history. If Mr. Macallester has anything to say, he may write it. Finally, he made some impression on Yorke, and was sent over to England, where he gave up his papers, and was assured, by Lord Bute, of a liberal reward.

But Mr. Macallester never got anything, and he occupies forty-five quarto

pages in telling us this gratifying fact. Once only, outside of his own two quarto volumes, so beautifully printed, do I catch a fleeting view of Mr. Macallester. He talks of seeing, at Lord Bute's office, Mr. W—— and Mr. G——. Mr. G—— was probably Mr. Grenville. In a letter of Edward Sedgwick to Edward Weston ("Mr. W——"), Feb. 18, 1764, we find this: "By my Lord's [Bute's] desire, and in consequence of the encouragement you give me, I trouble you with the petition of a Mr. Macallester, who says you are well acquainted with his case and mentions you in it. My Lord wishes to know whether he really deserves more than has been done for him, and, if so, what would be reasonable reward."*

Nothing, he tells us, had been "done for" Mr. Macallester. His expenses had been paid for a few weeks, that was all. Once more he had done the devil's work without the devil's wages. How did he manage to print his Revelations with so much luxury of type and paper?

Fancy beholds this Irish gentleman of ancient family pining in the Prison of the Fleet, a button-holder and a bore, dreaded by his fellow victims for the prolixity of his narratives, yet nobly consoled by the reflection that he had rescued his country from Popery, wooden shoes, slavery, and the Young Pretender.

^{* &}quot;Historical MSS. Commission," x. 1.; Appendix, p. 362.

THE CHÂTEAU D'IF.

BY WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

HE Château d'If has as many aspects as Edmond Dantès assumed after his escape from it, when, emerging from long confinement in "a loathsome dungeon," he swam six miles in a stormy sea as a foretaste of the entrancingly impossible adventures that followed. You may look at the Château all day and every day from the same place or from different

shifting colours, bewildering to the eye in their very harmony, and charged with the beautiful terror of a coming storm. Yet again, in another aspect of storm, backed by the heavy clouds that portend the "mistral," the penetrating wind that sweeps down the Rhone Valley, still the castle retains, under all the sea-changes that it takes on, its air of command and



THE CHÂTEAU D'IF.

places, and never weary of looking. It seems as imposing and picturesque whether it is seen dominating a quiet sea, blue as only the Mediterranean (and sometimes the sea of the English west coast) can be, or whether on a grey, quiet day it lies flat against the background of hills, and seems within reach of one's hand as one leans over the parapet of the Corniche Road. Again, it assumes majestic proportions when a wind is blowing up, while the clouds on the horizon are a mass of angry,

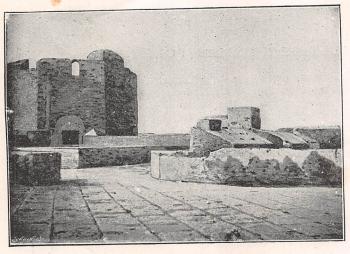
dignity. To him looking seawards from the land, it is always the one point sought for, and it never fails to satisfy the desire of the eye, not even when, having made close acquaintance with it and found its glories diminish as he sails nearer and nearer to it, the voyager returns to shore possessed with a dread that when he looks again over the waves the wondrous fantasy of the thing may be killed by the remembrance of nearer intimacy. But, in truth, nothing can kill it. On the contrary, the

moment one arrives again on the hill of Endoume, one falls under the spell anew: the mean aspect that the poor old fortress affords to him who is close under its walls

that charming romance?" Yes, I had, but I did not possess a copy with images, and, of course, I should dearly like to see her book. Whereon two much thumbed volumes were pro-

duced and turned over from beginning to end, each illustration forming a stopping - place, and giving Angéline an opportunity of showing not only her close and accurate knowledge of the book, plot, and characters, with details of names, dates, and places, but also exhibiting her strong dramatic talent in re-teiling the familiar story as if it had really happened vesterday, and in explaining what in each case were the

salient points of the situation that the illustrator had tried to bring out in his old, old pictures of the period when bookillustrations resembled nothing so much as fashion-plates of to-day. It was an entertainment that had all the charm of simplicity and unexpectedness, and was



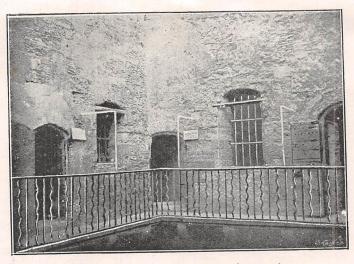
THE CHÂTEAU D'IF: TOP PLATFORM.

or standing on its ramparts is forgotten; the Château d'If is once more a castle of fantastic glory, and the reality of imagination triumphs over the pretence of fact.

Who thinks of the Château d'If thinks of Edmond Dantès, who is in some ways more real in Marseilles than he is to those

who read the great romance in all the other quarters of the The cook world. and housekeeper of my kind host and hostess is a delightful old Italian who has lived so long out of Italy as to have forgotten all Italian save here and there a stray proverb or legend, and to have become to all intents and purposes a Marseillaise. She is a person of very marked and decided character, and she cannot read. Knowing that I had been at the Château d'If vesterday, she had

many questions to ask me when her work for the day was over, and presently informed me that she had a copy of "Monte Cristo" with "images." "Had I read



GALLERY IN INTERIOR OF THE CHATEAU D'IF.

not only "as good as the play," but very much better than any play that I have seen staged on the subject of "Monte Cristo." In other ways of less personal and

touching interest, the fame of Edmond Dantès (as far as can be ascertained by converse with the learned, Dantès is not and was not ever a Marseillais name) is kept alive in the town. There is a house still pointed out, and still believed in by people of such simple faith and fine instinct as Angéline's, as the very house in which the elder Morrel dwelt before the fortune of his argosies failed him. In what remains of the "Catalans" quarter there are several cabarets which lay claim here to being the identical tavern in which the letter of accusation was written, there the wine-shop in which Dantès was arrested. It seems probable that in one case the site of the building is indeed the site that the great Alexandre pitched upon as a suitable

place for the con-spiracy which the Abbé Faria laid bare by his monstrous discovery that all writing performed with the left hand is alikea discovery which, according to Alexandre's manner. leaves one too breathless for protest, and panting in that breathlessness for further revelations of equally astounding import. It is only in the cynical moods that belong to the small and doubting hours that anyone who has felt the touch of Romanticist fever can demur to any assertion of the

Abbé Faria. As to cabarets, other than the particular one just referred to, flaunting the name of Monte Cristo, their pretensions may be gauged by a brief conversation with the driver of a voiture de place, a driver who loves the best part of Marseilles, who knows more about it than any of the people who might be expected to know, who resents the modern vandalism which, municipally supported, ruthlessly tears down fine old buildings and scatters the fragments to the four winds to make room for nasty new ones-a driver whose appropriate name is Raphael, and of whom there will be more to say when we come to consider some aspects of the old and new town.

Coming back from Marseilles to Endoume through the Catalans in Raphael's voiture de place, we passed one of these

mushroom Dantès cabarets, which had been run up a short time after one of our party had become a resident at Marseilles. The driver, with a flourish—a half-hearted one, it is just to him to add-of his whip, pointed to this shanty and called the attention of Space to the "Monte Cristo" inscription over its door. Getting no response, he addressed himself particularly to me, presumably as a newcomer and a person evidently anxious for information, and appealed to me in feeling terms concerning the famous story of which I surely must have heard. "Did it not interest me to see one of the actual places _?" I cut him short, feeling sure that he would like the interruption, with "Mon ami, il y en a tant!" The



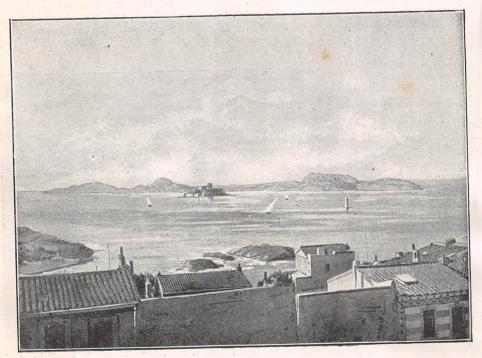
VIEW FROM PHILIPPE EGALITÉ'S CELL IN THE CHÂTEAU D'IF.

result was, as I expected, entirely and frankly sympathetic laughter, and in the talk that followed it became evident that professionally artistic respect for convention had overpowered other considerations in Raphael's mind. He knew his own attainments and hoped that we recognised them, but he was not yet on sure ground, and until then he was driving a voiture de place, and was bound to let off the patter proper to each occasion as it arose, whether impelled merely by a sense of tiresome duty, or by a lurking hope of discovering for certain that we could join him in smiling at false pretensions, or, as is more likely, by both. Anyhow, the occurrence enabled him to throw off light-heartedly the trammels from which till then he had not dared altogether to free himself. After that we talked as those who drew

distinctions between old and new, good and bad, and who could dispense with any mere tokens of words between guide and traveller.

But this was not on the way to the Château d'If, and that is the way we have now to find. Supposing that you have not a private boat of your own, you can go by one of the bâteaux-mouches which ply from the old port; and if you do this you will go with a more or less large and incongruous crowd (Sunday is naturally the worst day in this respect) on board a

in Endoume to go by a shorter way from the Vallon des Auffes, a picturesque old fishing-village at the bottom of the hill. But this involves ordering a boat beforehand, and thereby tempting Providence in the matter of weather. Besides which, by taking this route you would miss the views of Marseilles seen from the harbour—views of which the beauty could not but be partly lost in a black-and-white presentment. The picturesqueness of form and of light and shade are of great import, and it is to be noted that in looking at the



THE CHÂTEAU D'IF SEEN FROM ENDOUME.

floating restaurant, whereby hangs a piece of a tale. There are four men resident on the island—the gardien, his assistant, the lighthouse-keeper, and the restaurateur, who, on being asked if he could give us wine and a siphon, replied with an engaging smile that to his great regret he had not the key of the cellar, which would not arrive for an hour and a halfthe fact obviously being that the cellar is the bâteau-mouche, and the key is the Company's manager on board. We had, as may be inferred from this, taken the alternative course to the bâteau-mouche, and chartered a sailing and rowing-boat, rigged with the usual lateen sails, from the old port. It is possible for one quartered

old town from the New Quay or from across the harbour, one is reminded now of Venice, now—and this especially in looking down from a height-of the old town of Edinburgh; just as in seeing certain parts of the new town on the sea-front one thinks of Torquay. In all cases you must end, however, by thinking that there is nothing quite like the place One point where the except itself. want of colour matters comparatively little is in the harbour near La Tourrette, formerly an old light-station, now a lookout station; to photograph which it is worth while to stop for a moment, even in that part of the harbour where stinks most congregate. Soon after this one gets into the open, and on a favourable day the sail to the Château d'If is as pleasant as can be, with blue sea beneath, blue sky above, and just enough breeze to carry the boat on and freshen the hot air.

I have confessed already that in the actual approach to the Château it loses in grandeur both of size and of impressiveness, insomuch that when the boat is made fast to the rough landing-place you feel, wrongly as it afterwards turns out, that a beautiful illusion has been hopelessly dispelled. But the feeling is with you as you ascend the rugged steps up to the restaurant at the top of the plateau, happily deserted in the absence of the

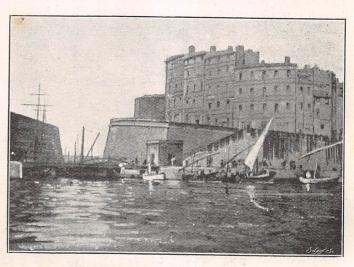
bâteau-mouche crowd. Here is a fine view of Notre Dame de la Garde, commonly known as La Vierge de la Garde, and the Villa landscape underlying it with the Baume hills on each side.

When the gardien is ready you go under the conduct of that excellent old soldier, who looks like a sublimated Colonel Damas, and speaks beautiful French, into the Château itself, passing through a picturesque little courtyard with a well in the centre, and a terrace running

round it, from which open the cells with the names of the most distinguished prisoners who inhabited them on labels over the doors. In our view of this terrace the cells once occupied by Philippe Egalité and the Comte de Mirabeau The Abbé Faria's cell is the are seen. first shown, and is remarkable chiefly for some curious marks on the wall, which represent, or are supposed to represent, the calculations with which he amused his enforced leisure. It is not without a curious look underlying a grave demeanour that the gardien shows the remains of the tunnel constructed between Faria's cell and that of Edmond Dantès, the which, it is fair to add, finds no place beyond this passing reference in the information which the gardien bestows upon us. (The date of Faria's imprisonment given by Dumas is

correct, and it is a fact that he died in prison.) The Abbó's night-quarters were in a veritable *cachot*, with a small grating in the door between it and the day-cell.

From among other cells I pick out some of the most interesting. Alberto del Campo, poisoner, was imprisoned on Dec. 4, 1588, and burnt at Aix-en-Provence on Dec. 16. Prince Casimir of Poland was imprisoned at his brother's request in 1638, and afterwards set free; and in the same year one Bernardot, négociant of Marseilles, was imprisoned on an accusation "of intrigue against the Cardinal," and starved himself to death. In 1686 a brief time was passed here by the Man in



THE PORT OF MARSEILLES NEAR LA TOURRETTE.

the Iron Mask. The legend as to his being the King's brother is dismissed lightly by the gardien. It may be added that recent researches of a French author have made him out a certain colonel or general of artillery whom it seemed advisable to keep out of the way.

The Comte de Mirabeau was imprisoned on Sept. 20, 1774, and Philippe d'Orléans was committed to the Château d'If on April 7, 1793, and through the bars of his cell there is, and no doubt was, an exceptionally good view of Marseilles, a poor consolation at best, and more probably an aggravation of wretchedness. Just before him were imprisoned two highway robbers and murderers named Martel, who were executed at Aix. Lajolais, one of the followers of Georges Cadoudal, was imprisoned in August 1804, and died in the Château in 1808, possibly as others of

his party were supposed to have died in

the Temple.

The cachot for those condemned to death is a dark and grisly place, from which it is agreeable to emerge on to the roof, where is an ancient donjon, long used as a chapel, and afterwards as a place of detention for political prisoners in 1848 and 1871. These prisoners, especially those of 1848, have left traces of their sojourn in various gravings and inscriptions on the stones which form the plateau.

Altogether, if the outside of the place loses on close view the singular charm that it borrows from distance, yet is there much of interest within the walls, including the room in which the Revolutionary Tribunal used to deliberate, a room which in itself is worth neither remembrance nor

photographic record. The view from the plateau, however, over the islands of Pomégue and Ratonneau, with the quarantine port and buildings of Le Frieul, is striking enough. There is a beacon about half-way across which was put up by the widow of a mariner commanding the Canonbier, wrecked on a rock à fleur d'eau. Perhaps its principal use is to afford in summer time a resting place on its platform for numberless people fishing gravely and hopelessly à la ligne.

So, if there is still a breeze, the sail is hoisted again to take the visitor back over the quiet sea to Marseilles or to Endoume, as the case may be, to gaze at the Château d'If and to doubt, in gazing, if it could possibly have seemed so mean a thing

when seen at close quarters.



THE WHITE PAWN.

By EDWIN HUGHES.

HAT chance had I against Maurice Lenton? He was rich, talented, and handsome, and in these three respects I was his exact antithesis. Add to this the fact that Professor Drew, in spite of his apparent absent-mindedness and his devotion to his profession, had, as I afterwards found to my cost, the most ambitious views with regard to his daughter's future. And no wonder, for Drinsey Drew's beauty was as striking as her

name was quaint.

It was to her mother—an Irish lady, and a Drinsey of Drinsey Castle—that she owed those dark-blue, violet eyes, that looked out at you so fearlessly, and at times so roguishly, from under the square orbits; and the lovely complexion that changed its colour with every changing mood; and the mouth, that, had she lived in the days when the gods wooed mortals, would alone have won her a place in Olympus. I had met her on many occasions, but I was no squire of dames, and my big strong frame seemed out of place in the dainty drawing-room in which she dispensed her afternoon tea.

I came of a North-country stock, and the Braithwaites — my name is Alan Braithwaite—had always been famous for their feats of strength and their skill in wrestling; and I often thought as I listened to Lenton's well-turned phrases and brilliant epigrams, that if I had him on my native heath, with my arms round him, and my hands locked in the good Westmorland grip, I could bend him and fling him as easily as one flings a straw down the wind.

I was the last of our race, and the estates that would some day come to me, when the dear old mother left me, would come so encumbered by a father's extravagance that it was absolutely necessary for me to take up some profession, and so it came about that I was a student of medicine at University College, London.

Drinsey Drew's beauty had singed my wings, as it had many another moth's, but of all the men that paid her court none seemed so likely to win her as

Maurice Lenton, and for that I hated him with a good honest hatred that had

nothing mean about it.

But the day came when my strength and sinews were of more avail than all his polished courtesy, when, but for the stalwart frame God had given me, Drinsey Drew would have died. It was in this wise.

I came home one night to find a card of invitation from the Professor and Miss Drew, saying that they would be pleased to have Mr. Braithwaite's company on the river on such and such a day. I sat down and answered the invitation at once, and when the day came and I joined the houseboat at Maidenhead, I found a gay and happy party assembled. I felt more awkward and shy than ever, and when I had got through my greetings I found another man to the full as shy as myself, and we betook ourselves to the stern of the boat. Presently Miss Drew came to us.

"We are going to have an impromptu regatta, Mr. Braithwaite," said she. "Father wants to see how this new boat of his goes, and I've chosen you for my stroke. We have three pair-oars with us, and three of us girls are going to steer."

Here was something that I could do, but my satisfaction was somewhat dashed when I saw that Lenton was rowing bow with me, and that any honour and glory that could come of the contest must be

shared with him.

We won easily, and then Miss Drew must needs try her hand with a scull, and changing places with her very carefully, for our boat was outrigged, I fitted her tiny feet into the straps. We had paddled about some time, when, our fair stroke getting tired, we drew to the side of the house-boat, and Lenton made the mistake that nearly cost the three of us our lives. He wanted to be first out, to help Drinsey, and in his eagerness he trod with all his weight on the side of the boat. In a second she dipped under, his hand lost its hold of the house-boat, and as he fell he clutched the side of our frail craft just as

she was righting herself, and she speedily settled down, for she was built of the finest steel plates, after a design of the Professor's.

"Jump, Miss Drew! Jump!" I called out, catching hold of the house-boat.

"I can't," she said; "my feet are fast." And to my horror I saw her slowly sinking with the boat. Ther I thanked Heaven for the strength that had been given me, for not a soul was on our side of the house-boat, and they were all talking and laughing so loudly that no one heard my call.

As for Lenton, he was still holding on convulsively, and I saw at once that he had utterly lost his presence of mind.

The strain was awful, as with one hand I held the seat of the boat just beneath Drinsey, and with the other gripped one of the fenders that fortunately hung within reach and held taut. I felt as though I were being pulled asunder, and not even for Drinsey could I have held on much longer, when they heard us; and when at last they released her feet, and had drawn her and Lenton in, the strain on my arms had been such that my hand lost its grip of the fender, and I sank to the bottom. I never could swim, though I love the water, and have tried over and over again, and so I was well-nigh drowned before they fished me out; but to win the smile that greeted me when I recovered, I would have suffered myself to have been torn limb from limb. Once whilst she sat so cruelly fastened to the boat, our eyes had met, and what I read in the look that flashed up at me set my heart leaping, and two days later, when I put my fortune to the touch, she laid her arms on my shoulders, and, looking me in the face, gave her future into my keeping. was not to tell the Professor until I had passed my final, and had established myself as a full-fledged physician; and this I had every hope of soon doing, for although I was comparatively poor, I yet had more than enough to purchase some suitable practice, and so make a home for

If the eyes of Jealousy are green, they are to the full as sharp, and our secret, that we thought so safe, was soon no secret to Lenton. He came to my rooms one night, and before he had spoken I knew how the business would end. Not a word of greeting did he give me, but standing in the middle of the room, and taking no notice of the chair I had pushed towards him, he burst out —

"So you're engaged to Drinsey Drew,

are you?"

"And what if I am?" I said quietly. "How does that concern you?"

"It concerns me," he shouted, "as you'll find to your cost, more than anything else in life. Curse you, with your big, ugly face! I'd murder you before you should ever marry her!" and to be sure his looks matched his words. "You hulking brute, you! go back to your Westmorland farm, and—" He got no further, for I took him by the back of his neck, and, almost before he could have realised the fact, he was at the bottom of the stairs. He picked himself up and shook his fist at "I'm going to the Professor," he me. said. "Your dear Drinsey told me of her romantic engagement, and I know you've said nothing to her father!" And out he went, slamming the door after him in a way that made the house shake. Then I saw the fatal mistake of concealment, and when I called upon the Professor—as call I did at once—I had "a bad quarter of an hour," and the result of the interview was that I was forbidden to see Drinsey again until such time as her father thought fit, and she was sent away on a long visit.

Lenton disappeared the next day, and it was well for him that he did. I did not

see him again for some months.

Drinsey's promise that she would wait for me, if it were till the end of her life, would have been a spur to me had I needed a stimulus; and, with a view to the carrying out of certain experiments whereby I hoped to gain not only a substantial advantage but also a name, I obtained leave to come up early in

September.

I was busily engaged one evening in the chemical laboratory, whither my work often took me, when, to my great surprise, I heard a voice that I knew only too well asking for me. It was Lenton who was speaking, and I could hear every word he said, for it was a close evening and all the windows were open. He was making his inquiries of a man named Wilson, who, like myself, had come up earlier than the other men.

"Do you know where Braithwaite is?"

he asked.

"Yes," said Wilson. "He's in the laboratory. I left him there a little while

"Thanks!" said Lenton, and the next minute the big door was pushed open, and he came in.

"Are you alone, Braithwaite?" he asked.

"Yes!" I said shortly, and in no very gracious manner. "What do you want?"



I GRIPPED ONE OF THE FENDERS,

"I want to tell you," he said, "that I think I have acted like a cad. I have been away by myself in the country, and I have had time to see how badly I behaved. I have come back to ask you to forget and forgive. You are the winner, and you are certain to get over the Professor in time, and surely you can afford to be generous. Say that you'll give me a chance to prove the sincerity of my repentance. Will you shake hands?"

He stood there with his hand stretched out, and looked so really sorry and so broken down that I went to him and gave him a hand-grip, and his eyes never flinched as he looked straight into mine and said: "Thank you. Some day you will, perhaps, know how I have suffered!" Then with the ease and tact for which I had always envied him he left the unpleasant subject behind, and, with a few adroit questions, set me talking of the work I had in hand. I was surprised at the knowledge he displayed, for, clever as I knew him to be, I never for a moment suspected that he had gone so far afield in chemical research as I now found to be the case, and the time slipped by so quickly that until I heard a church clock strike seven I had no idea that it was so late. I knew that the janitor would grumble if I stayed too long, and I at once set about putting my materials in order so that I could begin afresh the next morning without any delay. While I was doing this, Lenton walked to one of the shelves. "Is this the new dynamite?" he asked, taking up a small brick of that substance. "Yes," I said, "and for goodness' sake be careful, or you'll blow the place up!" For he was tossing the brick from hand to hand like a cricket-ball. He put it down gently. "This is extra - superfine, isn't it?" he went on. "Mixed with some other explosive?"

"Yes," I said; "it was prepared especially by the Professor for some Government experiments, and oughtn't to have been left kicking about here. I'll tell Harris to put it away to-morrow."

"How does he set it off?" said Lenton. "Oh! he has some caps that he invented, and that act more particularly on the second substance. See! there they are; near your elbow."

He took up one of the caps, and

examined it closely.

"I suppose," he said, "you bring this cap somehow into sharp contact with the brick, and up goes the mine."

"Yes," I said. "It's only necessary to give the dynamite, or whatever the

Professor calls it, a smart blow with the cap; and, from what he said at his lecture, there's enough in one of those small bricks to blow up the whole place."

He had the cap in his fingers as he

turned to me.

"Braithwaite," he said, "it's awfully good of you to have said so little about what I did, and I never want to refer to it again; but to show me that you don't bear me any ill-will, come and have supper with Do! You've never been to my rooms, and I've some rare old curios that

I know would interest you."

I tried to plead work as an excuse for not going, but he beat down all my excuses. He seemed so bent upon my coming, and he altogether betrayed so proper a spirit of repentance, that I saw I could not refuse without hurting his feelings most deeply, and so I promised that I would be with him at eight o'clock.

I went into an inner room to change my coat, and when I rejoined him he took

the big key from me.

"I'll lock up," he said, "and give the key to Harris. You cut across the quad to the small gate, and you won't be late. I'll get a few fellows to come in, but if you can get to me by eight we might have

a game of chess before they come.

I was a great lover of the game, but not a great player, for he who would excel in this most ingenious of devices for puzzling mortals' brains must give more time to it than I had ever been able to afford. I knew that Lenton was a clever exponent of the game, and even the Professor, strong as he was, had been compelled on more than one occasion to lower his colours before the rapid and brilliant attack that was brought to bear upon him by his one-time pupil.

"Don't forget the address!" he shouted to me as I was halfway across the quad. "Number sixty-eight! And don't be late!" And with that I hurried away, leaving him

still busy with the big door.

It wanted but a minute or so to eight when I reached his quarters, and the first thing I noticed on entering the room to which he led me was a huge clock, the case of which reached from floor to ceiling.

"I thought you would admire that," said Lenton, noticing my glance. "I picked it up in Germany. Look at the carving. I think it is really exquisite. You might hunt London through and not find a finer piece of workmanship."

As he spoke the clock began to strike, and when the last stroke of the hour had sounded there followed the notes of an old German song of Abt's, that had been familiar to me in my boyhood. I caught up the tune and hummed the words.

"You know the air!" said Lenton. "To hear it in perfection you must hear it like this," and, opening the case, he caught me by the arm and pushed me gently towards it. "Get inside," he said, "and you will hear that it sounds like an organ."

Without the slightest hesitation, and seeing that there was plenty of room, I stepped in. No sooner had I entered than I heard the click of a lock. I hate practical jokes, and I never play them, and when the music had ceased I pushed against the door of the case, and knocked upon it pretty sharply. I might have been pushing against the walls of the room for all the impression I could make upon the oak sides, and when I had put out my utmost effort I realised fully the strength of the case that enclosed me. Looking upward, I could see the heavy pendulum swinging to and fro, and just below it, and quite out of reach, I noticed a round opening in the side of the case, through which, as I looked, there projected the end of a rubber tube. I shouted to Lenton to let me out, and in answer I heard a peal of laughter that made me shiver, for it was the laughter of a maniac.

Presently I perceived that the air was becoming loaded with a peculiar vapour that almost choked me, and at once it flashed across me that I was inhaling the vapour of chloroform. I renewed my efforts to break out of the clock, but so firmly placed was it, and so strong withal, that it never gave an inch. Still I struggled on, and tried to reach the hole through which the vapour was coming, for the wild shrieks and yells that came to my ears told me only too plainly that I was in the power of a madman.

My struggles grew feebler. Overhead the works began to fade into a gloriously bespangled sky, and the tick of the clock was lost in the singing of birds as I fainted away. When I recovered consciousness I was still in the clock, but my face was to the front, and my eyes were on a level with a tiny window that had been let into the front panel of the case. My feet and hands were securely bound, and something had been thrust into my mouth, so that speech and motion were alike impossible. I could plainly see the interior of the room. In the centre of the apartment, and straight in a line with my gaze, was a chess-table, with the pieces set out upon it ready for playing.

I was still staring at it, when Lenton entered, and coming straight to the clock, looked through the glass and saw that my eyes were open.

"Ha! Ha!" he laughed as he opened the case. "So you've come back to this work-a-day world, friend Braithwaite? Well, you'd better make the most of your time, for you're soon going out of it. Did you think, you big hulking devil! that I was going to let you have my dainty little Drinsey? Let me explain matters," he said, speaking now in a quiet, even tone. "You see this chess-table. Look at it. You notice that in the centre of each of the squares is a hole into which the peg at the bottom of each piece fits. Under the last row, where the black pieces are, I have fitted one of those dear delightful bricks, the nature of which you so kindly explained to me. I took the liberty of annexing a couple of them and a few of the caps. Do you see this white Pawn?" he said, taking out the Queen's Bishop's Pawn and holding it up. "You will notice"—and here he held the piece close to my eyes-"that I have cut away a part of the peg and fitted a cap to it. The Professor is coming to see me presently. Ah! you look surprised. He's coming to see me to receive a cheque that I've promised him. I'm so deeply interested in biological research that I am going to give one thousand pounds towards a new laboratory, by way of clipping the wings of my riches, so that they sha'n't fly away, and he's coming here to pick up the clippings. Now, some time ago I saw the Professor play a very pretty game, not only pretty, but distinctly clever and original, for he pushed on that Pawn until he made it a Queen. shall ask him in my very sweetest manner to oblige me by showing me the moves of that game. You know what an enthusiast he is, and when he puts that Pawn into the last row and Queens it, he'll put it in with a bang, and so energetic will the good man be that he'll blow up the place before he's even able to drawl out his usual 'De-ar me!' I can tell what you mean by that glint of your eyes, and I'm really sorry that I can't let you talk. You would go on so prettily with your North - country burr. would say: 'Suppose he doesn't come, and suppose, if he does, that he won't play?' Well, in that case, he saves his skin; but you're no better off. On that ledge above your head is the second brick that I took, and to it I have fastened several caps. The big



LENTON ARRANGING WITH HIS FRIEND,

weight of the clock is now somewhere behind your neck. In about an hour's time that big weight will have travelled upwards far enough to catch the edge of the shelf as it is now fixed and tilt it over, and when the brick slides off it will fall on this iron floor of the clock, and up you go! So, you see, whatever happens to the Professor—and upon my soul I don't know which of you I hate the more—I've arranged for your apotheosis in the most perfect and satisfactory manner. You're still puzzled, and I can guess at once what's puzzling you. You're thinking of what is to become of me. I'll tell you a secret," and here he dropped his voice almost to a whisper. "I've arranged with a friend of minethe gentleman, in fact, who put me up to all this, and whose name is not usually mentioned in circles polite; I've arranged with him to make it all right for me—I've sold him my soul, and a hard bargain he drove, on condition that my body shall be safe when the bang comes off, and that I shall be able to stand by and see you go up. The people of the house are all out, and I've sent the slaveys off to a concert. I shall see you shoot up like a rocket, and the old boy too. He blew me up when I saw him last, and by the Lord Harry, I'll return the compliment!"

Then he began to caper and dance round the room, and took out the Pawn and kissed it, and acted as only the wildest of madmen can act. You will understand my feelings better than I can describe them. Everything had been so carefully and cunningly prepared for our destruction that I could not see the faintest hope of escape, for, even if the Professor failed to put in an appearance, the Damoclean dynamite over my head must fall when the weight touched the shelf. I had been fastened in so securely that I could not move an inch, as I found when I tried to get my head far enough back to arrest the upward progress of the weight. The clock ticked on, and the madman came to a

sudden pause.

"I must shut you in now," he said, "for the Professor will soon be here; and by the way, how nicely you walked into the trap, for I never could have lifted you in,

could I?"

He banged the door to and locked it, and a shudder ran through me as I thought of the probability of his upsetting the brick above me.

The door-bell rang, and he hurried out of the room, to return in a few minutes, ushering in the Professor.

Everything turned out as the madman said it would, and in less than ten minutes they sat down to the game that was to have so tragic and sudden an ending. The Professor's back was towards me, but as the game proceeded I caught a flash of triumph every now and then from Lenton's eyes, for the White Pawn moved on and on, backed up by the Rook and flanked by the Knight; and while the piece travelled slowly but surely up the board, my mind wandered away to the dear old Westmorland hills, and the mother who was waiting for me there, and to Drinsey and all that might have been.

"And now," said the Professor, "I sacrifice the Knight, and hey, presto! the white Pawn becomes a Queen!" and lifting the loaded piece in the air, he held it aloft for a second. His hand was on the downward grade! There would have been but one more tick of the clock, and then, eternity!—had not the door suddenly burst open, and Wilson rushed into

the room.

The hand was stayed, but the moment Lenton caught sight of Wilson he clutched at the Pawn that the Professor still held aloft; but before he could grasp it—for, indeed, the Professor drew it away from him in his astonishment—Wilson was upon him, and had caught his wrist. And then began a struggle the like of which God grant I may never see again!

Over the couch and chairs they tumbled and fought, Lenton straining every nerve with all the strength of the madman he was to reach the table, and Wilson

striving to hold him back.

Would they never have done grappling

on the floor?

"Throw that Pawn away!" roared Wilson. "Throw it away, and come and help me! Mind the table! Mind the table! There's a dynamite brick under it!"

It seemed ages before they secured Lenton; and all the time the clock ticked on, and the weight was rising! Presently

the struggle ceased.

"Where's Braithwaite?" said Wilson, with his knees on Lenton's arms. "He's somewhere in the room." And at that instant the clock began to strike nine, and so drew his attention to it.

"In the clock!" he shouted. "Look! I can see him!" and before many minutes

were over I was free again.

The weight was touching the shelf, and even as I put up my hand the board tilted forward, and the brick slid off. Never in my life did I make so brilliant a catch,



HE BEGAN TO CAPER AND DANCE ROUND THE ROOM, AND TOOK OUT THE PAWN AND KISSED IT,

and as I laid the dynamite down gently on the rug, I thanked Heaven for our happy deliverance.

Wilson had been exposing some plates, which he had rested against the laboratory wall; and coming back for these, and hearing no sounds within-for I had just then gone into the little room-he had drawn himself up to the window and looked in. He saw Lenton take one of the bricks and slip it into his pocket. He also observed that Lenton was on the point of secreting another when I reappeared. Wilson heard us go out, and was picking up his other plates, when he heard the door open again, and looking in, saw Lenton secrete another brick and some caps. He thought at first that he might have had permission to take them for some experiment; but the man's stealthy manner, and the knowlege of our quarrel—for somehow it had leaked out—gradually worked upon Wilson's mind, and he determined to come to me. I had gone when he reached my rooms. Then he rushed off again to the College, and, after some delay, got Lenton's address, and providentially finding the front door open, had rushed upstairs, and so saved us.

Lenton was removed to an asylum, and there he spends his days in imaginary chess-matches, in which his one great aim is to make a Queen of the Bishop's Pawn.

Twelve months afterwards Drinsey Drew changed her pretty name, and Dick Wilson was my best man.



LORD ROSEBERY'S SCOTTISH HOME:

DALMENY HOUSE AND PARK.

HROUGHOUT the whole stretch of the Firth of Forth, with its finely undulating scenery, which embraces countless contrasts of green, sheltered holms, and pine-clad heights along its landward regions, and quaint old-world towns with narrow, hill-climbing streets of tile-roofed houses, picturesque and grey, overlooking the sea, there is no district which, for varied beauty and romantic associations, can match the magnificent demesne lying around Dalmeny House and Barnbougle Castle, the Scottish mansions of the Right Honourable the Earl of Rosebery, the present Premier of England. Dalmeny Park comprises over two thousand acres, and contains an endless variety of shadowy, fern-clad dells, gleaming glades, and long, pleasant stretches of green undulations, with here and there a rugged height crested with a community of plumy pines or crowned by a few picturesque Scotch firs, gaunt and eerie-looking, and standing out against the sky silent and motionless, like warders on a tower.

While Dalmeny Park, on account of its picturesque beauty, will well repay a pilgrimage, it has also the lucky hap to be in the centre of a region which, on the one hand, has been stamped with the fascinating seal of history, and on the other has been blessed with the bewitching wand of romance. Within one mile of its gates is the ancient royal burgh of Queensferry, so named from the good Queen Margaret of Scotland, the sister of Edgar Atheling and wife of Malcolm Canmore. A woman of noble character and lofty ideals, she strove hard to make the Church pure, to advance religion and education, and to civilise the savage Scots. The town derived its name from the fact that here was the spot whence the royal barge, or ferry-boat, bore the Queen to the Fife shore of the Forth on her frequent pilgrimages to Dunfermline Abbey or on her journeys to the north. The other place of picturesque interest — one which lies finely set in the field of romance—within easy hail of Dalmeny, is the Hawes Inn, so charmingly described in the opening chapters of "The Antiquary." Every reader of Scott remembers the violence

of temper which Monkbarns displayed as he descended the crazy steps of the Queensferry diligence, when the fat, gouty, pursy landlord greeted him with that mixture of familiarity and respect which the Scotch innkeepers of the old school used to assume towards their more valued customers. The characteristic passage of arms, followed by good-humoured badinage, between Monkbarns and the landlord, as to what the former and his fellow-traveller might have for dinner, will be well remembered: "'Ou, there's fish, nae doubtthat's sea-trout and caller haddocks,' said Mackitchinson, twisting his napkin; 'and ye'll be for a mutton-chop, and there's cranberry tarts very weel preserved, and there's just onything else ye like."

No better starting-point for Dalmeny Park could be had than the Hawes Inn; and in a clear crisp morning late in January we drove off from that picturesque old hostelry in a well-appointed conveyance which was a considerable improvement on the "Hawes Fly," which carried Monkbarns and Mr. Lovel from Edinburgh to Queensferry, and which arrived all too late to catch the flood-tide for the continuation of the journey. party had sat till midnight on the previous evening in the identical cosy parlour, with its antique oval mirrors, its quaint old cupboards, and its heavy oak furniture, where Monkbarns and his companion grew eloquent over the landlord's superb Falernian; and it would have been strange if "The Antiquary" had not been recalled in thought and speech, with its various characters—Monkbarns, Miss Wardour, Dousterswivel, and Edie Ochiltree-before us to the life.

On leaving the Hawes Inn, the first place of interest on the way to Dalmeny is the ancient burgh of Queensferry, whose quaint houses, hoary with age and roofed with tiles made brown by tempest and time, picturesquely encircle one of the loveliest little bays in all the Firth. This romantic sea-washed town has been associated with the Rosebery family for more than two centuries, and there has lately been created an additional and



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G.

somewhat touching bond between it and the present Earl. The great calamity which befell his Lordship on the death of his wife, Hannah Rothschild, is still fresh in the public mind. As a fitting tribute summer foliage clothes all the woods with countless hues. As it was, we drove through its ever-varying avenues and parks under the clear blue sky of a peaceful winter morning, after a cold, petrifying



Photo by John Knox, Glasgow.

DALMENY HOUSE.

to her memory, as well as a graceful deed of beneficence to Queensferry, he has erected a fine hall, with reading-room, library, and a tasteful and commodious suite of recreation-rooms, for the use of the inhabitants. About six months ago he handed over the gift to the Provost and magistrates of the burgh. The function very judiciously—was semi-private, but neither the graceful kindness which prompted the gift nor the appreciation of the recipients was lessened thereby.

A drive of less than a mile brings you to the western entrance to Dalmeny Park. This magnificent demesne, which presents the most picturesque profusion of green holms and rugged heights, pastoral undulations and long solemn stretches of dark, plumy pines, shadowy dells and gleaming glades, extends in one superb stretch for three miles along the Firth of Forth, having for its eastern boundary the crystal Almond as it winds through its romantic gorges from Cramond Brig to the sea. One can well imagine the rich beauty of such an extensive and varied landscape when the full luxuriance of frost had, in its miracle of silence, wrought a magic stillness on each rime-clad bough and ice - bound stream. The stately avenues of beeches and elms were spectral and still as the woodlands of a dream. We were early abroad on that calm January day, and had thereby our reward in the picturesque revelation in colour and form as shown in the countless array of snow-white cloudlets which hung lazily in the valleys or encircled the summits of the various hills around. In their purity and slow, graceful motion they reminded one of Shelley's exquisite picture-

A multitude of dense white fleecy clouds Were wandering in thick flocks along the hills, Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind.

As we drove on, the sun, one awful glory, like an archangel's shield, arose away to the south-east from behind a ridge crested with pines. Then suddenly the belts of filmy cirrus became like floating bars of transparent gold, or stood against the green hillsides like shining strands amid emerald seas. Following the rising sun there came up a cold sough from the sea, and, overhead, the

awakened breeze rustled among the naked branches, whilst there fell at our feet, or fluttered hard and crisp down upon the frozen pools, in deep maroon or pale yellow, the stray stubborn leaves of the gnarled oaks and stately beeches which had outlived their fellows. This was the reveille of the new day, and ere we reached Mons Hill, one of the most elevated points in Dalmeny Park, the morning mists had all gone, and the Firth of Forth lay before us in one calm stretch of blue from Queensferry to North Berwick Law.

A drive of about a mile through the park from Mons Hill brings you to Dalmeny House, one of the most finely situated mansion - houses in all the Lothians. It was erected between the years 1815 and 1819 by John Archibald Primrose, fourth Earl of Rosebery, from the designs and under the superintendence of Mr. Williams, architect, who subsequently erected the National Gallery in London. In the general scope of its architecture it is a fine example of the highly decorated style predominant in the reign of James IV. of Scotland. A

it a quaint, old-world appearance which contrasts strikingly with the styles of architecture most commonly used in Scotland. The hall, which is richly ornamented in the Gothic style, is imposing in the extreme, the fine pendants and the artistic setting of the timber work producing a charming effect. It opens into a grand corridor whose roof is embellished with exquisite carving, and which extends the whole length of the principal apartments. The windows are of antique stained glass, in single subjects, of the most artistic designs and the richest colours, here and there the eye falling upon emblazoned panes-

Where shielded scutcheons blush with blood of kings and queens.

The dining-room is a magnificent apartment, and contains many noteworthy portraits by eminent painters, including a fine one of the great Pitt by Sir Thomas Lawrence, one of Charles James Fox, and a striking one of Prince Bismarck. Over the mantelpiece hangs a charming Murillo, one of this great master's finest works, and one which is justly prized by the noble



Photo by John Knox, Glasgow.

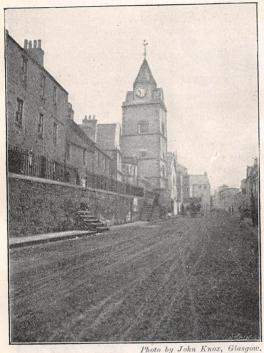
OLD OAKS-DALMENY PARK.

number of small turrets enriched with beautiful tracery stand out picturesquely against the sky, whilst numerous panels ornamented by armorial insignia are profusely distributed about the edifice, giving

owner of Dalmeny. In the music-room adjoining hangs the renowned portrait of Napoleon I. by David, besides landscapes by Patrick Nasmyth, taken from picturesque stretches or romantic dells within the

extensive scope of Dalmeny Park. Besides those pictures named, throughout the whole house—in drawing-room, on staircase, and in entrance-hall—there are profusely dispersed the richest works of art alike in painting and sculpture, the whole collection being equally varied precious.

More picturesque in every way, and of greater historic interest, is Barnbougle Castle, the home of the Roseberys for nearly two centuries, and occupied by them up till 1820, when Dalmeny House



ROSEBERY MEMORIAL HALL, QUEENSFERRY.

was built. Situated due north of the latter and modern residence, and only a couple of furlongs from it, this picturesque castle stands on the very margin of the Firth, its lofty turrets and massive grev battlements overlooking the whole stretch of the Forth, of which it is one of the grandest and most romantic landmarks. The old castle, for many generations the Scottish home of the Primroses, was blown up in 1820, and for half-acentury remained a picturesque ruin, with crumbling walls and gaunt turrets standing eerily against the solemn twilight sky. The present Earl, however, with commendable respect towards his notable and worthy ancestors, as well as through his

fine sense of the fitness of things, has had the structure completely restored, and Barnbougle Castle has once more taken its place as a spacious mansion which, while it ranks as one of the richest specimens of the old Scottish baronial style of architecture north of the Tweed, possesses a romantic fascination and an historic interest far beyond what its modern neighbour, Dalmeny House, can claim. In the eastern corner of the restored building there is an exquisite memorial of the present Lord Rosebery's nimble fancy

and pious, conservative reverence which is worthy of notice. stone there he has had graved a touching and leal-hearted apology for his splendid restoration of the home of his ancestors. The words are from the old Hebrew source, and have all the final force of a Bible mandate: "Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set."

Around this restored castle there are massive stone corbels, and each corner is adorned with turrets in keeping with the general scope of the antique design, whilst the "crowstepped" gables give to the edifice a fascinating old-world appearance, as if it had existed long before was fought fateful Flodden, where the "flowers of the forest were a' wede A porch of heavy masonry leads to the outer and inner halls, which have panelled oak dados, five feet in height, around them, and have also panelled timber ceilings of the most artistic workmanship. To the left of the inner hall are the library and reading-room. The first of those apartments is solid and stately in the extreme, with its massive oak cases and its heavy, dignified furniture to suit; and the appreciative

eye cannot fail to observe here, with keen noteworthy objects - a interest, two favourite writing-desk of Charles Dickens's (not, of course, the writing-slope which he used at Gad's Hill, and which was purchased by Mr. Bancroft, a few months ago, at the sale of the library of the late Mr. Edmund Yates), and a replica of Boehm's

On the upper floor of Barnbougle Castle is the banqueting - hall, a stately apartment well worthy of an earl's home. It is sixty feet in length, thirty feet in breadth, and thirty feet in height. In design and workmanship this magnificent room is peculiarly an impressive example of the old romantic days. Its

famous statue of Thomas Carlyle.

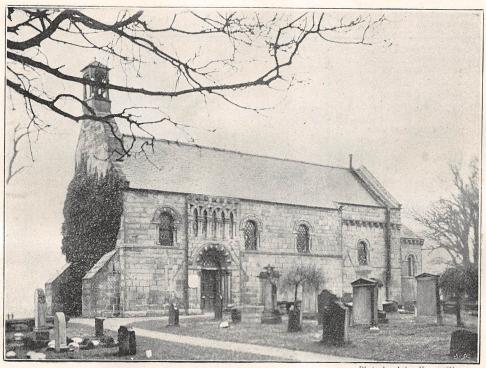
oak roof, antique oaken gallery at the eastern end, and huge oak chimneypiece, twenty feet in height and richly carved, come upon one as a dream of those picturesque feudal days when—

Forth to the wood did merry men go,
To gather in the mistletoe;
When opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all.

The name Barnbougle is of Celtic origin, and seems to have been given to the scene of a battle—"Bar-na-buai-gall,"

after the Restoration—to Sir Archibald Primrose of Carrington, then Lord Register, and afterwards Justice-General of Scotland.

The Rosebery family, as far back as the beginning of the sixteenth century, possessed the lands of Primrose, near Inverkeithing, and subsequently acquired lands in Perthshire, near Culross. The most distinguished member of this family, however—in fact, the founder of their fortunes—was Sir Archibald Primrose, a



DALMENY CHURCH.

Photo by John Knox, Glasgow.

signifying in Gaelic "the point of the victory of strangers." There is a cairn in the Park called the "Earl Cairnie," which, according to tradition, was erected after a battle with the Danes.

The first proprietors of Barnbougle were the de Moubrays, who came from Normandy with William the Conqueror, and are, with good reason, considered to be the noble house of Moubray, the Dukes of Norfolk. The estates of Barnbougle and Dalmeny remained in the hands of the Moubrays till 1615, when they were sold to Sir Thomas Hamilton, his Majesty's Advocate, afterwards created Earl of Haddington, whose grandson again disposed of them, in 1662—just two years

lawyer of high distinction, who, in 1641, was appointed Clerk of the Privy Council, and who was in constant touch with his sovereign, Charles I., until he was discharged by the Parliament, when it gained ascendancy in the Civil War. During the Protectorate he lived in retirement, but on the Restoration, in 1660, he was made Lord Register of Scotland. Additional honours came to him in 1661, when he was made a Senator of the College of Justice, under the title of Lord Carrington, and afterwards Lord Justice General. In those troublous times, when only men of bravery and of spotless fame could stand the political ordeal, he ever maintained a high reputation for integrity and wisdom, and

exercised much influence for good over the destinies of his country. Having acquired an ample fortune, he purchased, from John, fourth Earl of Haddington, the estates of Dalmeny and Barnbougle, for 160,000 marks. Dying in 1679, he was interred in the ancient church of Dalmeny, in whose northern vault the ashes of the Primroses have ever since been laid to rest. His descendant, Archibald Philip Primrose, the fifth Earl, now wears the coronet.

In many respects one of the most interesting features of this picturesque region is Dalmeny Church, and the drive Law, and the Isle of May, to the east; Stirling Castle—the "grey lion of the North"—the Ochil Hills, and Ben Lomond, to the west; while beneath you stretches the whole panorama of the Firth of Forth, including its giant bridge, from Grangemouth to the North Sea.

A drive of two miles brings you to Dalmeny Church, in the midst of its old-world village, one of the most perfect examples of Norman ecclesiastical architecture in Great Britain. The structure dates from the year 1107, and is a wonderfully complete specimen of early Norman work, of which few examples remain

Scotland unless in picturesque ruins. The eastern portion is apsidal, as is the fashion of other oblong Norman churches, as St. Margaret's in Edinburgh, and that other splendid example, second only to Dalmeny, Leuchars parish church, near St. Andrews. The interior view of the apse has a fine massive simple effect, being sur-



Photo by John Knox, Glasgow.

BARNBOUGLE CASTLE.

to it through Dalmeny Park from Barnbougle Castle embraces some of the finest scenery which can be found from the Tay to the Tweed. Pastoral undulations and fir-clad hills, deep romantic glens and dark shadowy woodlands, fine stretches of game-haunted coppice, now all aglow with the deep maroon of the withered bracken, seemingly interminable avenues of beeches, elms, and, in several instances, of magnificent oaks, pass before you in rich profusion. Nor are those dells and woodlands the only charm in Dalmeny Park. From many a high point of vantage extensive views of the surrounding scenery may be had. One spot favoured beyond all others in this respect is Mons Hill, from whose summit the outlook is both extensive and picturesque, embracing the city of Edinburgh, the Bass Rock, North Berwick

mountedby a groined arch, the ribs of which are deeply moulded with tooth-work as finely defined as it was on the day on which it left the chisel. Another fine archæological feature of the edifice is the main entrance door projecting to the south, the archway of which is supported on two plain pillars with Norman capitals.

At the northern side of this charming old edifice, which has seen the storm and shine of well-nigh eight centuries, is the modest mausoleum where repose the ashes of the Roseberys; and in a quiet corner of the sweet churchyard rests the dust of John Hill Burton. It had been his desire to be buried there, by the side of his beloved daughter. No stone marks their grass-covered grave, but an old yew gives them its shadowy shelter in their long, last sleep.

ALEXANDER LAMONT.

THE CAROUSAL: A STORY OF THANET.

By MAX PEMBERTON.

HIS is the story of John Inglis, sometime Rector of the Church of St. Bartholomew at Broadstairs. I found it in an old library in the neighbouring parish of St. Peter's. That it is the work of the man it pretends to be I have no sort of doubt; but whether it was written in all sincerity, or as the imaginative relaxation of the parson, others must

pronounce.

At the foot of the writing there is the signature, "John Inglis," and the further intimation that his labour was concluded upon the vigil of the Feast of St. Michael in the year 1823. But there is no heading that I could come upon; nor any betrayal of the purpose which led the clerk thus to unbosom himself. Nor have I put it upon myself to find for him those reasons which he himself does not disclose, holding that his story is sufficiently strange to bear both the lack of purpose and the light of print. And with this foreword, I call upon him to speak for himself.

This, being the night of which I write, and after eight of the clock, my man Percival came running up to the house from the Ramsgate Road, in such a condition of sweat and haste that I went from my study to meet him, and began to call to him while he was yet beyond

"Master, master!" said he; "for the love of God get down to Dumpton! There's murder done upon the beach, and

one dving."

"How say you?" asked I. "Murder done, and by whom? Is it Jack Peter

and his lot?"

"Not a man of them, master," said he, "there 's neither keg nor chest been ashore these ten tides, and none expected. It's strange folk and queersome; and God deliver me from their like! sooner was I crossing the throttle of the Gap than they clapped hands upon me, a score of them, thick-bodied and dirty rogues, and bade me run. There's one of them down in a scuffle with more sins on his back than the church of St. Paul's

could stand under. I've the mark of their knives behind me now."

"Get me my jack-boots and my stick, Percival," said I; "it's the weapons of unrighteousness that I'll want this very night. To bring their dirty tricks to my door, indeed! But I'll teach them a lesson which they shall bear upon their backs a week and more. The Lord make my right arm strong! Have you the lantern tended?"

"Bide a moment and I'll carry two," said he, "and the pistols, moreover. Your honour would never venture among them with no more protection than a pesty cudgel? Good Lord! I'm that sore

in the hams I could shed tears."

"Put up your wrath, Percival, until we return," said I, "and as for your pistols, a fig for them! Has it come to this, that my word should be mocked in my own parish? Never let it be said."

With no more ado, we went out upon the road, I wrapped in my great cloak, he in his shirt-sleeves as he was; and the night being already dark, for it was the month of May, with no promise of abiding summer, we carried each a lantern, and struck upon the path which is over against the sea. Save for the journey which carried me thus from my home, it was a pleasant night to be abroad. The light airs of evening were now warmed, so that I, who had been sick two winters with an affliction of my breathing and had let much blood. had no harm of them; and the soft sound of the waters as they rolled upon the beach fell very pleasantly upon my ears. I could see the lanterns of ships shining brightly over the surface of the broken sea; and down in our own little harbourage there were fishing-boats coming to their moorings. But the footpath across the cliffs was without the tread of foot, save of ours alone; and when we had come within sight of the Gap, which is a hand's-breadth of bight lying midway between our village and that of Ramsgate, I began to be not a little anxious for our venture, and to repent in some part of that spirit which had carried me out upon it.

"Percival," said I, standing of a sudden where the ground rose high and the mouth of the Gap was to be seen, "how many of

them did you think you saw?"

"A good dozen and more, your honour; a round company of pretty rogues, that would swing from a rope's end like a dog from his tail; as d-ble a parcel of cutthroats as were ever had up by Bony himself—begging your honour's pardon."
"Percival," said I, "you are an incor-

rigible fellow, and the turn of an oath is still pleasant in your mouth. Some day you will commit the unpardonable sin."

"Well, master," said he, "what is to be is to be; but the Lord knows if ever I met such a company as yon; and one

dving, too."

"For the sake of his soul about to appear before its Maker, I am going thither at this moment," said I; "and may Heaven protect us, Percival! your arm supple upon your stick?"

"Aye, for a surety!" cried he, "and it need be with that lot-a lousy crew as

ever you may meet."
"Percival," said I, "you are no Christian"; and with this in my mouth I ran before him, swinging my lantern in my hand. The mouth of the Gap was now but a stone's-throw from us, yet I heard or saw no man until I had begun to go down from the cliff, and then, for the first time, I observed the men's ship, lying out, as it might be, east by one point south. She was carrying a light at her masthead; and though it had grown somewhat dark there was moon enough to see that she was what the fishermen call a raking schooner. Whether, at the same time, she had thrown out an anchor or lay merely in the wind with her foresail hauled I could not tell.

"Percival," said I, when I had seen the ship, "you made no mention of this; they have come in a vessel, then."
"Aye, surely!" cried he. "Would you

have them cross the water on a horse?"

"This is no time for vanity and frowardness," replied I; "but when we are returned home you shall beg my pardon for that remark. In the meantime, be so

good as to lead me to the men."

"It's this way, your honour, as straight as your nose should take you to the shore. I say 'should take you,' for it's common talk that if you followed it always, you'd be in Heaven before the rest of us. is where they toused me—as I'm not like to forget. Don't you hear them now? It's a strange song they're singing, with dead men for drums."

A great burst of noise came up from the beach even as he spoke—a riotous burthen such as fell ill upon my ears. I was moved almost to run back; but while I weighed the matter a man stepped of a sudden from the shore, where he had stood in shadow, and clapped his hand upon my shoulder.

"Ho, ho!" sang he, with merriment I had no heart for, "the parson and his kit, upon my life. Dick, Jack, ahoy there! it's the parson of Broadstairs." And so he stood awhile to laugh, and then cried loud again for the others to come. But I was much angered at his way of speaking, and I struck his hand from my shoulder as he jested.

"Drunkard," said I, "have you called me here to witness your junketings? Where is he that I came to speak with?"

The fellow, who was dressed in no honest man's clothes, having a pair of white breeches above his boots, and a sword at his hip, with a belt full of pistols about his waist, now stood with his arms akimbo, and threw my rebuke in my teeth.

"Man of war," said he, "it's likely that he's dead; but not being dead, it may hap that he is drunk. In either case you shall minister to his needs. Hey, dost like the job, Master Cock-in-the-Eye?-nay, but you shall like it. Dick, ahoy there, and

a pest on your musty throat!"

He slapped me upon the shoulder again at this; and the song which came from a creek of the cliff a little way from us was broken with much abruptness. Three men, dressed much as the ruffian who stood before me, now came running towards us and began to handle me so unceremoniously that I lifted my voice totis viribus, hoping to quell them as I quelled my own people. Nay, I raised my cudgel and bade them beware.

"Stand near to me at your peril!" cried I, "for so surely as I am God's servant, I will make your bones as rotting branches. Who is your leader, and where do you

come from?"

"We'll tell thee that in the wink of a light, Master Parson," said the fellow who had first spoken; with which he tripped me suddenly upon my back, so that I lay in the sand calling for my man Percival; but him they had already dealt with; and I heard him upon the cliff above crying out most dismally that he was surely at Then his voice died away, and I was hurried along between the rogues who had laid hands upon me; and so carried up to the creek whence had come the sound of the ribald singing.

Here for the first time I may be said to have been aware of the strange visitation which had fallen upon our Isle of Thanet. The company that I was now presented to was fine enough in some way for the King's palace, there being eight men at the least in gay-coloured coats and fine white breeches, the vests of many of them sparkling with cloth of gold and silver, and all wearing jewelled swords at They sat in one of the their girdles. alcoves which lay back a space from the shore; and they had hung a yacht's sail about the door of this for privacy while they feasted from many rare dishes, served in silver upon fine white napkins which they had spread upon the sand. For light, they had candles stuck upon the jutting ridges of chalk; and I saw with some sorrow that many among them were already drunken, and others in a state of dissolute insensibility. At the head of the company there was a youth of very pleasant face, though his eyes were now bright with wine; and him I addressed as the one who appeared to have command upon the others.

"Sir," said I, "your men have brought me here, with what purpose I cannot divine, unless it be to put insult upon that profession of the Christian faith I have the honour to follow. Beware, Sir, for so surely as there is a King upon the throne, some of you shall hang at Canterbury."

"Master Parson," said the fellow, who sat squatting upon his haunches, and hiccoughed with the wine he had drunk, "I thank you for your discourse; a devilish orderly discourse, upon my life. I never heard a better from his Majesty's pulpit. You shall drink with me, my cockalorum, as good a stoup of French brandy as ever ran over your gills. Ho! Dick, a can for the parson."

"Sir," said I, "your hospitality I refuse, as I would, if it lay in my power, refuse the honour of your company. Tell me your business, I pray you, that I may have done with it, and see to my servant, who has been sore used by your men."

"Eh gad, little parson," said the fellow whom I had first met, "if it's your man that you're fretting for, you may be easy. He's legs up in the ditch by the hayrick, and his mouth is so full of oaths that he'll not want food for a month or more."

"You are an ill-bred fellow!" cried I at this, "and if I had my hands I would strike you upon the mouth."

"Peace, peace!" the leader now sang out, rocking to and fro with the vertigo of the strong liquor, "I'll have no threats on my deck, be you parson or pedagogue, or any scoundrel you may name. Drink the King's health, little Cock-eye, and a spawn upon all your mouthings!"

"Sir," said I, "in the fit time and circumstance there are none more ready



A MAN STEPPED OF A SUDDEN FROM THE SHORE, AND CLAPPED HIS HAND UPON MY SHOULDER.

to do honour to his Majesty; but this is neither the hour nor the season. Explain to me your business and let me depart."

"Aye, that I will," said the youth. "You shall even learn it in a word. I sent for *you* to marry me."

"To marry you!" exclaimed I. "How

"As I say, my parson, and no otherwise. To bind me, Humphrey Nash, bachelor, to have and to hold from this day forward, henceforth and evermore, in sickness or in health, in drink or out of it, full up with guineas or as empty as a passed bottle, with Betty Matthew, spinster, in the parish of St. Peter's, in the county of Kent, to be my lawful wife in the holy estate of matrimony. God save the King."

"I know the wench you mean," said I. "She is the daughter of Geoffrey Matthew, the farmer. Young man, beware what you do, lest the pair of you stand in outer darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth. It is not hid from me that you are a person of quality. What, then, in God's name, means this idle masquerade?"

"In my own good time that will I tell thee, parson; meanwhile, a word in your

At this point he made an attempt to rise, but fell back in a besotted condition upon his couch of sand, and for some time he sat cracking his fingers and gabbling at a song, of whose profane meaning I could only guess by the tow-row and the din which the others came to at the chorus. When I was wearied of his "ri-tol-de-lollol," he took up what thread of his discourse he could, and went on again.

"A word in your ear, Master Parson-a word I say"-which he repeated many times—"a word, O man of peace, a sacred confidence. You shall come with me upon my ship—even so—and you shall marry me, or I will run my sword through your neck, and the sea shall swallow you up, and the sin shall be on your soul, and I will have none of it. Dost hear, bandy legs-dost hear? Then a can upon it, and one can more-

> Let the toast pass, Drink to the lass.

I'll warrant she'll go to a very good glass."

He continued to shout this for many minutes, and one of three left with him in the cave joined him in his frolic, for the others were now quite insensible with drink, and lay in fuddled carelessness, while the sputtering candles threw a waning yellow light upon their heated faces. For my own part, I began to fear exceedingly both for his threat and for the girl Betty Matthew, whose father was one of my parishioners. I was not so countrified or so ignorant of the ways of the wicked youth of London that I could be blind to his intention; and it appeared plain to me that I must remain to shield the girl, and to hinder

him in his deeper purposes. These were in no way hidden from me. He had desired this mock of a marriage—which he would have performed somewhere in France, lest he should be in any way bound by it—that the girl might be the more willing to consent. Had I been alone with him, I would have used him with such an exhortation as he had not heard for many a day; but his ill-visaged seamen were at the entrance of the cave, and righteous anger promised no help. Nevertheless did I determine to frustrate him in his wickedness; and when I had thought upon it a little while there came to me an idea which seemed given to me from Heaven for the punishment of the man and for his salvation. But the time was not ripe to put it to the trial; and while I was yet thinking of it, we heard low voices upon the strand, and anon three or four rough fellows came pushing past the canvas at the door, and to my sorrow I saw the girl Matthew, dressed sprucely as for the Sabbath, in their midst. She was hysterical and much overwrought; and her first words—for she did not observe mewere to the youth who had brought her to the predicament.

"Oh, Jack, Jack," she said, "I can't keep my promise; I daresn't go, Jack, I

daresn't."

"That is quite right, Betty Matthew," said I, stepping forward from the shadow, return to your father and to your home."

She screamed out at this, and dropped sobbing upon her knees; but the youth waxing wroth in his cups, cried suddenly-

"Master Parson, if you cannot put a hitch upon your tongue, I'll even cut it at the roots. We are now going upon my ship, and there I warrant you that the treatment will be as you make it."

"Aye, so," intervened one of the fellows around, "leave him to me, Sir John, and

I'll wager his civility."

The others said nothing, for they were drinking again, and this I thought to be

my opportunity.

"Mr. Humphrey," said I, speaking quite close to his ear, "you have twice deceived me this night—in the first place with your story of a man lying dead, in the second with your Christian name, which I find not to be Humphrey, but John. This being so, I insist, before leaving this place, that you declare to me your solemn intention of behaving honourably by this woman."

He answered me with a very wild look

from his now flagging eyes.
"Is my honour at stake?" asked he.

"As you make it," cried I.

"Do you insinuate that I lie?"

"Show me the ring of marriage," said I suddenly, "and I will be convinced."

He fumbled with his clothes, and threw

a thick gold ring upon the table.

"That's well," said I. "And now wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded

"Answer me, 'I will,' wench," said I again.

She spoke the word.

"Now," I cried, "let us see if I remember what to do, or else it were idle my going upon your ship." And with the cry, I bade him slip the ring upon the



"YOU ARE HIS WIFE IN THE SIGHT OF GOD AND OF THE LAW."

wife?" And here, speaking very quickly, I repeated the words that are writ in our Book of Common Prayer. To which he made answer—

"Of course I will; what else am I here for?"

I paid no attention to him, but turned to the woman.

"Betty Matthew," said I, "wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?" And again I spoke from the written word.

wench's finger, and speak after me. He hiccoughed a laugh, but obeyed with tipsy jeers upon his lips. The girl spake also; and then, raising my voice so that it rang through the cave, I cried: "Bear witness all. Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

let no man put asunder."

In which moment I married Sir John
Humphrey. His name came to my recollection in a flash of thought, I having
heard of his wickedness in London the

year that I paid visit to my kinsman the Dean; and as he, at the end of my performance, fell back intoxicated upon the floor, I turned to the woman and said-

"Wench, you may go upon the yacht. You are his wife in the sight of God and

of the law.'

The rogue was, as I have written, now insensible, and some of the seamen came to carry him and his companions to the long-boat, which was pushed up upon the beach; but hope of my own escape in the press was speedily put from me as one of the rougher sailors held to my arm and

"Dick, help me with the parson, dost

hear?"

Thus they carried me to the boat, and some singing, some drinking, some quite without speech, and the woman in exceeding fear, we rowed to the schooner; and, being come aboard, anchor was weighed and we stood towards Calais point. The noisier fellows were now all carried below and thrown into their bunks, but me they left upon the deck, with a sack for my head; and while there was a cabin for the girl, she preferred to be at my side, and I did what was in my power to give her comfort.
"Betty," said I, "it may even be for

your punishment that you are thus come from your home and from your parents. It is a great sin that you have upon your soul."

"Indeed and it is, Mr. Inglis," said she; "and I never thought to see the day. But he spoke so fair; and oh, he has such

ways with him!"

She was quite a child yet, and accounted a great beauty in all our parish. I had not until that time turned my eyes upon her; yet when I came to it she drew from me an exclamation, being ripe with that loveliness that is to be seen in many English maidens—an exceeding fair flower. "Child," said I, "did he tell you that

you were pretty?"

"Indeed, a many times," said she, "and I do believe he has a great care for me, Sir; he speaks fine words, and there's no one like him all the country round."

"We shall hear the words he speaks in the morning," said I, "and now, Betty, get what sleep you can. There may be troubles yet, for man is very wicked and

his heart is vile withal."

It did not seem good to me to trouble her with any furthur exhortation; and for the matter of that, I went to sleep almost immediately, and was not awakened until the sun had come up over the sea, and shone pleasantly upon the dunes and downs of France. We were then off the coast by Cape Grisnez, but the breeze was very mild and not such as sailors seek for; and the few men upon the deck were using mops upon the whitened boards. Betty Matthew still slept at my feet, with my own cape wrapped about her; but none of the youths who had been partakers of the riotous debauch of yesternight had come on deck; and were all, I was told, sleeping off the fumes of the wine. I waited for them with much satisfaction, knowing well that I had a weapon to whip the devil out of one of them at the least; and was he not commander of the others? which thought I took a can of muddy coffee offered to me by the seamen, and gave another to the girl. She was a little blanched with the exposure to the raw night air; and she had no courage at all when she saw so near to her the green fields and white houses of a new country.

"Mr. Inglis, Sir, what have I done," she would cry frequently, "to leave my good father on such an errand? I am well

punished, Sir."

"Which is, Betty," said I in return, "the sure sequence of any lapse from that strict path of duty which I have laid down for you in my sermons since you were come to years of discretion. You are well punished, but you have more to bear from Sir John Humphrey, who is now, I do not doubt, your husband in the sight of the English law."

"Meaning that I am Lady Humphrey.

Oh, Sir, that can't be his name!"

"It is his name, and an honoured name, too, though he carries it in strange company. But Nemesis has overtaken him at last, and I thank Heaven for the opportunity

which has been given to me."

My discourse was broken at this point by the appearance of the man himself, who came up at the ladder which sailors call the companion, and looked all about the deck. When he saw me, he walked forward with humility, his eyes being bleared with the wine he had drunk, and his face very white and bloodless. Nor was there any more of that cavalierly frowardness I had rebuked overnight upon the shore.

"Mr. Inglis," said he, bowing low, "I fear to hear that we have handled you unkindly. It lays upon me now to make my apologies, and to set my business with which saying he before you," assumed a fine air of gallantry, and offered his pleasantries to the girl.

"Nay, Betty," cried he, "how shall I forgive myself for what has passed? Oh!

my child, that you should be guest thus upon my ship, and I not able to say a word to you! Upon my life, there have been men less criminal hanged at Tyburn."

At this point I spoke to him, drawing myself up as I do at the "last word" in

"Sir John Humphrey," said I, at the which he turned upon his heel quickly to face me, "your business I know as I know your name. You compelled me with violence to this ship that I might be the instrument of your crime."

"How say you!" cried he. "What

rant is this?"

"No rant," said I, "but the truth, which is the same in high word or whisper. You thought to make a mock of the solemn bonds of matrimony by deceiving this woman with a ceremony out of the Kingdom of England. Is that not so?'

The girl at this made answer for him, clinging to him with some warmth.

"Jack," said she, "I can't believe it.

Tell him you meant fair by me."

"If he were not a dolt he would see that for himself!" cried Sir John Humphrey next, in anger. "I brought you aboard her to shelter you from your father's pursuit, and as evidence of my good faith, I carry the parson of your parish with you. What more does the man want?"

"I want the stupidity to be deceived by your words," said I, "and for the matter of that, Sir John, you waste your breath. I married you before witnesses last night upon the foreshore at Kent, and this woman is your wife in the sight of God

and the law."

He had been holding to the girl when I began to speak; but now he let go of her and clung to some of the ropes near to him for support. The look upon his face was one very vindictive and unpleasant to see. When he spoke his voice was harsh and grating.

"Mr. Inglis," said he, "I should be sorry to think that your profession has

made a liar of you."

"No less sorry than I," was my answer. "You are pleased to joke with me,"

continued he.

"The Lord forbid that I should make a mock of His holy ordinances," said I.

"Then what is your tale of this mar-

riage?" asked he.

"No tale," cried I, "as you will find! I married you in the cave at Dumpton, and Lady Humphrey stands at your side. If the need be, I doubt not to find wit-

"I have a great mind to throw you both into the sea!" exclaimed he when I said the thing; with which he turned upon his heel and left me standing with the girl.

"Look now," said I to her as he went, "you observe that he means fair towards you. Your punishment is like to be very hard, Betty."

"Oh, Mr. Inglis," cried she, sobbing bitterly, "don't speak to me, my heart is broken."

I was now her support where he should have been; and she laid her head upon my shoulder to my confusion. This was my fortieth year to which I had come without the touch of woman's cheek upon my own; and the devil, I doubt not, led me to feel a new and entrancing pleasure in the experience. But anon I remembered myself, and leading her to a seat I left her upon it to cry as she deserved to cry. The ship was now quite close to the coast of France; but the sea was still, and there was no wind but a capful which blew from the cliffs and flapped our sails. The seamen lay about idly coiling the ropes or knotting and splicing; but of the gallants I saw only two, who came upon deck to look at Betty or to rail at me. One of them was the impertinent coxcomb who had first seized me upon the beach; but him I dealt such a lusty box upon the ear that he went down headlong upon the deck; and after that we were left When next I had news of Sir John it was about the hour of ten o'clock, four bells, as goes the sailors' speech. At that time, what should happen but that the whole crew of them came tumbling up upon the deck, laughing and talking as though they were at a playhouse. When they set eyes upon me, they seemed to find great joy of it, all crying and gabbling together like boys that have run out of a

"The top of the morning, little Parson," cried one.

"Benedicite, man of war," said a second.

"A cup of wine with you, cock-eye," said a third impudently.

"Here's the other cheek, Barebones," said the fellow I had seen good to rebuke.

But Sir John Humphrey, coming forward, with a face flushed with anger, and a halt in his voice, so full of speech was he,

"Mr. Inglis, you saw fit to make merry with me last night. Whether you are only a very good liar or whether you believe that you married me to this slut is a question which I do not pretend to decide. Nor do I care a crack for all the ranting rogues in Kent. But I'll have no mouthings upon my ship, and no maudling wenches either, for that matter. You may just get you gone, and a murrain on the pair of you!"

"Young man," said I, "now do I give thanks that you are brought to a sense of your shame. Let your ship be turned towards England at once, and I do not doubt that I shall be able, with the help of my kinsman, the Dean, to bring this marriage in as null and void before the law. But thank God that I am sent to save you from a greater sin."

They all laughed out at this, though I saw nothing in my discourse so to move them. Presently Sir John spoke again.

"Master Parson," said he, "as for turning my ship to England when I wish to go to France, I would not do it for a bench of bishops-let alone for such a one as you. But never let it be said that I was wanting in hospitality. That small boat yonder is at your service, and a pair of stout oars to boot. The shore there is not five miles distant, and the sea is smooth. Get you in, therefore, and let me hear no more of your prattle, for you are a pestilent fellow, and I would to Heaven I had never seen you."

"How! young man," cried I, much alarmed. "Would you commit me with this woman to the peril of the deep?"

"Even so," said he, "in the sure and certain hope that you may be drowned."

"Then the Lord send fire from heaven

to punish you," cried I.

I spoke the words, but they were the last I ever said to Sir John Humphrey. I can remember, I think, that the girl tried to stay with him, sobbing in a most pitiful way, and that I was enabled to deal some blows to those who sought to lay hands upon me; but these were ineffectual to restrain the men from their purpose, and when no more than a minute had passed both Betty and I were afloat in the boat and the sides of the schooner seemed to rise infinitely high above us. After that, all the youth came to the taffrail to shout after us; but we were soon carried by the current out of hearing, and thus were set in that sore peril which is the sharpest memory of my life. I, indeed, commended my soul to its Maker; but the girl lay in an extremity of fear at my feet, and would, I thought, have died as she lay.

The wind had now somewhat increased, so that our poor barque rose upon the billows and dipped into the hollows with a rocking motion that speedily brought to me the trouble of vertigo. From the tops of the waves I could see the fields of France and the sparkle of the waters; but when the boat seemed to sink beneath us there was nothing but walls of green around and the blue sky of heaven above. At the same time the spray came into our ship abundantly, and I was speedily wet to the skin, for I had covered the girl with my cloak, and suffered much from the cold; while I thought sure that every minute must be my last. Then I fell to praying aloud, and after that to giving what consolation I could to the weaker creature who had brought this misfortune upon us.

"Betty," said I, "cease your weeping and speak to me. Do you know that we

are going to die?"

"Oh, Mr. Inglis," said she, "I am only

twenty years old, and so wicked!"

"You are very wicked,," answered I, "but may yet find salvation. Can you row, Betty?"

"I've pulled a sweep sometimes with brother William," said she, "but my hands are that cold now, I could never hold one."

"Give me your hands, child, that I may rub them," said I, "for unless we row we

shall surely be drowned."

I rubbed her hands at that, and she being exceeding cold, I drew her near to me, both of us sitting under the one cloak, at which we had much consolation.

"Do you forgive me, Mr. Inglis, Sir?" she asked me when we had drifted yet

"Indeed I do, Betty," said I, "from my heart."

"If only I could think that my father would!"

"You had the best of fathers, and a comfortable home," said I, remembering that Matthew was a man of substance; "it was a sin to leave it for such a one as you good-for-nothing."

"But I am punished, Sir, and now I am

going to die."

"As the Lord wills, Betty," said I, "but let us not despair; when you are warmed a little you shall try to row."

"And you will speak for me at home,

"That may even be, Betty."

"You do not think unkindly of me, Mr. Inglis?"

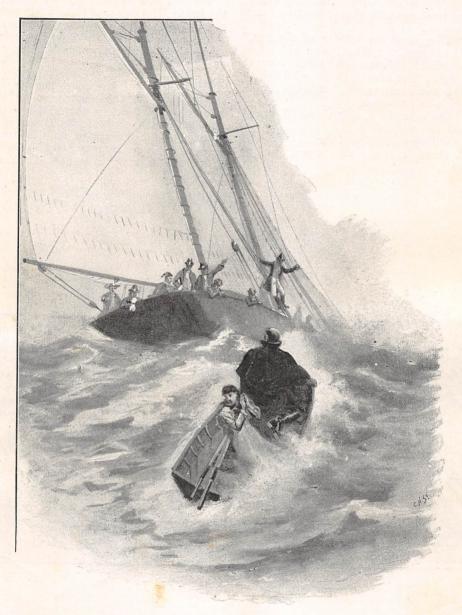
"I think most kindly, Betty."

Somehow at this, I felt that my cheeks were heated, and I drew away from her, so

that we sat with a space between us, and did not speak. The boat was now drifting speedily, with little water coming upon us, and the sun was warming. There was a

"And you would be glad if you were not married to him?"

"I would be truly thankful," said she, with a little shiver of the cold.



ALL THE YOUTH CAME TO THE TAFFRAIL TO SHOUT AFTER US.

brightness in the girl's eyes, which was not of fear.

"Betty," said I presently, "do you love Sir John Humphrey now?"

"Oh, indeed no, Sir!" cried she bravely.

"I will write to my kinsman if ever Providence carries us to the land again, and see if this were a marriage or no," said I deeming it prudent to take her under the cloak again. After which we did not speak for a long while, but I felt her

hands warmed anew. She was the next

who spoke.

"If I come home again," she said, looking up to me with tears glistening through her eyelids, "they will wed me with Tom Kemble, the apothecary's son; who took up with the Preventative men last year."

"They shall do nothing of the sort,"

"They shall do nothing of the sort," said I in anger. "What? wed with a lout like that! Shame on them for the thought! You have no pledge with him?"

"I would sooner die," said she; "but

there's no one cares."

"Dry your tears, Betty," said I, "and speak the truth."

"I'll try to, Sir," said she.

"There is one who cares, Betty,"

"Indeed no, Sir!" cried she.

"Nay," said I, "he is sitting beside

"Oh, Mr. Inglis!" said she, and then was silent.

We had now drifted into the loom of the land. The stones of the shingle were plain to our view, and a little white church set upon a hill. There was also a fisherman's boat coming in towards the shore, as if to overtake us—

* * * *

The good Parson's narative ends thus. I can only add this to it, that in the vestry of the Church of St. Bartholomew is a certificate of his marriage on Christmas Day in the year 1823 to Betty Matthew, of the neighbouring parish of St. Peter's.



HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES.

THE JOCKEY.

BY WILFRED WEMLEY.

E was rather a tall youth, but there was precious little flesh upon his bones when he came into the drying-room of the Turkish bath; and his talk was flavoured with those niceties of expression which hedge about the horse. I had not exchanged ten words with him before I knew that he was a jockey, and that his home was upon his native heath, Newmarket to wit. Indeed, my knowledge of the place, and the fact that I had once killed a horse when driving to the racecourse from the University town, bred a great confidence in him; and he began to speak of his own affairs.

"Ah," said he, "Cambridge isn't what it was, is it? Too many old women in the shop now, to my way of thinking. Do you know the little Turkish bath there? Many's the time I've walked over to that bath, years back, when sweating had to be done. You see my natural weight is just on ten stun, and when you've got to ride under eight, you want to get it off quick."

It was not a nice way of putting things, and I thought that he might have used the word "perspire"; but he interested me, and I went on to ask him some questions.

"Is it a pleasant business, that of

riding?" said I.

"Well," replied he, as he lighted a very big cigar and called for wine, "it's pleasant and it isn't pleasant. Plenty of corn and plenty of bran-mash, so to speak; but hard work at all times, and more than hard when you've got to From March until get the flesh off. November I hardly know what it is to eat a decent meal. For breakfast a bit of bread and butter and a cup of tea; a mouthful of fish and a snatch at the pudding for dinner; tea ditto to breakfast; and supper-don't you wish you may get it! This is a slack time, as you knowthat's why I'm here in London drinking port. I reckon to put on thirty pounds between November and Easter; and it's got to come off again in a week when business begins."

"Well," said I, "there isn't the wasting there was among jockeys, is there?"

"Not the wasting that men like Daly did—certainly not. You see, there's no stable worth calling such that hasn't ten or twelve boys who can ride all the weights down to the feather of the handicaps. Men like me they keep for the eight stun and over mounts. I turn the scale pretty near at ten stun now, but I shall have twenty pounds off before the bell rings at Lincoln, and more after. Not that there's anything wonderful in throwing twenty pounds. Daly himself was not far short of eleven stun the winter before he rode Hermit at a weight of eight stun ten."

"How do you get the weight down?" I

inquired.

"Many ways," said he; "according to They say of John Arnull that when he wanted to ride six pounds under his usual in the Prince of Wales's Stakes he had no more food than eight apples for eight days. Never touched a bite of anything else the whole week before the race. There's others, again, that walk with five sweaters on; and, when they've done five miles, they roast themselves over a big That's poor business. I prefer thick wool and a horse. You can get it off galloping quick enough if there's not over much to come; and a bath like this winds the job up properly for you. It's a dreadful life, though, while you're at it."
"But well paid?" said I.

"Oh, well paid enough," said he, with something of a sneer. "A fourth-rate jockey can make a thousand a year, which is more than a fourth-rate sawbones or a fourth-rate parson can make. The nonsense of it is that the public fancies every stableboy drawing a few bob a week is a jockey, and he ain't, Mister, not by a long way. Why, look at it-there's hundreds of boys on Newmarket Heath, hundreds-but the jockeys you may count on your hand. Any youngster who can sit on a mule may get some sort of a job in a stable, yet not one in a hundred will ever ride a great race."

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"Then how does a jockey come to be a jockey?" I inquired. "Is it luck, or push,

or influence, or what?"

"Bracket them all together—and that's your answer. Take my own case. I signed articles down in Yorkshire, and served my time with one of the smartest men that ever judged a horse. When my indentures were out, they put me on to ride trials at two guineas apiece; and one day I caught the eye of John Porter, and he fancied me, and gave me a chance. From that I got other mounts, and then shifted to Newmarket to ride for the last Lord Falmouth. There was never a better sportsman lived, and I've seen many of them."

"Yours is a typical case, I suppose?"

"Exactly. We all begin by being kids about the stable. After that, we're apprenticed to some trainer, and we do all sorts of work in his stablesgroom's work, exercise, gallops, canters. We learn to ride, if ever we're going to learn; and when our years are up, it is luck or horsemanship, or both, that brings us to the front. And, you must remember, every master is on the look-out for clever hands. -When 'Borderer' had horses down at Epsom, he saw one day a bright lad who didn't scale more than four stun seven. He took a fancy to him, and told his trainer to let the kid ride the trial next day. The trainer said the boy wasn't heavy enough, that he was new to the work, got kicked off twice a week, and that sort of thing; but 'Borderer' stuck to his guns, and the lad rode for him. Who do you think he

was? Why, Constable, one of the best that ever put on silk. It's the same in other stables too. One lad in fifty shows hands as gentle as a woman's, and plenty of devil in his gallops. He begins to be watched; they give him charge of the nasty colts; he is chosen for trials, and when he is out of his time, he is on the road to be a jockey."

"He doesn't make very much money at

first, of course?"

"Depends what you call 'much money." He may pick up a 'monkey' a year fast enough; and that's bread and cheese to a boy of two-and-twenty-or ought to be. By and by, if he has any luck, his mounts will multiply, and then he will make a thousand per annum while he is still almost a nipper.

"How are jockeys paid," I asked next.



"THERE'S OTHERS, AGAIN, THAT WALK WITH FIVE SWEATERS ON."

"Five guineas a winner, three guineas a loser, and, in the ordinary course, two guineas for riding a trial. Work out how much the winning jockey on the flat made in fees alone last year, and you won't find it far short of three thousand guineas. This is just about half of what his takings are. Then you must know there are the presents. Two years ago, after one of the big autumn handicaps at Newmarket, the lad who rode the winner received five hundred

pounds anonymously? I've known the late Fred Archer get as many as three diamond pins a week, while I myself had two gold watches given me last year. It's really funny to see the way the public gives you money if you score a big win. Before I left the course on the second day of the October meeting, two years ago, I'd had ten pounds in single sovereigns put into my hand, and next morning I got a diamond ring worth fifty, and a bank note for a hundred. That's all right so far as it goes, but it's mild to some of the things Hermit's Derby brought Daly I know. four thousand in hard cash, as well as sufficient jewellery-principally from the women—to stock a shop. It's rare that the winner of the Derby receives less than a thousand from his owner, and that sum has been paid to the jockey of the Cesarewitch three times in the last five

"Then," said I, with some humility, "it is better to be a jockey than a Cabinet

Minister."

"You can't compare them," said he. "And look at the life! Fair and square, I've known at least six horsemen who've made ten thousand a year. When you get down to roguery, you may find some of them who made thirty thousand; but, in the main, the Turf is clean to-day, as any man who lives on it will tell you."

"It must be difficult to pull a horse," said I, feeling my way gently to dangerous

ground.

"It's difficult for the mug, no doubt," said he, "but any old horseman will fake it so that you'd bet your life he was riding all out when in reality he's sawing the horse's jaw off. Whip your boot hard and let your elbows go, and, glasses or no glasses, they can't spot you in the stand. I've seen many a race lost that could have been won, and there's nothing easier in creation. But you must wear your nag out before the distance-bell or you'll be marked in the rings. Ride all you know in the last hundred yards and you may play the rogue for years with no man to find a word against you."

"Then how were the rogues of ten years

ago discovered?"

"Like most rogues are discovered. There were too many of them. They made a round table of it, and one day there was a man underneath to listen. You understand—the ring did them. If they'd have worked single, they might be working now."

He was rather irascible on this subject,

so I turned it deftly.

"I am curious to know," said I, "what it feels like to ride a horse galloping forty miles an hour. Is it a pleasant sensation?"

"When you're used to it, it's better than champagne. What you've got to do is to keep your mouth shut and your head low. Otherwise you'd be winded in a couple of furlongs. I can't describe the feeling better than by telling you to put your head out of a railway carriage window next time you're in an express, and just take a mouthful of air then. That will give you a good idea of riding a racehorse. And don't forget that you've need of hands gentle as silk threads, and of all the judgment and nerve in your body. good jockey can tell by the touch of his nag's mouth exactly how the race stands. He knows when his mount is tiring long before his mount shows it. And sometimes he will kid the youngsters by riding just as if there wasn't another ounce in his horse, when really he is winning hands down. It's part of the art never to show your game, while, if possible, you learn all about the game of the other man. And what with watching the others and getting an opening for yourself and using your judgment about the nag, racing wants a head and a nerve, I can tell you."

"I suppose that a first-rate jockey could give one some magnificent 'tips' if he

chose."

"He could tell you what the horses in his stable were worth; and when all the nags have been out before, he might be relied on to name the winner. What beats him are the unknown horses—those kept dark as two-year-olds, and sprung on him for the classics. I've been upset by a dark one many a time, a nag I wouldn't have put twopence on, and so have all of us. With all that, a jockey who chooses to bet may win pots, and often does."

"In addition to which he is made the centre of some substantial hero-worship,"

I suggested.

"A pretty sight too substantial sometimes," he remarked: "what with the touts who try to corner you, and the kids who come round for tips, and the women and other fools, it's awful to a man with feelings."

"Do the touts ever try to get at youdrug you, in the way popular novelists describe jockeys being drugged?"

When I put this question he had one arm in a garment of wool and one out, but his gesture was superb, and his "Faugh!" most decisive. "I'd like to see the man that would drug me or any old hand," he

cried; "I guess I'd flatten him out like a carpet! I don't say such things have not been done; but it's a game to play with kids and not with men. Do you think I'd drink with a stranger during the week before I rode a big race? Not me—not if he was an archbishop. And if I went under there'd be twenty more to

take my place, so where does the drug come in?"

I admitted that it was difficult to say, and not being an archbishop, or even an archdeacon, I feared to ask him more, and left him to his meditations—and to the brougham which was waiting for him at the door of the Turkish bath.



"I'D LIKE TO SEE THE MAN THAT WOULD DRUG ME OR ANY OLD HAND."

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

By J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

T was the smoke-room of a Welsh castle, after lunch on Sunday. Three of the numerous easy-chairs were drawn round the small fire. It was a fine day towards the end of a fine September, but there is, especially when one has attained to a certain period of life, something in an easy-chair more in accordance with the after-lunch tobacco than there is in lounging about on terraces and gardenseats, and two of the occupants of the easy-chairs had more than attained to this period of life. The man who sat to the left, facing the fireplace, and who was evidently the master of the house, was a tall, fine - looking man, Sir Frederick Chevenix Pole, perfectly English in type, fair - haired and fresh - coloured, with strongly cut features, indicative of a firm purpose and will. Next to him, between his two companions, sat a man of about seventy years of age, of a striking and, one might almost say, fascinating appearance. His short white hair and grey moustache, according with his perfectly cut features, might have accounted for this attraction, but there was more than this. There was a distinction in his cold grey eyes, born of the habit of command and of the conscious possession of power, physical, mental, and conferred; a consciousness that gave an expression of beneficence and courtesy because supported by the sense of authority which made the one possible of instant fulfilment and the other assured and safe. He was, there could be no doubt, a general officer in high command. The third chair was pushed back somewhat further from the fire, as though the occupant did not need its warmth. He was scarcely more than a boy-a young man of barely three-and-twenty-Sir Frederick's only child, married within three months. He was as tall as his father, but much handsomer, giving promise, indeed, of becoming in a few years what used to be called "a beauty man." He had dark hair and unusually clear and piercing eyes, and, what he doubtless inherited from his dead mother, strikingly delicately cut nose and mouth.

Sir Frederick was evidently in a very bad humour. He lay back in his chair, his eyes fixed upon the fire, taking no pleasure from the cigar which, from the mere necessity of keeping it alight, he from

time to time put to his lips.

"It is all very well," he was saying, "for Plynlimmon and Cader and such great men to say that it does not matter, and that nothing has happened. I say that everything has happened, and that it matters very much. I say that it is revolution!"

The other men continued to smoke calmly, looking into the fire. It seemed better to let Sir Frederick relieve his mind without interposing irritating

remarks.

"To me," he went on, "to me, who care for every blade of grass upon the land, who, and my fathers before me, have done for these people infinitely better than they would have done for themselves, I say that it matters very much, and that everything has happened — that it is simply revolution. Look at the County Councils, and now Parish Councils! Am I to sneak in by a dozen votes or so, and be insulted and out-voted every time I propose anything the like of which my fathers have done for centuries for the people and for the land?"

It was quite too sore a subject to irritate further, and the other men remained dis-

creetly silent.

"Look at Sir Corwen," Sir Frederick went on, talking more to himself than to the others, "I don't know what has come over Wales during the last ten or fifteen years. Only a few years ago they used to talk, all over Wales, of 'God and Sir Corwen.' Who talks of that now? Who talks of God at all?"

Of a family resident in Wales for centuries, but of almost pure English descent for all that length of time, and marrying with all the great English families, Sir Frederick was of Wales, and yet not Welsh. He did not speak Welsh himself. It was not the fashion to do so in his youth. His son had been taught the language, and spoke it sometimes to

the farmers and peasantry, but he did it with constraint and apparent condescension, and it had not the slightest good effect, but rather the reverse.

"God knows," Sir Frederick began again, "I don't want to insult these

him to stand for the county. Plynlimmon says that it is our duty. I say, no—I won't have him beaten by a tallowchandler."

"He isn't a tallow-chandler, Dad," said the young man in a cheery, pleasant,



SIR FREDERICK WAS EVIDENTLY IN A VERY BAD HUMOUR.

people. I never have insulted them. I have done them all the good I could; but you know what I mean."

"It is just the same in India," said the General, in his courteous suave way. "We never know but that any post may bring us some insane orders from the British Parliament."

"Here is Felix there," continued Sir Frederick, thus encouraged, "they want

ringing voice from his remote chair. "He is a great soap-manufacturer, who employs tens of thousands of workmen, and has built a town for them on the most approved system. He will be made a baronet if the Gladstonians stick in."

"He is an insolent cad," replied his father with great asperity, "to set himself against the Plynlimmon and the Chevenix Pole influence. Look at Sir Corwen, who

spends half of his income for the good of his people, and they all vote against him! Look at Cader, who gives all his labourers fancy cottages at a pound a year, and keeps the hedges and the gardens in order as well, and they all vote against him!"

There was a long pause; iniquity like this did not admit of discussion.

"And, what is worse," Sir Frederick said at last, after he had satisfied himself that his cigar was alight, "this tallowchandler will get in! I think I can depend on old Thompson. He is the butler, General, and was my father's man. But I'll be hanged if I don't believe that the London footmen would vote against me if they got the chance! The effect of this demoralising influence upon people of very good disposition is amazing."

There was another slight pause; then

Sir Frederick began again-

"I tell you, Felix, you shall not stand! I won't have Felix Chevenix Pole beaten

by a little red-haired Welshman."

"He isn't little, Dad," replied the boy, "and he isn't red-haired. He is not far short of my height, and he has black hair. As for Welshman, what are we?"

"You seem to know a great deal about him," said his father shortly, and ignoring the last question. "Where have you seen

him?"

"I have seen him with the Flintshire Hunt. He rides fairly well to hounds."

What Sir Frederick might have answered to this will never be known, for at this moment the door opened and another actor appeared upon the scene.

"Felix," said a sweet silvery voice, "I am going to the three o'clock children's service. Will you come with me?"

"Come with you!" cried the young man, springing up. "Where would I not come with you, my love!"

The other men had risen also. "May I come too?" said the General.

"I should like to hear the little children

sing."

He was looking from one to the other with an amused, beneficent, surprised delight, and, indeed, at the latest comer he might well look, a tall, fair, grey-eyed English girl, with a perfect complexion and clear-cut profile and mouth, daughter of the gods, divinely fair," from whose girlish form the honours of her recent wifehood had as yet taken no single grace. A girl with whom, one would think, a man would go anywhere—even to church!

"Oh, the children don't sing much!" she said. "They are too little, but the choir-boys' voices are very sweet, and they

sing such lovely hymns."

"You will excuse me, my dear," said Sir Frederick, as he kissed his new daughter on the forehead, "I have been to church once to-day, and I am not fit to hear little children sing. I am not in a Christian frame of mind."

They went out into the great hall. As he passed Felix took his father's hand-

"Don't worry, Dad," he said; "what does it matter? There is a boy in Terence who calls to his father 'O festivissime Pater.' I always used to think of you when I blundered over that at Eton."

The great hall was surrounded by high leaded windows and dim portraits. There were masses of harpalium, single dahlias, and tritomas in china and delf jars; there was also a faint scent of mignonette.

As near as he could get to the centre of the hall stood a small pug-dog, apparently in an aggrieved and injured frame of mind. He was evidently of a most distinguished breed, with a skin of a fine golden fawn colour, and brilliant black eyes. regarded his mistress with a look of reproach.

"You seem to have made your own arrangements," he clearly said. "Am I

to come or not?"

"Oh, you may come, Beo," said his mistress. "You will stay in the porch, you know, during the service."

The dog turned his back and walked

towards the hall-door.

"I suppose I know how to behave,"

he said to himself.

Beo was an aristocrat to the backbone. He was fed on minced chicken, and slept in his mistress's room on a down pillow (his mistress said she slept in his room) but when he was turned out of the wagonette he would run for miles and never ask to be taken in.

They followed Beo out of the carved porch and down the carriage-drive, deep cut in the solid rock, with banks of hydrangea on either side, now varied with curious pale autumn tints, and great oaks and ashes upon the top, and on the rocky mounds overhanging the drive where the walls and bastions of the feudal castle had been.

There was a lofty square-built tower, covered with ivy, where the jackdaws and swallows lived, with great oaken gates studded with iron bands and nails, through which they passed by a small wicket and came out into the main street of the village, with an old high-arched bridge immediately opposite the gate, spanning a

rushing torrent in its course from the hills to the neighbouring sea. The village street, with pretty new-built shops standing in gardens, passed up the valley; but opposite to the gateway and across the narrow bridge was another street of much older houses, leading up to the old Welsh church on the top of the hill.

Beo, evidently knowing, or thinking that he knew—the wisest of us are liable to be mistaken sometimes—exactly what was going to happen, walked in front and crossed the bridge with the intention of proceeding straight up to the church.

The first thing that disconcerted Beo as they came out from under the dark archway into the sunlight was a tame jackdaw, who, descending from one of the pillars at the bridge wall, came running towards him with much chattering and flapping of wings. Beo regarded this creature with the intensest disgust. His sentiments were precisely those of Sir Frederick Chevenix Pole. It was a sign of the general demoralisation of manners that a gentleman could not walk up the street of his own village without being subjected to such familiarities.

On the bridge were several young men and boys, lounging and smoking and talking. It might have comforted Sir Frederick somewhat to have seen that most of them touched their hats. We have not quite

reached the lowest depth yet.

The party from the Castle crossed the bridge and began to ascend the steep old village street towards the parish church, which was their nearest way to the English church, built by Sir Frederick lower down the hill-slope, among the villas and tennis-lawns of the English residents, on the verge of the park as it

approached the sea.

They had not gone far up the street when their steps were arrested by the sound of soft music, melancholy and still, and yet at the same time with an odd sense of a lively strain underneath the solemn monotones; a distinct and divergent sound, different from aught that lay around, different from anything to which their lives had hitherto seemed to lead; a faint slow movement, quaint and almost lively, yet touching and sad, that seemed to communicate itself to the warm sunny air, and, together with it, to act upon the sense with a marvellously attractive power. They turned almost instinctively and stood by the stone walls of the garden plots, looking down upon the street and upon the bridge.

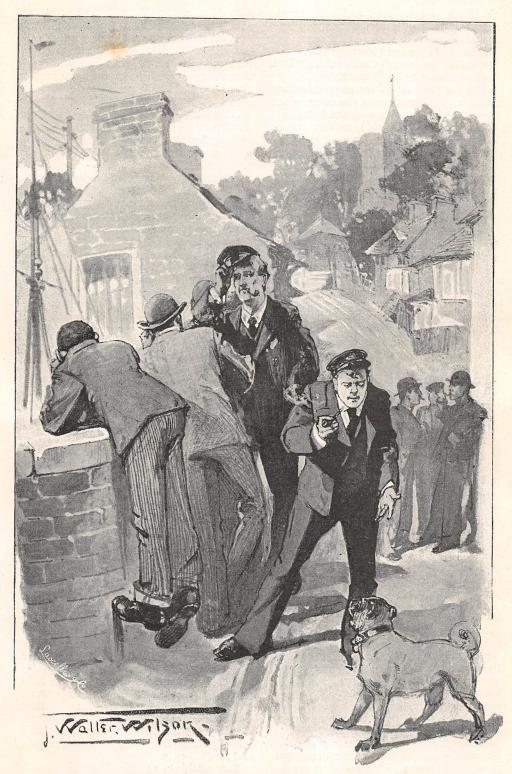
A Sunday rest and glamour pervaded

the quiet scene. The warm afternoon sun was shining over the late roses and the fuchsias and white anemones in the cottage flower-beds, and on the rank growth of potatoes and cabbages and marrows in the gardens interspersed between the straggling houses. In the background were the massy woods and dark foliage of the Castle grounds, with the great feudal tower covered with ivy, all in flower, and traced here and there with tendrils of Virginia creeper stretching up through the dark green mass. The tame jackdaw came down again and stood in the very centre of the village street. He flapped his wings and seemed to be discoursing to an absent congregation; being dressed in black, his action might seem suggestive to the unthinking mind. At the cottage-windows and at the backs of the houses girls might be seen preparing themselves in their Sunday finery for the afternoon stroll, while their fathers and mothers, too busy or too lazy to change their clothes, were standing in garden and doorway in their everyday working dress. Small birds darted in and out, the rooks swept across the sky. The village cats, calmed apparently by the influence of the day and of the hour, sat dreamily and securely, with something of a Sabbath serenity, upon wall and window-sill, gazing with unwonted complacency upon the dogs that strolled past in the village street. Through all this still life the marvellously attractive notes penetrated the ear with irresistible force.

The loungers on the bridge, arrested apparently by these sounds, strolled list-lessly up the street and stood at the entrance of a narrow passage or court from which the sounds seemed to come. The court was surrounded by some of the very oldest houses in the village. It was very narrow at the entrance, but opened a little afterwards into a quiet yard surrounded by stone cottages. The strollers from the bridge seemed to be somewhat sheepishly undecided, attracted apparently by the music, ashamed to show any marked interest in what was going on.

They were also exposed to a counterattraction.

Some of the village girls, who had finished their toilette, now came out and joined them. One maiden went so far as to slap her friend jovially upon the back. The men did not seem to heed; something in that faint yet piercing note seemed to draw them with its magic influence, as it had done those others, of so different a kind, further up the hill. They moved



ON THE BRIDGE WERE SEVERAL YOUNG MEN AND BOYS, LOUNGING AND SMOKING.

off slowly one by one, and went up the narrow court. The village girls, disgusted at the desertion of their swains, went back into their gardens to bide their time.

"Let us go down," Claire said.

the Salvation singing, I think."

They moved down the steep street and stood at the entrance of the court, where the others had stood a moment before.

Beo strongly objected to this course. It was irregular, and to his well regulated mind it did not seem that it was in good There was a stone step, or pavement, in front of a closed shop at the corner of the little alley. He seated himself upon this, with his back to the whole affair, and his gaze steadfastly fixed up the steep street towards the afternoon sky above, and towards the outline of the village church upon the crest of the hill.

An intense stillness pervaded the scene, scarcely broken by the strain of thin wild music. The stone houses, worn and weather-stained, borrowed of the warm sunshine and of the rich autumn afternoon. and became to a certain extent mellowed and beautiful; and the pale delicate sky accorded in its faded blue with the sombre colours of the houses and of the autumn gardens-with the quiet yard and with the mystic song, which no Eastern sunlight or fancy could have warmed into the tints and melodies of fable or romance.

As the Castle party stood in the main street, at the entrance to the alley, they could see, beyond the group of men who were standing some little way up the narrow entry, the small court of houses, which seemed almost uninhabited. An old woman or so appeared now and then at the upper windows, and gazed with apparent indifference upon the scene below. An indescribable sense of peace and mystery pervaded this quiet yard.

In the open space between the small houses were three girls, in the orthodox

Salvation dress, and two men.

The girls were singing, and had small tambourines in their hands. They accompanied their singing with the very faintest beating of the tambourines in time. In addition to this faint beating of the time, they executed at the interval of every few seconds the very slightest rhythmical movement of their position and pose—a movement so slight as to be scarcely perceptible, yet possessing an enthralling and suggestive effect; for this faint, graceful movement gave a reality and a touch of human feeling, as in the grandest music there are chords which suggest street and village life, and in dance and pantomime airs there are strains and adagios which recall the great music of the Mass.

What these girls sang none of the Castle party knew, but not one of them doubted for a moment that it was some version of that strangely persistent story born among the villages of Galilee many hundred years

After an interval of two or three minutes the girls ceased singing, concluding their verses with a dance movement more marked than usual, and one of the He was a men began a short address. small, red-haired man, of an insignificant and common appearance. He spoke apparently to no one, for the group of men in the entry seemed too far off to constitute an audience, but he spoke with profuse action and earnestness, and in a full and rich tone of voice.

"He is consigning us all to hell-fire," said Felix, who was supposed to know Welsh, "but it does not matter. It is a melodious language, and the men's voices

are rich and sweet."

When the elderly man had completed his sermon—and he spoke for a very short time—the girls sang again, and when they had finished a young man stepped forward and delivered an address, which seemed to be only a repetition of the elder speaker. Then the girls sang again with the same thin, sweet, searching note, with the same faint beating of the tambourines, with the same svelte movement of the limbs. Then they stopped altogether.

"Will they come out and walk the streets?" said Claire. "They have no

audience here."

Felix shook his head. His knowledge of Welsh habits was small, of

Salvation methods smaller still.

But when the girls had stopped singing the elder of the men took one of the tambourines from their hands advanced towards the group standing in the entry. They apparently contributed something. Then he came a little farther, They apparently contributed and stood for a second or two undecided, looking at the group in the street. Felix, to encourage him, took out his Then the man came forward cheerfully, with his head on one side and a wheedling smile upon his face. He held out the tambourine: there were several coins upon it - halfpence and pence. Each of the men gave him half-a-crown.

"I should like to see if they come out," said Claire again; "let us wait a minute

But nothing of the kind happened. When the man went back, the service

seemed to be over. He stooped, or almost knelt, before the others, and, producing the coins, arranged them in order upon the ground, so that all might see.

Then the strange choir broke up, most of them apparently retiring into the houses around.

But one girl came down the court. She passed the group of men who were standing in the entry, and came out into the street. She was a striking-looking girl, in spite of her hideous bonnet and dress, and there was something about her look that seemed strange to the surroundings among which she stood.

Inspired, as it would seem, by a sudden instinct, Claire moved towards her.

"Your singing is very sweet," she said, with her silvery distinct utterance. "We thank you very much," and she held out her hand.

But the girl drew herself up. She fixed her steady eyes upon the striking group before her, and there was something in the glance of the dark eyes suggestive of the fact that such a group—not this one, but one not unlike it—was far from being an unfamiliar sight.

"Thanks, no," she said in perfect English, and with a refined accent and tone; "thanks, no, my Lady; I am a ruined girl," and she passed on down the village street.

There did not seem much to say after this as they went up the street to the old Welsh parish church upon the top of the hill. The September light, which had been somewhat obscured in the valley, became brighter as they reached the crest of the hill, and a blaze of sunlight and, as it



"WE THANK YOU VERY MUCH."

seemed, an unexpected day of space and sense awaited them as they crossed its ridge.

And, indeed, it could hardly seem surprising that Beo had steadfastly sat himself upon that corner flagstone with his eyes fixed upon the western sky and upon the low suave lines of the Welsh church upon the hilltop, for the sight of man (or dog) has seldom seen anything more perfect

in its way.

The western sun, travelling towards its grave in the sea, had passed beyond the church towards the right, and left behind it, in the sky which it had traversed, an intensely clear and delicate flush, against which the low roofs of the church stonework, wrought upon and tempered by the slowly passing centuries, and wreathed here and there with masses of creeping ivy, stood out in soft and yet distinctly cut outline and relief.

The churchyard was guarded by a fence of slate piles, fastened together by iron bands; and the gate was a great slabslate, girded with iron. Inside the churchyard the tombs were mostly of slate, with short inscriptions, one might almost say, scratched upon them; but here and there a great stone slab, moss-grown and coloured with age, and supported by small carved pillars of stone, marked the resting-place of some Welsh gentleman whom the perplexities of this life ceased to trouble two centuries ago. All over the churchyard, in among these pale-slates and armorial stones, a profuse mêlée of Welsh flowers flung itself in masses and in single lines over the green sward and around the lettered stones, and over the broad tombs, which seemed, as it were, some strange reminiscence of the discarded altar of the

As they trode, with hushed senses, these quiet pathways of the dead, the stillness, as of a day sacred to peace, and the chime of the green hues of earth and the clear tints of Heaven, and the hand of time graciously at work through many winters, and through long summer days, softened the rude outlines of poverty and of death, and seemed to reduce (or is it elevate?) all men, from the castle or the village, by the magic of a common clay, to one fellowship and kin.

Great trees, ashes and oaks, lined the further wall of the churchyard, and another gate, also of slate, opened the way to a path which led down to the new church at

the bottom of the hill.

Underneath the spreading branches of the trees, as they stood for a moment by the churchyard gate, great swallows swept past, almost touching them in their rapid flight; through the overarching branches went a murmur and sound as of some spirit-whisper from above.

Beyond, the ground fell steeply down a sloping field, and over the shimmer of

delicate grass and the pale blue tint of small thistle-flowers, and the tall white spire of the English church and the woods, lay a waste of yellow sand, broken with channels and rivers of blue sea, and beyond this more blue sea, and then, faint in the misty glamour of the autumn afternoon, the distant shores.

To the left, where the hills sloped down into the park and the sea, the great trees and copses cast long shadows upon the grass in the quivering, slumberous air.

The General stopped for a moment, as

if surprised.

"The sea is as blue," he said, "and the

sand as yellow as at Capri itself."

A sense of consolation and of peace came over Claire's spirit, jarred and repelled as it had been.

"How beautiful it all is!" she said. "And the old village church, with its soft outline and its creepers and the mossy graves! General Lefevre," she went on with a sudden impulse, "you have been everywhere, and know everything. Tell me, why do Dissenters like everything that is ugly, and why are they so rude?"

"My dear!" said the General, "I am sure I cannot tell! I don't know anything. I was never taught anything but the Latin grammar, and that I wouldn't learn. I was sent into the Army because I was the fool of the family. 'He can stop a bullet,' my dear father used to say, 'if he can do nothing else.' And I didn't even do that," the General said with a smile. "In the hottest fire I was never touched. They said I bore a charmed life. I am sure I cannot tell!"

By the time that they reached the English church, by the pathway over the field, they had loitered so long that the service was over, and the children were singing the final hymn—

We are but little children weak,
Nor born to any high estate.
What can we do for Jesus' sake,
Who is so high and good and great?

Oh, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do—without, within—
A death to die for Jesus' sake—
A weary war to wage with sin.

When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and passion rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes—

Then we may stay the angry blow—
Then we may check the hasty word—
Give gentle answer back to all,
And fight the battle of the Lord.

The shrill treble note, with a child's uncertainty, sang this lesson of human

life, before whose stern realities it has been said that he is happy who is like a little child. The tears were in Claire's wonderful grey eyes.

"I heard that sung," she said, "in one of the smartest and most crowded churches in London. I never heard anything so touching in my life!"

So, there being nothing else to do, they went home by another way, past the gardens of the English residents and up the village street, where Beo was more comfortable in his mind. He had been to church as a gentleman should, and most of the creatures had retired to sleep. They went in through the great portcullised gateway, past the banks of hydrangeas and the avenues of ashes and of oak. The massy doors stood open, under the porch with its carved armorial bearings, to the great silent hall, and Claire went in.

"What did you think of that girl?"

said the General, as the two men stood for a moment on the sunny gravel outside the porch.

"Oh, I don't know," said the boy, with just a touch of assumption of supreme knowledge of the world. "Been in English service I should say—lady's-maid, probably. Some fallen girl who has been reclaimed. The police tell us that these

people do a lot of good."

"She reminded me," said the General, very slowly - and it struck Felix, with a sudden surprise, that his face was ashy pale—"She reminded me of a girl whom I knew many a long year ago. Do you think, Felix," he went on, and there was a strange humility in his tone in speaking to the boy, as to one possibly possessed of information later than his own, "do you think that there is anything in it all? Some of us will need God's mercy, one day, if there be."





A SUPERSTITION OF THE MONTH OF JUNE.

On the eve of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, any person who, fasting, watches in the church porch, will see the spirits of those to die in the year to come knock at the door in the order in which they shall die.

AN UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

By DOROTHY LEIGHTON.

PLACE: Paris. Scene: Hotel Drawingroom. Table strewn with papers. Armchairs on either side. In one is seated a LADY DRESSED IN BLACK, turning over a pictorial paper restlessly. Enter a LADY IN WHITE (walking dress and hat). Walks up to the mantelpiece; settles her hat in front of mirror; looks critically at herself; turns round and stares at LADY IN BLACK. Sits down in easy-chair, opposite, and pulls a paper from the table, looks at it, and throws it back on to the table.

LADY IN BLACK (watching her from behind her paper). Did you want this paper? (Holds it towards her.)

LADY IN WHITE. Oh! thanks! (Takes it.)

(L. IN B. takes up another paper, reads something which evidently amuses her; laughs audibly. L. IN W. looks up inquiringly).

L. IN B. How absurd it is to read the flattering notices of this dreadful book, "Mimi"!

L. IN W. (starts.) "Mimi"! Oh, you

think it's dreadful, do you?

L. IN B. Yes — why — don't you? thought everybody thought it atrociously bad style, and dull into the bargain.

L. IN W. It has been universally praised! L. IN B. But what does that amount to? Simply that the reviewers are log-rollers, who perhaps have been squared by Dudley Rowe herself.

L. IN W. Dudley Rowe? L. IN B. Yes, I suppose you know it is a woman's pseudonym?

L. IN W. Oh, yes; I know her a little. L. IN B. Ah! Do you?—I don't.

L. IN W. Your tone implies that you don't wish to.

L. IN B. (laughing). Does it? My tone is not far wrong then. I have no ambition to know Mrs. Dudley Rowe, or Mrs. Jenkins, as she really is.

L. IN W. Ah, her real name is known She imagines it is a profound secret-known only to her publisher.

L. IN B. (scornfully). She always forgets her husband. He hasn't been bound over to keep the secret.

L. IN W. Evidently not!

L. IN B. Oh, but he is a great friend of

L. IN W. Indeed?

L. IN B. Yes (sighs), poor man! L. IN W. (sharply). Why is he "poor

L. IN B. With such a wife, I mean. L. IN W. Isn't she a nice woman, then? L. IN B. How can a woman be nice who writes such a book as "Mimi"!

L. IN W. I don't think it such a bad book, and as I happen to know Dudley Rowe, I am, perhaps, prejudiced in her favour.

L. IN B. What is she like?

L. IN W. (offhand). Oh, quite ordinary to look at.

L. IN B. Tall or short, dark or fair, thin or fat?

L. IN W. About my height; nondescript colouring; rather slight. She rides splendidly.

L. IN B. Yes, and her husband has to

pay for her horses.

L. IN W. The husband usually does pay for the wife's extravagances, doesn't he?

L. IN B. Poor man! Yes. (Sighs again.) L. IN W. (laughing). You make me quite curious about this couple. You say you know the husband—what is he like?

L. IN B. (sadly). Oh, a wreck now of his former self. He used to be so goodlooking before he became infatuated with this horrid woman! So jolly, so amusing! Such good company, and with such charming ways!

L. IN W. (interestedly). Charming ways? What sort of ways? Dudley Rowe never talks about him. Do tell me more—it is

very interesting.

L. IN B. Well, but you are a friend of hers. I oughtn't to talk about her husband to you.

L. IN W. Oh, yes, you may. I am a very safe person. I promise you whatever you say sha'n't go further than this room.

L. IN B. Well, I am rather eloquent on the subject of Dudley Rowe's husband, because, you see, I know the whole story. I know that she poses as a kind of martyr, with a neglectful husband, and-

L. IN W. And that isn't true? Isn't it true that he left her for a year when they first married, when she had to take to

writing ?

L. IN B. No, it is not true; for she left him. (L. IN W. suppresses an exclamation. L. IN B. goes on.) Yes, she left him—"for a freak." She pretended she had a temperament like Ibsen's Nora, and must go away to develop. Such nonsense!

L. IN W. But I always heard that he never understood her, and virtually turned her out of the house because she wanted

to study art and things.

L. IN B. Oh, that's her version! She simply couldn't stand being thwarted, so she took up the new idea of wifely independence, and a nice life she must have led Harford Jenkins.

L. IN W. Does he say that?

L. IN B. No, poor infatuated fool! He is actually so silly as to worship her still, though he hates her book and longs to

L. IN W. Does he! (Muses over this.)

L. IN B. (tapping the paper impatiently). Yes, and when I read such absurd notices of the book as this, I wish the woman could know how it is breaking her husband's heart. Not that she'd care! So long as she is notorious, and has other men at her feet, she won't care for anything.

L. IN W. Other men? Does she attract

men then, do you think?

L. IN B. Oh, well, you know her, so you can tell best! But I've always imagined her to be a man's woman.

L. IN W. When a woman says that it is

not high praise.

L. IN B. No; men's women are usually hated by women.

L. IN W. And vice versa!

L. IN B. I don't know. You mean women's women are disliked by men?

L. IN W. No. I meant women's men are disliked by men. I should say Harford Jenkins was a woman's man.

L. IN B. Why?

L. IN W. Only because you described him as having charming ways, which generally means flirtations.

L. IN B. Not (rather embarrassed).

necessarily.

L. IN W. But still it usually does, and I expect you would find Dudley Rowe give that as a reason why she wrote a book like

"Mimi." Husbands with charming ways are seldom charming to their wives.

L. IN B. Harford Jenkins isn't a flirt. L. IN W. (incredulously). Really? happen to know that his wife considers

L. IN B. (contemptuously). That's because she's such a selfish little fool.

L. IN W. (warmly). She wasn't jealous of him till-

L. IN B. (quickly). Till when?

L. IN W. (cautiously). Till she couldn't help herself.

L. IN B. How so?

L. IN W. She had cause, I mean.

L. IN B. (sitting forward and looking very interested). Cause? I know she never had.
L. IN W. Not when he went to Egypt

with his regiment and left her behind?

L. IN B. She wouldn't go with him!

L. IN W. She wasn't asked!

L. IN B. Wasn't she? He entreated her to come-

L. IN W. (exclaims) Oh!

L. IN B. (vigorously). And she wouldn't unless he made some ridiculous promise about a certain friend of his who happened to be at Cairo.

L. IN W. Oh, she was at Cairo?

L. IN B. (confusedly). Well, no; not Afterwards, of course, when his wife wouldn't accompany him, there was no reason why he shouldn't go to Cairo to see this old friend on her way home from India.

L. IN W. (indifferently). None whatever! (A pause; then more vehemently.) Only his wife's objection to the old friend might count for something with some husbands.

L. IN B. (warmly). Some husbands! Some

wives are so absurd!

L. IN W. Dudley Rowe, for instance?

L. IN B. Yes, Dudley Rowe. She is an absurd, impracticable, silly woman. I beg your pardon for speaking so frankly of a friend of yours-

L. IN W. (hastily). Oh, I never said she was a friend. I merely said I knew her. I am very glad to hear your opinion of hersince you know her "poor" husband.

L. IN B. Well, then, you might tell her that you've met someone who knows her husband—that she is throwing away her life, and his too; that she is breaking his heart by writing such books.

L. IN W. (sotto voce). She has only written

one!

L. IN B. And that, if only she would be reasonable and sensible, and come down off her ridiculous pedestal-

L. IN W. Where, I assure you, she never

placed herself.

L. IN B. Maybe; but she is as stuck-up as-

L. IN W. Oh, no! Really, I—

L. IN B. She must be. If she wasn't, she would not treat her husband's advances with scorn.

L. IN W. With scorn! (Coughs.) Has she?

L. IN B. Yes, he actually wrote to her last week begging her to meet him here in Paris, and she has never even answered his

L. IN W. Perhaps she never received it? L. IN B. Oh, yes! She is sure to have received it. He wrote to her own address. She is just annoying him, that is all.

L. IN W. Possibly his letter annoyed her. L. IN B. It couldn't. It was the most charming, affectionate, conciliatory letter imaginable.

L. IN W. Oh! You saw it then?

L. IN B. (rather confused). He—he told me what he had written.

L. IN W. And it really was just the sort of letter to win back a high-spirited

L. IN B. I thought so.

L. IN W. There were no conditions

imposed? No bargain made, no— L. IN B. Nothing that any reasonable woman could object to. She was simply to give up writing horrid books and-

L. IN W. And be the submissive, docile

wife, I suppose?

L. IN B. Well, no—not exactly that but-

L. IN W. But that is the only sort of wife to suit Harford Jenkins, I expect. He isn't really a bit fond of his wife.

L. IN B. Oh, you couldn't say that if you

knew him.

L. IN W. Yes; I mean he doesn't know his wife's character at all, and so he is only fond of his own idea of her.

L. IN B. He is very anxious to know her. It is her own fault that he doesn't.

L. IN W. How do you know that?

L. IN B. He has told me that he would give up anything in the world to win her love-

L. IN W. (quickly). Anything?

L. IN B. Anything in reason, of course.

L. IN W. Ah! That's just the point. expect—of course I can only surmise—but I imagine if he really were so anxious to win his wife back, he would set about it in a very different way.

L. IN B. How?

L. IN W. He would not make terms with her that he is not himself prepared to carry out.

L. IN B. You mean?—

L. IN W. I mean, he would not expect her to give up what is the breath of her life.

L. IN B. You mean her writing?

L. IN W. Yes. He would not expect her to make such a sacrifice unless he were prepared to make one equally great.

L. IN B. (anxiously). What?
L. IN W. (looking at her critically and speaking very slowly). To give up the friendship which is the cause of this separation.

L. IN B. (quickly). That is unreasonable,

unnecessary, and quite useless-

L. IN W. (shrugs her shoulders). Perhaps! But I know those are the only terms that Dudley Rowe will accept. If she is to make a sacrifice he must do the same; otherwise the love of neither is proved.

L. IN B. But it seems to me that if each is to be selfish they had better remain

L. IN W. So I think. I only mentioned what I knew would be Dudley Rowe's feelings on the subject.

L. IN B. She must be a very selfish

L. IN W. Perhaps she is; but you must grant that a friendship that holds a man from his wife is certainly one of which she

has good reason to be jealous.

L. IN B. (after a pause, thoughtfully). Yes, I suppose that is so. (Another pause.) But supposing the friendship were truetruer than the wife imagines? And supposing it really were the cause of separation, through a want of understanding on the part of the wife, would it do any good, or prove anything whatever, if it were given up?

L. IN W. (sitting forward, and looking very interested). It would, of course, prove to the wife that there had been, as you say, a misunderstanding on her part, and that the friend was a really noble woman.

L. IN B. (with some emotion). No, no! Scarcely that; but that she was, at any

rate, a true friend?

L. IN W. (impressively). Yes — and perhaps a better friend to the man than his own wife could ever be!

L. IN B. (half crying). Perhaps! But who knows? It might teach her something she could not have otherwise learnt.

L. IN W. (gently). I think it would.

L. IN B. (musing sadly). And so her sacrifice might after all bring happiness to the man she befriended.

L. IN W. And that would be her highest

happiness, wouldn't it?



"COME! HERE IS MY HUSBAND!"

L. IN B. (averting her face). Ye-e-s—I believe it—would——

Enter Servant with a card on a tray, which he hands to Lady in Black.

She takes it and looks at it, starts, and exclaims.

Servant. Monsieur is downstairs; he will not come up; he wants Madame to go down and speak to him a minute.

L. IN B. (hurriedly). Very well, very

(Silently shows LADY IN WHITE the card.)

L. IN W. (starts violently.) "Harford Jenkins"! Won't you beg him to come up?

L. IN B. (hesitates). I—I—

L. IN W. I should like to see him.

L. IN B. You would?

L. IN W. (quickly). Yes—I want to tell him——

L. IN B. (breathlessly). What?

L. IN W. (moving nearer to the other

woman). That his wife will surrender unconditionally!

L. IN B. (bewildered). But you don't know—

L. IN. W. (taking the other woman's hand). I know this. (Turns suddenly to SERVANT.) Tell Monsieur two ladies wish to speak to him, and ask him to be good enough to come up. (Exit SERVANT. Turns back to LADY IN BLACK, who is looking more and more bewildered.) Yes—I know this, my dear, that Harford Jenkins has got the best friend man ever had—

L. IN B. (eagerly). But his wife?

L. IN W. (putting her arm round the other woman, and kissing her). And his wife knows it!

L. IN B. (echoes). His wife!

L. IN W. (draws the other towards the door, which is flung open, and the Servant stands to let someone enter). Come! Here is my husband!

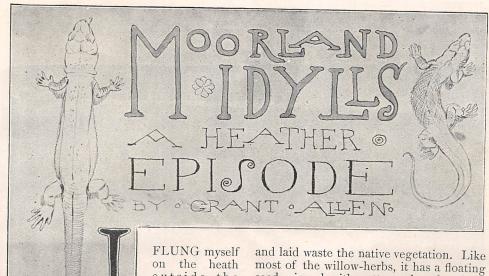
CURTAIN.





INCENSE.—BY EDWARD TAYLER.

Exhibited in the Dudley Gallery.



FLUNG myself on the heath outside the house just now, with my friend the Editor. He edits a London literary journal, and disbelieves in everything.

He is critical and sceptical. When he inherits glory (as he surely must do in time, for his is the noblest and purest and best of souls at bottom, in spite of its gruffness), I believe he will gaze about him at the golden floor and the walls of chrysoprase, and murmur to himself, "Humph! Not all it's cracked up to be!" Yet he is as tender as a woman, and as simple as a child; though he has found out the fact that the world is hollow, and that the human doll is stuffed with sawdust.

We lay beside a clump of tall flaming rose-bay—fire-weed as they call it over yonder in America. There, in the great woodlands on whose lap I was nursed, a wandering child of the primæval forest, you may see whole vast sheets of that flamboyant willow - herb covering the ground for miles on bare glades in the pinewood. Most visitors fancy it gets its common American name from its blaze of colour; and, indeed, it often spreads like a sea of flame over acres and acres of hillside together. But the prosaic backwoodsman gave it its beautiful title for a more practical reason: because it grows apace wherever a forest fire has killed out

and laid waste the native vegetation. Like most of the willow-herbs, it has a floating seed winged with cottony threads, which waft it through the air on pinions of gossamer; and thus it alights on the newly burnt soil, and springs up amain after the first cool shower. Within twelve months it has almost obliterated the signs of devastation on the ground under foot; only the great charred stems and gaunt blackened branches rise above its smiling mass of green leaves and bright blossoms to tell anew the half-forgotten tale of ruin and disaster.

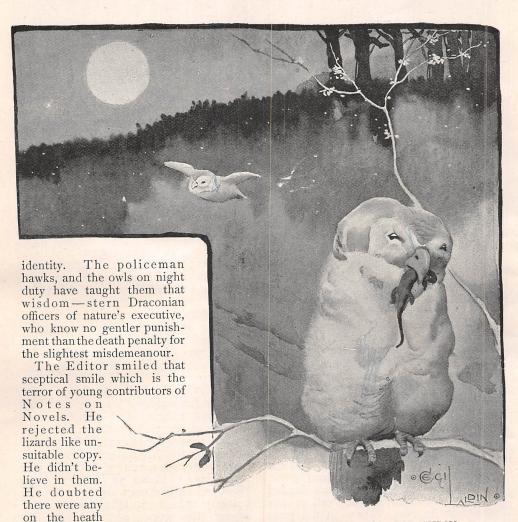
Here in England the rose-bay is a less frequent denizen, for it loves the wilds, and feels most at home in deep rich meadow bottoms unoccupied by tillage. Now, in Britain these conditions do not often occur since the Norman conquest; still, I have seen vast sheets of its tall pink pyramids of bloom at John Evelyn's Wootton; while even up here on our heathery uplands it fights hard for life among the gorse and bracken. beautiful spikes of irregular flowers, wide open below and tapering at the top into tiny knobs of bud, are among the loveliest elements in the natural flora of my poor three acres.

We were lying beside them, then, out of the eye of the sun, under the shadow of one bare and weather-beaten pine-tree, when talk fell by chance on the small brown lizards that skulk among the sandy soil of our hilltop. I said, and I believe, that the lizard population of the British Isles must outnumber the human by many,

many millions. For every sandy heath is just a London of lizards. They pullulate in the ling like slum-children in Whitechapel. They were about us, I remarked, as thick as Hyde Park demonstrators; only, instead of demonstrating, they prefer to lie low and conceal their

catch a lizard and show you." The Editor's face was a study to behold. Phil May would have paid him ten guineas for the copyright. "As you like," he answered, grimly. "Produce your lizards."

Fortune favours the brave. But I confess I trembled. Never before had I bragged;



THE OWLS ON NIGHT DUTY HAVE TAUGHT THEM THAT WISDOM.

walked over square miles of English moorland, but never a lizard had he seen, out of all their millions. Imagination, he observed, was an invaluable property to poets and naturalists. It was part of their stock-intrade. He didn't seek to deprive them of it. As Falstaff says, a man may surely labour at his vocation.

at all. He had

I was put on my mettle. For once in my life, I did a rash thing. I ventured to prophesy. "If you wish," I cried, "I'll

and now I wondered whether Fortune or Nemesis would carry it. 'Twas two to one on Nemesis. Yet the gods, as Swinburne tells us in "Les Noyades," are sometimes kindly. We lay still on the heather—still as mice—and waited. Presently, to my great and unexpected joy, a sound as of life!—a rustling among the bilberry bushes! One sharp brown head, and then another, with beady black eyes as keen as a beagle's, peeped forth from

the miniature jungle of brake and crossleaved heath in the bank beside us. I raised my lids, and looked mutely at the Editor. He followed my glance, and saw the tiny lithe creatures glide slowly from their covert, and crawl with heads held slyly on one side, and then on the other, into the open patch, on which we lay like statues. How they listened and looked! How they raised their quaint small heads, on the alert against the first faint breath of danger! I sat still as a mouse again, holding my breath in suspense, and waiting anxiously for developments. Then a miracle happened. Miracles do happen now and again, as once at Bolsena, to convince the sceptical. My hand lay motionless on the ground at my side. I would not have moved it just then for a sovereign. One wee brown lizard, gazing cautiously around, crept over it with sly care, and, finding it all right, walked up my sleeve as far as the elbow. I checked my heart and watched him. Never in my life before had such a thing happened to me-but I did not say so to the sceptical Editor; on the contrary, I looked as totally unconcerned as if I had been accustomed to lizards taking tours on me daily from my childhood upward. "Are you convinced?" I asked, with a bland smile of triumph. Even the Editor admitted, with a grudging sniff, that seeing is believing.

And, indeed, there are dozens of lizards to the square yard in England, though I

never before knew one of them to assail me of its own accord. I have caught them a hundred times by force or fraud among the heaths and sand-pits. The commonest sort hereabouts is the dingy brown viviparous lizard, which lays no eggs, but brings forth its young alive and tends them like a mother. It is an agile wee thing that creeps from its hole or nest during the noontide hours, and basks lazily in the sun in search of insects. But let a fly come near it, and, quick as lightning, it turns its tiny head, darts upon him like fate, and crunches him up between those sharp small teeth with the ferocity of a crocodile. We have sand-lizards, too, a far timider and wilder species: they bite your hand when caught, and refuse to live in captivity at the bottom of a flower-pot like their viviparous cousins. These pretty wee reptiles are often delicately spotted or branded with green; they lay a dozen leathery eggs in a hole in the sand, where the sun hatches out the poor abandoned little orphans without the aid of their unnatural mother. Still, they are much daintier in their colouring than the more domestic brown kind; and, after all, in a lizard I demand beauty rather than advanced moral qualities. I may be wrong; but such is my opinion. It is all very well to be ethical at Exeter Hall; but too sensitive a conscience is surely out of place in the struggle for life on the open moorland.



SCENES IN THE VOSHTI HILLS.

By GILBERT PARKER.

VI.—THE SOJOURNERS.

Y father, shall we soon be there?" The man stopped, and shading his eyes with his hand, looked long before him into the silver haze. They were on the southern bank of a wide valley, flanked by deep hills looking wise as grey-headed youth, a legion of close comrades, showing no gap in their ranks. They seemed to breathe; to sit, looking down into the valley, with heads dropped on their breasts, and deep overshadowed eyes, that never changed, in mist or snow, or sun, or any kind of weather: dark brooding lights that knew the secrets of the world, watchful yet kind. Races, ardent with longing, had come and gone through the valley, had passed the shining porches in the North on the way to the quiet country, and they had never come again, though shadows flitted back and forth when the mists came down: visiting spirits, hungering on the old trail for some that had dropped by the way. As the ages passed, fewer and fewer travelled through the valley—no longer a people or a race, but twos and threes, and sometimes a small company, like soldiers of a battered guard, and oftener still solitary pilgrims, broken with much travel and bowed with loneliness. But they always cried out with joy when they beheld far off in the North, at the end of the long trail, this range of grey and violet hills break into golden gaps with scarlet walls, and rivers of water ride through them pleasantly. Then they hurried on to the opal haze that hung at the end of the valley-and who heard ever of any that wished to leave the Scarlet Hills and the quiet country beyond!

The boy repeated his question: "My father, shall we soon be there?"

The man withdrew his hand from over his eyes, and a strange smile came to his

"My son," he answered, "canst thou not see? Yonder, through the gentle mist, are the Scarlet Hills; our journey is near done."

The boy lifted his head and looked.

"I can see nothing but the mist, my father—not the Scarlet Hills. I am tired, I would sleep."

"Thou shalt sleep soon. The wise men told us of the Delightful Château at the gateway of the hills. Courage, my son! If I gave thee the golden balls to toss, would it cheer thee?"

"My father, I care not for the golden balls; but if I had horse and sword and a thousand men, I would take a city."

The man laid his hand upon the boy's shoulder.

"If I, my son," he said, "had a horse and sword and a thousand men, I would build a city."

"Why dost thou not fly thy falcon, or write thy thoughts upon the sand, as thou didst yesterday, my father?"

The man loosed the falcon from his

wrist, and watched it fly away.

"My son, I care not for the falcon, nor any more for writing on the sands."

"My father, if thou didst build a city, I would not tear it down, but I would keep it with my thousand men."

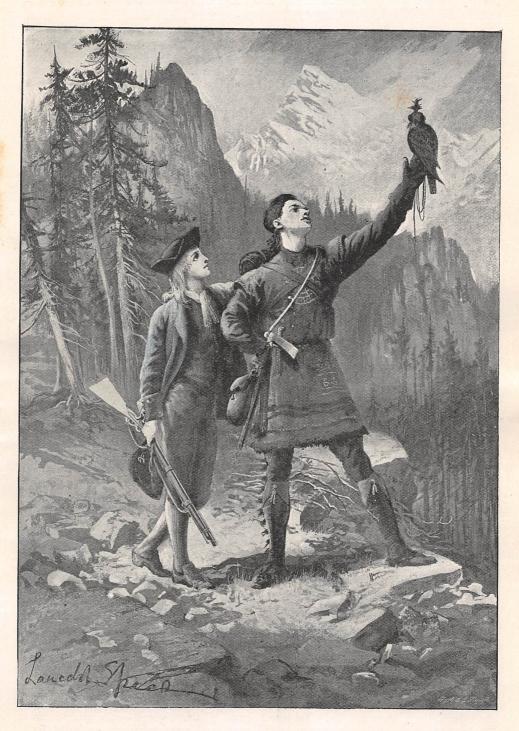
"Thou hast well said, my son." And the man stooped and kissed the lad on the forehead.

And so they travelled on in silence for a long time, and slowly they came to the opal haze, which smelled sweet as floating flowers, and gave their hearts a halcyon restfulness. And glancing down at him many times, the father saw the lad's face look serenely wise, without becoming old, and his brown hair clustered on his forehead with all the life of youth in it. Yet in his eyes the lad seemed as old as himself.

"My father," said the lad again, wouldst thou then build a city?"

And the father answered: "Nay, my son, I would sow seed, and gather it into harvest—enough for my needs, no more; and sit quiet in my doorway when my work was done, and be grateful to the Gods."

The lad waited a moment, then answered: "When thou wast a governor



"WHY DOST THOU NOT FLY THY FALCON, MY FATHER?" THE MAN LOOSED THE FALCON FROM HIS WRIST.

in our own country, thou hadst serfs and retainers without number, and fifty men to beat upon the shields of brass to tell of thy coming through the gates of the King's house; now thou wouldst sow a field and sit quiet in thy doorway, like the blind seller of seed-cakes 'gainst the temple."
"Even so, my son." Then he stooped

down, knelt upon his knees, and kissed the earth solemnly, and when he rose

there was a smile upon his face.

Then the lad said: "When I was the son of a governor I loved to play with the golden balls, to shoot at the target for pearls, and to ride the flamingo down; now I would grind the corn which thou didst reap, and with oil make seed-cakes for our supper, and sit quiet with thee in thy doorway." Then he too stooped down and kissed the earth, and rose up again with a smile upon his face.

And as they went the earth seemed suddenly to blossom anew, the glory of the Scarlet Hills burst upon them, and they could hear bugles calling far off and see giant figures trooping along the hills, all scarlet too, with streaming hair. And presently, near to a lake, there was a great gateway, and perched upon a rock near it a château of divine proportions, on which was written above the perfect doorway-

"The Keeper of the House awaits thee. Enter into Quiet."

And they entered, and were possessed of an incomparable peace. And then came to them an old man of noble countenance, with eve neither dimmed nor sunken, and cheek dewy as a child's, and his voice was like an organ when it plays the soft thanksgiving of a mother.

"Why did ye kiss the earth as ye

travelled?" he said.

And they told him, each with his own tongue, and he smiled upon them and questioned them of all their speech by the way, and they answered him all honestly and with gladness, for the searching of their hearts was a joy and relief. But he looked most lovingly upon the lad.

"Wouldst thou, then, indeed go to the

quiet country?" he asked.

And the lad answered: "I have lived

so long in the noise!'

"Thou hast learned all, thou hast lived all," he answered the boy. "Beyond the Hills of Scarlet there is quiet, and thou shalt dwell there, thou and he. Ye have the perfect desire. Go in peace, and know that though ye are of different years, as men count time, God's clock strikes the same for both, for both are of equal knowledge, and have the same desire at last."

Then, lifting up his hands, he said, "O children of men! O noisy world! when will ye leave the delectable way?"

Slowly they all three came from the Château, and through the great gateway, and passed to the margin of a shining lake, and the two stepped into a boat that waited for them, of which the rowers were nobly fashioned, like the Keeper of the House, and as they bowed their heads to a melodious blessing, the boat drew away. Soon, in the sweet haze, they looked transfigured and enlarged, majestic figures moving through the Scarlet Hills to the quiet country. And the valley through which they had passed was the Valley of Death, where the young become old, and the old young, and all become

25:35-

VII.—THE TENT OF THE PURPLE MAT.

HE Tent stands on the Mount of Lost Winters, in that bit of hospitable land called the Fair Valley, which is like no other in the North. Whence comes the soft wind that comforts it, who can tell? It swims through the great gap in the mountains, and passing down the valley, sinks upon the prairie of the Ten Stars, where it is lost. And what man first placed the Tent on the Mount none knows, though legends are many. It has a clear outlook to the north, whence comes the gracious wind, and it is sheltered at the south by a stout wall of commendable trees; yet these are at some small distance, so that the Tent has a space all about it, and the figure of the general land is as that of an amphitheatre.

It is made of deerskin, dyed by a strange process which turned it white, and doctored by some cunning medicine. It is like a perfect parchment, and shows no decay. It has a centre-pole of excellent fir, and from its peak flies a strip of snake-skin, dyed a red that never fades. For the greater part of the year the plateau whereon the Tent stands is covered with a sweet grass, and when the grass dies there comes a fine white frost, ungoverned by the sun, in which the footstep sinks, as into an unfilled honeycomb.

The land has few clouds, and no storms, save of the lightest-rain which is as mist, and snow which is as frosty haze. The sun cherishes the place continually, and the moon rises on it with a large rejoicing.

Yet no man dwells in the valley. It is

many scores of leagues from any habitation, from the lodges of the Indians or the posts of the Company's people. There are few tribes that know of it, and these go not to it as tribes, but as one man or one woman has need. Men say that beyond it, in another amphitheatre of the hills, is the White Valley, the Place of Peace, where the sleepers are, and the Scarlet Hunter is sentinel. Yet who knows-since any that have been there are constrained to be silent, or forget what they have seen?

But this valley where the Tent stands is for those who have broken the commandment, "Thou shalt not sell thy soul." Hither they come and wait and desire continually, and this delightful land is their punishment, for they have no relish for goodly things, the power to enjoy going from them when they bargained their souls away. The great peace, the noble pasturage, the equal joy of day and night wherein is neither heat nor cold, where life is like the haze on a harvestfield, are for chastisement, till that by great patience and striving someone, having the gift of sacrifice, shall give his life to buy back that soul. For it is in the minds of this people of the North that for every life that comes into the world one passes out, and for every soul which is bartered away another must be set free ere it can be

Men and women whom life and their own sins had battered came seeking the Tent; but they were few and they were chiefly old, for conscience cometh mostly when man can work and wanton no more. Yet one day, when the sight of the valley was most fair to their eyes, there came out of the southmost corner a girl, who, as soon as she set foot in the valley, laid aside her knapsack in the hollow of a tree, also her moccasins and a little cap of fur, and came on with bare head and feet towards the Mount of the Lost Winters.

She was of good stature, ripely made, not beautiful of face, but with a look which would make any man turn twice to see; a very glory of fine hair, and a hand which spoke oftener than the lips. She had come a month's travel, scarcely halting from sunrise to sunset, and she was as worn in body as in spirit. Now, as she passed up the valley she stood still several times, and looked round in a kind of dream, as well one might who had come out of an inclement south country to this sweet nourishment. Yet she stood not still for joy and content, but for pain. Once or twice she lifted up her hands above her

head as though appealing, but these pauses were only for brief moments, for she kept moving on towards the mountain with a swift step, When she had climbed the plateau where the delicate grass yielded with a tender spring to the feet, she paused long and gazed round, as though to take a last glance at all; then, turning to the Tent, looked steadfastly at it, awe and wonder, and something more difficult of interpretation, in her face. At last she slowly came to the curtain of the Tent, and lifting it, without a pause stepped inside, the curtain falling behind her.

The Tent was empty save for the centrepole, a wooden trough of dried fruit, a jar of water, and a mat of the most delectable purple colour, which was laid between the centre-pole and the tent-curtain. The mat was of exquisite make, as it seemed from the chosen fibres of some perfect wood, and the hue was as that of a Tyrian dye. A soft light pervaded the place, perhaps filtered through the parchmentlike white skin of the Tent, for it seemed to have no other fountain. Upon the farther side a token was drawn in purple on the tent-skin, and the girl, seeing it, turned quickly to the curtain through which she had passed. Upon the curtain were other signs. She read them slowly, and repeated them out loud in a low uncertain voice, like a bird's note blundering in a flute:

"Four hours shalt thou look northward, kneeling on the Mat of Purple, and thinking of the Camp of the Delightful Fires, round which is the Joyous City; four hours shalt thou lie prone, thy face upon the soothing earth, desiring sleep; and four hours shalt thou look within thine own breast, thinking of thy sin; four hours also shalt thou go through the valley, calling out that thou art lost, and praying the Scarlet Hunter to bring thee home. Afterwards thou shalt sleep, and thou shalt comfort thyself with food when thou wilt. If the Scarlet Hunter come not, and thy life faileth for misery, and none comprehending thy state offereth his life, that thy soul may be free once more—then thou shalt gladly die, and, yielding thine own body, shall purchase back thy soul; but this is not possible until thou hast dwelt here a year and a day."

Having read, the girl threw herself face forward on the ground, her body shaking with grief, and she cried out a man's name many times with great bitterness-

"Ambroise! Ambroise! Ambroise!" A long time she lay prone, crying so; but at last arose and, folding back the

curtain with hot hands, began her vigil for the redemption of a soul.

And while her sorrow grew a father mourned for his daughter and called his God to witness that he was guiltless of her loss, though he had said hard words to her by reason of a man called Ambroise. Then, too, the preacher had exhorted at her late and early till her mind was in a maze—it is enough to have the pangs of youth and love, to be awakened by the pain of mere growth and knowledge, without the counsel of the overwise to go jolting through the soul

The girl was only eighteen. She had never known her mother, she had lived as the flowers do, and when her hour of trial came she felt herself cast like a wandering bird out of the nest. In her childhood she had known no preachers, no teaching, save the wholesome catechism of a father's love and the sacred intimacy of Nature. Living so, learning by signs the language of law and wisdom, she had indrawn the significance of legend, the power of the awful natural. She had made her own commandments.

When Ambroise the courier came, she looked into his eyes and saw her ownindeed, it was most wonderful, for those two pairs of eyes were as those of one person. And each, as each looked, smiled—that smile which is the coming lau hter of a heart at itself. Yet they were different—he a man, she a woman; he versed in evil, she taught in good; he a vagrant of the snows, the fruit of whose life was like the contemptible stones of the desert; she the keeper of a goodly lodge, past which flowed a water that went softly, making rich the land, the fountain of her perfect deeds. He, looking into her eyes, saw himself when he had no sin on his soul; and she into his—as it seemed, her own always saw herself as it were in a cobweb of evils which she could not understand. As his heart grew lighter, hers grew sick, even when she knew that these were the only eyes in which she could ever see happiness.

It grew upon her that Ambroise's sins were hers, and not his, that she, not he, had bartered a soul for the wages of sin. When they said at the Fort that her eyes and Ambroise's, and her face and his, were as of one piece, the pain of the thought deepened, and other pains came likewise, for her father and the preacher urged that a man who had sold himself to the devil was no comrade for her in little or much. Yet she loved him as only they can who love for the first time, and with the deep primitive emotions which are out of the core of nature. But her heart had been cloven as by a wedge,

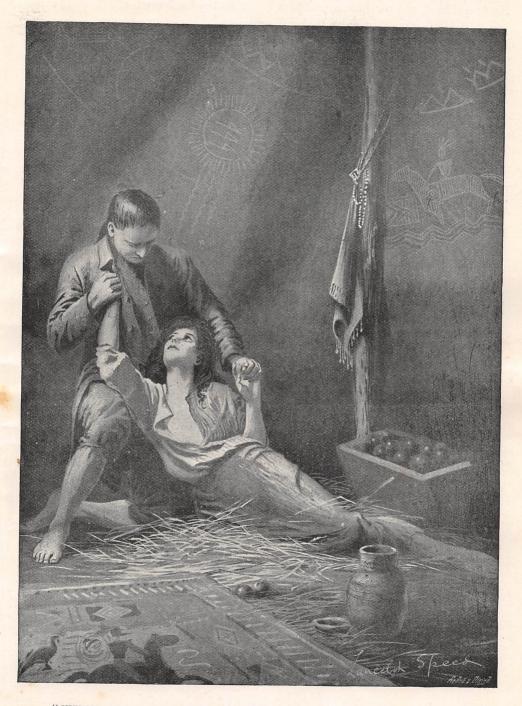
and she would not, and could not, lie in his arms, nor rest her cheek to his, nor seek that haven where true love is fastened like a nail on the wall of that inn called home. He was herself, he must be bought back; and so, one night, while yet the winter was on, she stole away out of the Fort, pausing at his door a moment only, laying her hand upon it as one might tenderly lay it on the brow of a sick sleeper. Then she stepped away out on the plains, pointing her course by the moon, for the Mount of Lost Winters and the Tent of the Purple Mat.

When the people of the Fort waked, and it was found that she was gone, search parties sallied out, but returned as they went after many days. And at last, because Ambroise suffered as one ground between rolling stones, even the preacher and the father of the girl relented towards him. After some weeks there came word through a wandering tribe that the body of a girl had been found on the Child o' Sin River, and black pelts were hung as mourning on the lodges and houses and walls of the Fort, and the father shut himself in his room, admitting no one. Still, they mourned without great cause.

But, if the girl had taken the sins of Ambroise with her, she had left him beside that soft flowing river of her goodness, and the savour of the herbs on its banks was to him like the sun on a patch of pennyroyal, bringing medicine to the sick body through the nostrils. So one morning, after many months, having crept from the covert of remorse, he took a guide to start him in the right trail, and began his journey to the Valley, whither she had gone before him, though he knew it not. From the moment that his guide left him dangers beset him, and those spirits called the Mockers, which are the evil deeds of a man crying to Heaven, came crying about him from the dead white trees, breathing through the powdery air, whistling down the moonlight; so that to cheer him he called out again and again, like any heathen-

Keeper, O Keeper of the Kimash Hills!

I am as a dog in the North Sea,
I am as a bat in a cave,
As a lizard am I on a prison wall,
As a tent with no pole,
As a bird with one wing;
I am as a seal in the desert,
I am as a wild horse alone.
O Scarlet Hunter of the Kimash Hills!
Thou hast an arm like a shooting star,
Thou hast an eye like the North Sky fires,
Thou hast a pouch for the hungry,
Thou hast a tent for the lost:
Hear me, O Keeper of the Kimash Hills!



"SHERAH, WHY HAST THOU COME HERE?" "TO BUY BACK MY SOUL, AMBROISE."

And whether or not this availed him, who can tell? There be many names of the One Thing, and the human soul hath the same north and south, if there be any north and south and east and west, save in the words of men. But something availed, and one day a footworn traveller, entering the Valley at the southmost corner, laid his cap and bag, moccasins, bow and arrow, and an iron weapon away in a hollow log, seeing not that there were also another bag and cap, and a pair of moccasins there. Then, barefooted and bareheaded, he marched slowly up the Valley, and all its loveliness smote him as a red iron is buffeted at the forge; and an exquisite agony coursed through his veins, so that he cried out, hiding his face. And yet he needs must look and look, all his sight aching with this perfection, never overpowering him, but keeping him ever in the relish of his torture.

At last he came to the door of the Tent in the late evening, and, intent not only to buy back the soul he had marketed—for the sake of the memory of the woman, and believing that none would die for him and that he must die for himself—he lifted the curtain and entered. Then he gave a great cry, for there she lay asleep, face downward, her forehead on the Purple

Mat.

"Sherah! Sherah!" he cried, dropping on his knees beside her and lifting up her head.

"Ambroise!" she called out faintly, her pale face drawing away from his breast.

"Sherah, why hast thou come here?"

he said. "Thou! thou!"

"To buy back my soul, Ambroise. And this is the last day of the year that I have spent here. Oh, why, why didst thou come? To-morrow all should have been well!"

"To buy back thy soul—thou didst no wrong!"

But at that moment their eyes drew close, and changed, and he understood. "For me! For me!" he whispered.

"Nay, for me!" she replied.

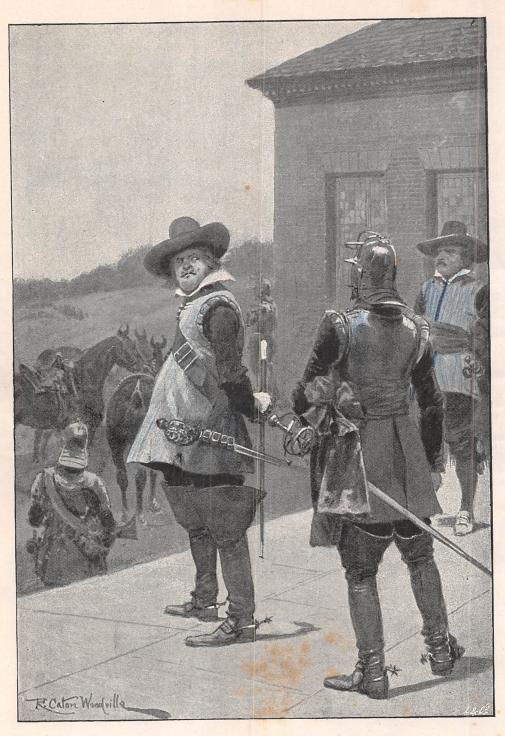
Then they noticed that the Purple Mat on which they knelt was red under their knees, and a goodly light shone through the Tent, not of the day or night. And as they looked amazed, the curtain of the Tent drew open, and one entered, clothed in red from head to foot; and they knew him to be the Scarlet Hunter, the lover of the lost, the Keeper of the Kimash Hills.

Looking at them steadfastly he said to Sherah: "Thou hast prevailed. To-night, at the setting of the sun, an old man died in Syria who uttered thy name as in a dream when he passed. The soul of Ambroise hath been bought back by

thee."

Then he spoke to Ambroise. "Because thy spirit was willing, and for the woman's sake thou shalt have peace; but this year which she has spent for thee shall be taken from thy life, and added to hers. Come, and I will start ye on the swift trail to your own country, and ye shall come here no more."

As they rose, obeying him, they saw that the red of the Mat had gone a perfect white, and they knew not what to think, for they had acted after the manner of the heathen; but that night, as they travelled with joy towards that Inn called Home, down at the Fort, a preacher with rude noise cried to those who would hear him: "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall become whiter than snow."



"PITY! I LOVE NOT TO BUTCHER ENGLISH GENTLEMEN."

See "The Fate of Three."

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

THE FATE OF THREE.

By JAMES D. SYMON.

PUFF of smoke rose from the coppice: then down the wind came the blunt report of a musket. Another and another followed, and for a moment or two a sharp skirmish seemed imminent. But the noise died away almost as suddenly as it had arisen, and only the lowing of the cattle as they jogged home for milking disturbed the quiet eventide.

"A false alarm, General."

"Not so, Eversleigh. Fear-the-Lord Foote is not the man to throw away powder and shot. Trust me he has done his work, else had there been more firing. See yonder, they are bringing in the prisoners. Without doubt you were right in your surmise; they must indeed be spies from Oxford town. Are our men safe? Count them, your eyes are younger than mine. The enemy fired twice, I take it."

"Sergeant Foote I can make out," rejoined Eversleigh, "our three file, and one prisoner. His companion hath fallen,

it would seem."

"So be it. It means one halter the less to-morrow; or a smaller platoon. Thereby we save hemp and ammunition. What is the prisoner's condition, think you, Eversleigh?"

"He is of gentle bearing, General, if

mine eyes deceive me not."

"Pity! I love not to butcher English gentlemen, Eversleigh, nor commoners, for that matter. This game costs me dear. Would to God it had never—— Hark ye, Eversleigh. Do you receive the prisoner and bring him to me within. If he give no clear account of himself, there need be small trouble with him. Colonel Go-in-Peace Jenkinson and I will be sufficient court-martial."

General Cromwell turned abruptly and strode back to the house where he had his temporary quarters, while Eversleigh awaited the prisoner with a preoccupied air. The wind was from the city, and he fancied he could catch the chimes of his old college borne faintly on the light airs.

But the distance was such that he decided it must be a trick of the imagination.

The appearance of Sergeant Foote, with his three file and his quarry, round a corner of the village street dispelled his dreams of old days and old faces. Eversleigh drew his sword, which burned red in the sunset, and advanced to meet the party

with an air inflexibly official.

The Sergeant made his report with solemnity and point. The prisoner and a companion had been intercepted according to orders. The companion was shot dead and left in the field. The one had been taken and the other left, said the Scriptural Sergeant. Dispatches and papers had been found on the prisoner. These Sergeant Foote handed to his superior.

Eversleigh and the prisoner looked hard at each other. Neither spoke for a moment. Then the soldier of the Parliament said curtly, "Follow me; General Cromwell is within, and would speak with you."

The party defiled into the house where the Chief awaited them. At a table in a low-roofed chamber sat Cromwell and Jenkinson, an ominous red glow from the setting sun falling on their faces. But even the rich colour of the sunset could not disguise the terrible pallor that had found lodgment in Eversleigh's cheek. The prisoner was the most indifferent of the group. Like a true soldier of fortune, he was prepared for any death provided it was honourable. Even hanging at an enemy's hands would be no real disgrace, and hanging he certainly expected. The proceedings were brief enough. Cromwell asked the prisoner his name and rank, and then looked through the papers found upon him. His examination over, he said: "Roger de Lisle, Captain in Charles Stewart's service, how comes it that you, a bearer of dispatches for persons of condition in London, should be found at Wytham village? It scarce lies on your road."

"My errand here, Sir, was a private one."

"Doubtless, doubtless," returned Cromwell drily. "And did Charles Stewart sanction this roundabout course?"

"In time of war," the prisoner replied, "direct roads are not always chosen."

"That is scarce an answer to my

question."

"Then, Sir, my presence near this place was not immediately sanctioned by the King. It was, as I said, a private matter that brought me. I sought to visit

one dear to me."

"Young man, young man," Cromwell returned gravely, "your position is not such that lying will advantage it either for this world or the next. Yet I am willing to show such mercy as I can. Do but give me a clear account of your errand here, name the person you sought to visit, and detention is all that you will suffer. Satisfy me that your errand was to no person of dishonest political repute, and your life is safe."

The prisoner declined to reply, stating that no explanation could advantage his

case.

Cromwell would have pressed him, but Jenkinson's harsh tones broke in: "So please you, General, I for one need no further evidence. Never was man more clearly declared a spy. If you are likewise satisfied, let us have done."

"So be it," said Cromwell after a moment's thought. Then he sentenced de Lisle to be hanged next morning as a

SDY

The prisoner was immediately removed, and Eversleigh, lingering behind, begged Cromwell to grant him a moment's private talk. The request was granted, and Jenkinson, at a signal from his chief, retired,

leaving the two alone together.

The moment Eversleigh had craved became a round hour, then two, and still Sergeant Foote's attentive ear, pressed close to the door-chink, could catch the sound of a pleading voice resolutely opposed by sterner tones. At length the parley ended, and when the door opened Sergeant Foote was standing a few paces along the passage, his figure bolt upright, his musket at the order—the picture of a discreet sentinel.

"Your first request," the General said at parting, "I cannot grant; but the other I may. Life it is not mine to give to a spy; I may, however, choose the means of death. Be good enough to summon Sergeant Foote." Eversleigh left the room and motioned to the excellent inferior

officer to pass within.

"Sergeant," said the Chief, "you will shoot that young man and not hang him"

Fear-the Lord Foote saluted and left the chamber mumbling his discontent. "It was meet," he growled, "that a youth who had set his feet in slippery places should be left at last with no foothold at all. It would be a manifest symbol and sign of his misdoing and its deserts." So grumbling the Sergeant retired to his comrades, who found him more than ordinarily morose that night, and were sorely mystified at hearing him repeatedly mutter, "High as Haman, high as Haman, had I but had my will." They found the solution, however, when a little later he gruffly gave orders for a platoon to be in readiness next morning.

Meanwhile Eversleigh sought the condemned man. Each looked the other full in the face with a long questioning gaze.

Then they clasped hands.

"Roger."
"Francis."

"The General allows us but fifteen minutes. Hark!" (as he spoke he assumed an eager listening attitude) "know you those tones, that 'most tunable and melodious ring of bells,' as they are called in the record we used to pore over together in the old days at Magdalen? It seems incredible that we should hear them at this distance; yet hark!"

"Right well I hear them, Francis.

What memories they recall!"

They listened for a few seconds with straining ears to the familiar bell-notes. Perhaps it was that the wind set that way and enabled them to catch the sounds; more likely it was the overstrung sensibility of the two listeners that made them hear the notes they knew and loved so well.

"Fifteen minutes," said Eversleigh; "at

the next chime we must part."

Still clasping each other's hands the friends sat down together, very close, the dark Cavalier love-locks contrasting strongly with the Roundhead's fair, crisp hair, that did its best to curl despite its close crop.

For a little neither spoke, then Eversleigh continued: "Roger, I am stricken to the heart by this mischance, for it was I that saw you and your companion skirting the wood and had you pursued. Would that I had known who it was! Then, King's man or none, you had gone free for me."

"Mention it not, Francis; it is the

fortune of war."

"Yet none the less hard for me, Roger.

But hadst thou no explanation to offer of thy presence here? The General is no wanton butcher. He is ready to hear any plea in reason."

"I had none to offer, Francis, that would

not have caused deeper mischief."

"How so, Roger?"

"That I may not tell you now. One

day you may know."

"So be it, Roger; but this is a fearful hour for me. That I should have brought the sorrow of thy death on Amy Vivian!"

"Name her not now, Francis, I entreat thee. To you I commend her; none is worthier the charge or has better right."

"Not so, Roger; not so. That dream of mine is over—but ah! our time is up." Again they caught the faint bell-music floating through the night, as Colonel Jenkinson came in to separate the friends. He briefly informed de Lisle of the change in his sentence.

"I owe this to your good offices, Francis. My hearty thanks, old friend. It may be a small matter, but a soldier's death is indeed preferable to a dog's."

"Have done, gentlemen, have done. The time has expired," Jenkinson grated

out.

So with a fervent hand-clasp they parted. "Shall you be *there* to-morrow, Francis?" de Lisle queried as the other crossed the threshold.

"Assuredly, Roger. I shall bear you

company as far as may be."

The door closed, and Roger de Lisle sat down to complete certain letters it behoved him to write. When his task was ended he threw himself on the bed and slept calmly till daybreak.

* * * * *

The morning rose fresh and peaceful. One jarring note, however, struck through its harmony, and that was the voice of Sergeant Foote, who was furbishing his accoutrements in an outhouse and regaling himself the while with a psalm appropriate to the melancholy duties of the day. Every now and then he interrupted his work and his canticle to gaze with lingering fondness upon a coil of rope that dangled from a rafter. It was an admirable piece of hemp, he sighed, and would have suited the young malignant's delicate throat to a nicety: thus fitly showing forth the end appropriate to a neck that gay and godless Court wenches must ofttimes have encircled in embraces perilous to the soul. Thus he mused, and then with a groan the psalmody would be

Eight o'clock found the firing party in

position, surrounded by a gaping crowd of villagers. Eversleigh and Jenkinson were on the ground; the General did not Eversleigh paced nervously up and down till de Lisle, escorted by Sergeant Foote and four file, came from the house where the prisoner had spent the night. Then the friends conversed for a moment, and Roger was informed that the party would not give fire until he himself gave the signal by letting fall his handkerchief. He refused to have his eyes bound. "I have looked a musket in the muzzle ere now, Frank," he said with a gay laugh. "It is no new experience, as the rope would have been. In the latter case, for the comfort of all parties, I should have consented to the napkin."

They embraced, and Eversleigh withdrew to the rear of the musketeers. As he passed, Sergeant Foote observed that he held a pistol in his hand, and marvelled

greatly thereat.

Once again the faint chime of bells was borne from the city, though none heard it save the two men whose senses were so strangely sharpened by trial and the near prospect of death. On the instant de Lisle's kerchief fell.

As the smoke drifted away in broad patches a single pistol-shot startled the onlookers. Another corpse lay on the grass, this time *behind* the firing-party. Eversleigh had joined his friend.

A scream followed, and a woman, rushing forward, flung herself across the breast of the dead soldier of the Parliament. When the villagers raised her they found her lifeless.

* * * *

Two hours later General Cromwell sat alone moodily revolving the events of the morning. A knock came to the door, and Foote entered with a letter that de Lisle had left for Eversleigh, to be delivered when all was over.

The General took the packet and ordered the Sergeant to withdraw. After a moment's hesitation he opened the letter and read the contents. The first few lines he glanced at carelessly, for they gave him no light on the recent mysterious events, but in a few seconds his interest was aroused, and he read eagerly, as one athirst.

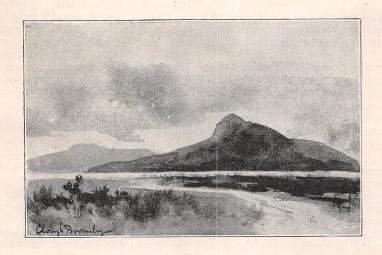
"Trust me, dear Frank," wrote de Lisle, "it was on no spy's errand I came hither to Wytham. Amy Vivian is in hiding at the Priory with her cousins, who are staunch Parliament folk save in respect of loyalty to her, Royalist plotter though she be. I desired to see her and know my fate (you know how I adored her), and on

volunteering to bear those dispatches I found my opportunity. She saw me and heard me, but rejected my suit, for 'tis none but thee that she loves, old friend. This much, at my urgent asking, she confessed to me. It was but a woman's whim to try thee that made her seemingly cold to thee. She feigned scorn but to prove thee, and her repentance is very deep. She is hopeless of ever regaining thee, and says her punishment is just.

"Take her, as soon as may be, when this hateful strife is ended. I would thou couldst procure her a safe - conduct to France; but that, I fear, is impossible. Your General loves her not, since she effected her father's escape; therefore my tongue was tied in the matter of my errand

here. All this I would fain have told thee, but our time together was brief, and my tongue in no way ready, through overmuch emotion. Fret not thyself for causing my arrest. You but did your duty. Farewell! Thine even in death,—ROGER."

Enclosed was anote to Amy Vivian, which Cromwell destroyed unread. For long the General remained wrapped in deep thought. Then, laying aside the letter, he drew a document from a portfolio and glanced at it. It was a commission newly signed. Slowly he tore it in shreds, muttering as he did so, "Ah! the pity of it! the pity of it! The lad was a fine soldier, and to-morrow we should have made him a Colonel. Truly the ways of Providence are inscrutable!"



PRINCE VON BISMARCK.

By H--- B---

ITHIN the recollection of men, and probably also within the knowledge of the most painstaking historian, no statesman has received such world-wide recognition of his services and achievements as Otto, Prince von Bismarck, upon the occasion of his eightieth birthday in the year of grace 1895. The demonstrative acts of congratulation may be said to have commenced in right earnest well within a week of the birthday, though the preparations—hardly less demonstrative and sensational than the stupendous outcome of it all—were in full swing, and as fully reported by the combined aid of telephone, telegraph, ink, and print, throughout the civilised world, quite a month before the memorable event.

In his "Sturm und Drang" period, which may be said to have begun with the moment he entered the service of the State, and to have ended only on the day of reconciliation with his Sovereign, Prince Bismarck frequently expressed and proved his contempt for the tribe of "inkslingers." If anything could obliterate this sentiment, the very handsome and generous way in which those despised "inkslingers" have now requited his enmity, and, let us say, injustice, should go a long way to effect the cure. English journalists, at least, have not exhibited any resentment for former snubs. No jarring note has been struck in all the lengthy messages which were flashed across, recording faithfully the exuberance of enthusiasm prevailing throughout Germany, and relating personal details to an extent which might have satisfied the proudest and vainest of men. Nor can he complain of any lack of attention or generosity in the way of leaders. One birthday leader is generally considered sufficient for the greatest sovereign, or even statesman. Prince Bismarck has received from most of the great dailies at least three such weighty articles—that is, before, on, and after the event. cavalier refusal of the majority of the Reichstag—"the notorious 163" as it is now termed—formed the only unpleasant feature in the devotional festivities; and,

though the Emperor forthwith endeavoured to counteract the effect by a message expressing his indignant protest and that of the nation at large, I have reason to believe that the shot went home, that the sting remained, and that the imperial message, even when it had been backed by expressions of approval from all parts of the Empire, acted only as a palliative on the proud mind of the ex-Chancellor, who never could brook criticism of any kind,

much less an open insult.

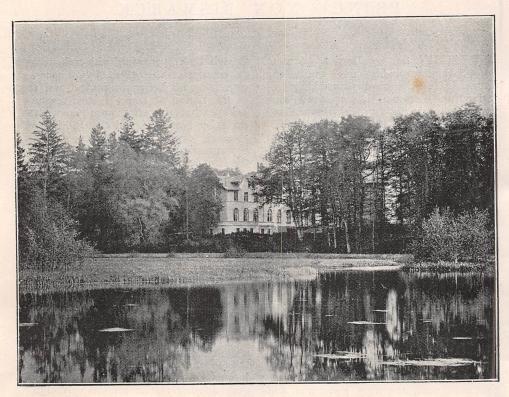
I think, by the way, that this generous act on the part of the Emperor has hardly been sufficiently appreciated at large. It should be remembered that Prince Bismarck not only parted in anger from his sovereign when the latter accepted his resignation, but persisted in acts of the gravest provocation towards his liege long after, as well as before, his enforced retirement. It was one thing to forgive his eminent subject these transgressions, sometimes deliberately aimed to thwart the imperial will, occasionally mere exhibitions of gross ill-temper; but it was quite another matter for the sovereign to go out of his way, after he had succeeded in setting himself right in the eyes of the nation by effecting the reconciliation, spontaneously to take the cudgels up in behalf of his aged servant against the majority of the elected representatives of the people. This proves a loftiness of mind which Prince Bismarck has never aspired to, neither in his relations with his sovereigns nor in his dealings with mortals of less exalted rank. It also proves that the Emperor has fully mastered the difficult art of gauging public opinion.

It were impossible, indeed ludicrous, to attempt to give anything but the slightest character sketch of the mighty recluse of Friedrichsruh within the limited space of a magazine article. Even a lightning sketch is no easy matter, in view of the mass of excellent comments which has flooded the columns of the Press on the subject for the greater part of a month. Bismarck's career belongs to history—and historians will no doubt in due time apply the fierce

search-light of criticism to every stage and act of his life. I propose to confine myself to citing a few facts which have come within my personal knowledge.

In the early summer of 1866 a goodly

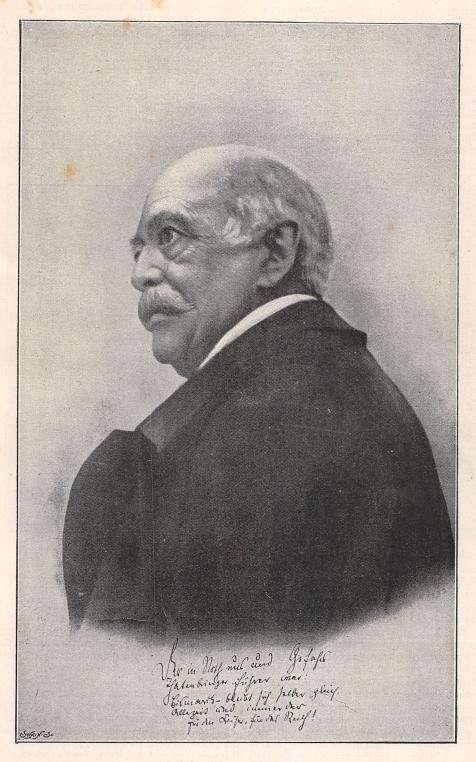
It was Moltke, whose assurance that there would be no difficulty in defeating the Austrians was accepted absolutely by Bismarck. Who took the lion's share of credit for the result of the campaign—i.e.,



SCHLOSS FRIEDRICHSRUH: VIEW FROM THE PARK.

crowd was assembled at the railway station of the town of Görlitz, in Silesia, to see the King of Prussia pass through on his way to the front to assume the command of his army against Austria. On the arrival of the train, his Majesty was cheered with the utmost fervour until he disappeared in the royal waiting-room. In his suite was then descried the famous Minister von Bismarck, but the crowd made way for him in silence. A boy, indeed, called out from the balcony of the station, "Bismarck hoch!" but the "Hoch" was half stifled as he caught the glare from about five thousand upturned angry faces, and there was no response. Bismarck seemed rather amused than annoyed, and smiled cynically. The thought was probably in his mind, "It will be different when we return." And he was right. But what gave Bismarck that confidence, which was shared only in part even by the King?

for Prussia's advancement? Bismarck. He grudged the Crown Prince and the Red Prince their hard-won laurels, and took no pains to conceal his dislike for them. Moltke was scarcely mentioned. When the Franco-German War broke out, there was no man in Germany more confident of the result than Bismarck. And why? Because Moltke had assured him in his quiet way that the German army was, and that the French was not, prepared. Who took, again, the lion's share of credit for the result of the campaign—the creation of the German Empire? Why, Bismarck! And he has never ceased since, by word of mouth, by writing, and through his organs in print, to impress the German nation and the world at large: "It is I to whom this is due. I am beholden, of course, to my good old master for not having opposed me, whereby I was enabled to carry



PRINCE VON BISMARCK.

through my long-conceived magnificent scheme, and I am also quite willing to acknowledge that I could not have done so without the efficiency of the army." The splendid services of the Crown Prince and Red Prince, however, were ignored. These Princes had again given offence to the old egotist by their achievements on the battle-field and their consequent popularity, and it may be said without exaggeration that one at least was pursued beyond the grave by Bismarck's

Bismarck, has undoubtedly marred at the council-table. For is it not wonderful that scarcely five years after France had apparently been crushed in the most complete manner possible, there should have arisen anew the spectre of war beyond the Vosges, and threatened Germany?—threatened it so gravely, indeed, that the order for mobilising the army had actually been signed by the old Emperor with reluctant hand, when at the last moment wiser counsel prevailed in France, and



PRINCE BISMARCK'S ARRIVAL IN BERLIN AFTER HIS RECONCILIATION WITH THE EMPEROR AT FRIEDRICHSRUH.

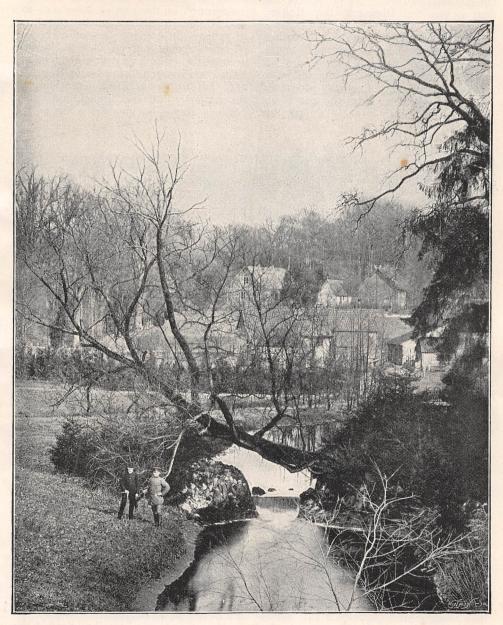
In the foreground Bismarck, supported by Prince Henry of Prussia, is walking down the front of the Guard of Honour in the square of the royal Castle.

implacable hatred. And Moltke? He was honoured by the old Emperor openly to the full, and in his Majesty's heart, perhaps, more than any other man alive. He was acclaimed by the army and the people, and—made use of by Bismarck whenever the latter required his sage counsel and assistance in Parliament. But no public acknowledgment has Bismarck ever given to the really greatest German of this century of bogus reputations. In all his lengthy birthday speeches one searches in vain for even a slight allusion to the unrivalled services of the Grand Old Silent One, whose stupendous successes in the field he, the great

prevented a renewal of the struggle. What has happened ever since? Why, every year we are impressively reminded that the danger is still there, and must be followed by disaster if the fighting forces of Germany be not increased forthwith. If this long-continued insecurity, this constant threat of invasion, is not Bismarck's fault, I should like to know who else could possibly be made responsible. To create an empire is one thing—for the sake of argument I will admit that Bismarck did it all by himself—to secure its safety is another. Has Bismarck done the latter? If not, why not? Have a quarter of a million of

German lives been sacrificed only to produce a fine show, which directly afterwards turns out to be in daily danger from the very foe who was crushed to produce it?

expected to have achieved something worthy of a reputation, such as he had literally made for himself, the reputation of the most far-seeing statesman



A CORNER IN THE DEMESNE OF FRIEDRICHSRUH: A GAMEKEEPER'S HOUSE AND ARTISAN COTTAGES IN BACKGROUND.

I think when the history of the German Empire is written by unbiassed judges from authentic material, it will be found that Bismarck has protested too much. Where he might have been

in Europe, there he failed in the most signal manner. I refer, of course, to the terms of peace which he dictated to France, and which he believed were amply sufficient to cripple France for

a generation at the very least. The French imagined at that time, and still hold the opinion, that Bismarck was the hard man who insisted upon those annexations in full. As a matter of fact, it was not Bismarck, but Moltke, who insisted so firmly on the possession of Metz. The question of securing the strategical defences of the Empire was left to Moltke's decision, and he remained quietly obdurate while the man of blood and iron was actually wavering. It was Bismarck's duty to exact an indemnity sufficiently large to cripple the with, France was really at the mercy of the conqueror, whereas Japan had only succeeded in seizing a few outer defences of the Chinese Empire. above all, Bismarck had not to fear any intervention on the part of other nations, while Count Ito had to face the opposition of at least three great Powers, each one of whom could put an end to Japan's ascendancy without any very great effort.

In fact, Bismarck, Count Guido Henckel, and the late Baron Bleichröder bungled the settlement of the French indemnity between them—at any rate, as far as the



PRINCE BISMARCK'S STUDY AT FRIEDRICHSRUH.

resources of the French treasury for a long breathing space, to enable him to provide for the security of the new Empire. He fixed an amount which France had no difficulty whatever in paying-in fact, it turned out to be the merest flea-bite.

What would the world in general, and Japan in particular, have thought of Count Ito's wisdom and capacity if that statesman had arranged such terms of peace that Japan would thenceforth have had to make fresh sacrifices every year to prevent a renewal of the struggle? However, the comparison is hardly fair to Count Ito. He was beset with difficulties which find no parallel in Prince Bismarck's position at the end of the war with France. To begin interests of Germany were concerned. This is beyond dispute, and reflects little credit on the trio.

So much for Bismarck's share in the creation of the Empire. Now as to his management of affairs in the piping times of an insecure peace: this is specially remarkable for the following events,

incidents, and features.

He provoked a totally uncalled-for, prolonged, and fiercely waged religious struggle, misnamed the Kulturkampf, which ended in the most complete discomfiture of the Great Chancellor. He created the power of the Socialists by encouraging them to organise themselves into a Parliamentary party. For, when Bismarck became Minister-President of Prussia, the Socialists in that kingdom numbered only a few thousands; now their electors are counted by millions.

Bismarck had, of course, not the faintest idea that he was creating a Frankenstein for himself and for the German monarchy. All he aimed at was to create another party for his use in the political kicking game which he knew how to play with such dexterous skill and vigour, a game in which the kicking was at first done only by himself or by his leave. When one party displeased him he used to set another, or more, to give it a good kicking. The Socialists, however, soon emancipated themselves from his authority, played the game on their own account, and improved upon its former methods by taking the Chancellor himself for their butt. Germany is thus indebted to Bismarck for a very troublesome and dangerous factor in politics, a power which the German Parliament is at present endeavouring to reduce within safe limits.

He further initiated a Colonial policy, and, at his instigation, German capitalists invested their money in territories which have thus far yielded no return, but, on the contrary, have proved a heavy burden to the German taxpayer. On perceiving this failure, the Chancellor transmogrified himself into a rabid enemy of all Colonial enterprise, and dubbed the Colonial party contemptuously "those mad Colonial Menschen." Strange to say, he who is to-day acclaimed by united Germany as her great benefactor and only statesman never had a party of his own. He succeeded admirably in setting everybody at loggerheads, but failed in all his efforts to collect however small a party who would owe him allegiance for more than a brief His support existed mainly in the Emperor, who simply dissolved Parliament if it opposed Bismarck, and continued that course until Bismarck was satisfied. It may be thought extraordinary

that there should have been, and should still be, a great difficulty in replacing Bismarck. But this will be readily understood when the fact is taken into consideration that Bismarck would not advance any statesman in the service of the Government who showed originality and independence of judgment. He thus managed to reduce his colleagues, as well as the rising aspirants, to the merest marionettes, who simply did what they were told, and asked no question. Such able men and possible rivals as Radowitz and Keudell were sent out of harm's way—the first to Constantinople, the other to Rome.

But for the great personality of the old Emperor, who commanded reverence and confidence not only in the German States but throughout the civilised world; but for the confidence reposed in the Prussian leaders of the united army, the Empire would probably not have been created at all. At any rate, I doubt whether the other German States would have so freely granted all the privileges to Prussia.

No fair-minded critic will grudge Bismarck his fair share of praise, but this must not be allowed to eclipse the great and active parts played by the old Emperor. the Crown Prince, Count Moltke, and others, who did quite as much as Bismarck to knit and anneal the great work. It is meet here to state that, in the opinion of those well qualified to judge, the accomplishment of the task was due more to the spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm evoked by the great victory in the heart of every German than to any carefully planned scheme such as Bismarck claims to have originated years before the war, and to have brought to fruition by the exercise of his genius.

For the views expressed in this article I am, of course, personally responsible, although I believe they are shared by many who prefer to be silent in this hour of homage to an undoubtedly great

man.



THE WOOD-GATHERERS.—By W. C. T. Dobson, R.A.

Reproduced by permission from a print published by Messrs. Henry Graves and Co., Pall Mall, the owners of the picture.



HAT the deuce do you mean? What right have you to meddle in my private affairs? It's confounded impertinence-

How can that give you a right? For all I know, a dozen other men were in love with her. You had your chance, I suppose, and made what you could of it. That's an old story. It happens that Imarried her, and if any man has the

astounding impudence to-

Hang it all, Jameson! I've been put out; you're the second to-day—though the other was a woman, so she oughtn't to count. My temper's rather the worse for wear; I've gone through a good deal since you left England, old man. course you meant no harm; now you'll go about and say I've turned fire-eater. People are talking? Let them talk, and be hanged to them! On the whole, I had rather they did; one or two may reflect, and profit by my example. I don't care to use big words, but some men, if they had the pluck to take such a step, would boast of starting a social reformation, and that kind of thing. It'll have to come; I should have thought you

were just the fellow to understand and approve-

GEORGE GISSING.

Well, if you put it in that way, I've no objection to explain. I won't be dictated to, that's all. I'm master in my own house, and if

people come talking about "brutal behaviour," and taking my wife's part against me, I shall cut up tolerably rough. I'm well aware that Jenny wants people to pity her; who ever knew the woman that didn't? You won't like what I've got to say, but I can't help that; I didn't begin on the subject. I'm a man talking about his wife—that's to say, I see facts as facts, and not through a mist of sentiment. You still think of women as angels, do you? It's an amiable weakness; I never was given to it myself. I've played the fool about women, especially about Jenny; but something in my character has always pulled me up before I went plunging down a steep place, like-you know.

Come now; in the old days, when we wasted so much time over at Norwood, did you really think Jenny the kind of girl that a sensible fellow with a small income would wish to marry? You can't have done so. Don't boggle over it; just say you were in love with her, and let that mean what it may. The honest truth is that to me she seemed about the last girl to make a good wife; but I, too, was in love with her-devilish hard hit, as I think you know. Just when I ought to have been fagging at my profession, I wallowed in idleness—all on account of Jenny. We see the result now: I'm one of the slowcoaches; I can't make a large income, and perhaps I never shall. No; I don't blame her for that. Wait a bit, and watch

the course of things.

I wonder a steady-going fellow like you could stand her ways. You remember her once calling out, "Oh, I have no character It was perfectly true; we to lose"? grinned and joked; but if we had grinned and gone away we should have acted more wisely. She did her best to lose her character in the eyes of all rational people. She was having her fling, and she went just as far as was possible. I make all allowances for her: a silly mother, a rascal of a father, the flattery of a contemptible set of men and girls; but it doesn't alter Her cigarette-smoking, her the fact. night rambling, her talk about forbidden things—pah! She wished to be thought a fast girl, and it's rather wonderful, when one comes to think of it, that the limits of the possible weren't passed. She imagined herself a light of fashion over yonder. How on earth she got together such a menagerie of friends I never understood. To this day I have a suspicion that some of the men one met there on Sunday were shopwalkers; yet we know that some were not. The house might have been a decent house enough, of its kind; Jenny made it-well, no, vulgarity wasn't exactly the note, after all. Her mother knew how to behave herself, and her scamp of a father could talk like a gentleman. One didn't feel exactly ashamed of being seen there. The fact is, society has got to be such a queer jumble nowadays. How is one to draw lines?

She was a handsome girl, a fine girl, and there's no gainsaying it. No one could find vulgarity in her face—or in her ways either, when she wasn't acting up to her ideas of fashionable freedom. She might have grown up a very creditable specimen of womanhood, with sensible parents and good schooling. As it is, her husband has to turn educator—well, wait a bit.

But for her father's smash, she wouldn't have dreamt of marrying me. Not for a moment! She might have married you, if you hadn't thrown up the game just too soon. She knew I had no money; I was honest enough to let that be understood from the first. She didn't particularly like me—I wasn't her style of man; of course, I could always see that. Very well, keep your own opinion; I say what I know. If I'm to tell this story at all, I must out with the blunt facts, never mind how they sound. Jenny married me because there seemed no hope of marrying anyone else of She was equally good social position. fastidious; she knew a gentleman from a gent, and only tolerated the sham when

he helped to fill a room and applaud her

comic songs.

I knew all about the smash before it came out; and I knew the old man had cut and run before his family did. I would have done a good deal to save Jenny from that; believe me or not, as you like. I had a bad lump in the throat when I thought of her, and I was as far as possible from calculating upon the change in her situation. The truth is, I went to the other extreme, and said to myself that it would be impossible now to marry her, even if she would have me. My prospects had to be considered; I was feeling a bit anxious about things, and saw the necessity of keeping in with a certain class of people. No, I put Jenny out of my mind-or tried to. And I felt glad, old fellow, that you were far enough away, for I knew what you would have done. Sorry you didn't get the news till it was too late to do anything? I won't allow myself a coarse retort. Never mind; the past is past; and you, at all events, still have a future.

I, too? Heaven only knows. But I feel better this last week or two. I go to the office with an easier mind, that's

certain.

You don't want to hear how we came to be married, and I've no wish to tell you. Don't suppose I imply anything against Jenny. She was miserable, and no doubt I ought to have left her alone till she had got over the worst of it. An accident—it's always the same. My common-sense failed me at the critical moment.

It came out afterwards that things were not so black as they looked-for her, I She talked about going for a lady's-maid, or a scullery-maid, or I don't know what. Heaven help the people who engaged her in such capacities! But she had relatives in the country who were able and willing to help her; that's to say, she might have lived with them till some rational arrangement could be made. Her mother, as I daresay you know, behaved very badly; she was frightened out of her wits, I suppose, and showed the primitive selfish instinct without disguise. Jennyone of the things to her credit-never made claim to a share in what her mother had to live upon. Well, we won't talk It was a squalid affair, and there's no outliving the memory. That's one reason why I hope never to have children; the ancestral history would be an awkward topic.

At first it really looked as if Jenny had profited by disaster—though, by the way,

did you ever know anyone who did? I told her plainly that I had a very small income, and little hope of its increasing for some time to come; she professed herself quite content. Then I put it to her: Wouldn't it be wise to establish ourselves in a very modest way, to spend just as little as possible on the house and furniture, and so on? Of course it would! She was willing to live in the merest cottage, with a deal table to eat upon, Windsor chairs, felt carpets. No one would ever come to see us-at all events, she hoped not. Her desire was to hide away, and to work hard from morning to night with the scrubbing-brush. No, I don't exaggerate. I can make allowance, of course, for her state of mind. putting aside burlesque, the fact was that she consented to begin housekeeping in a very simple way. We were to have one servant, to make no show, to refuse invitations if any were offered, and to wait patiently for an improvement in our circumstances.

Yes, I knew it was a risk; even then just a glimmer of reason remained to me. I even suspected that I was acting not quite honourably. I was rushing the marriage; Jenny ought to have had time to recover herself and look round. And I didn't forget this afterwards, I assure you I didn't. It made me a deuced sight more patient than most men would have been. For all that, a girl of three-andtwenty isn't a child, and a married woman has no more claim to indulgence if she behaves with idiotic selfishness than a married man. That's one of my points. There's a common idea that the wives of poor men are long-suffering angels, while their husbands have a comparatively easy time of it. Damned nonsense! As a rule, it's the other way about.

Well, I hadn't the courage to take as cheap a house as I ought to have done. After all, I secretly hoped that a year or two would make a good deal of difference in my position. The rent in the meantime wouldn't matter much, provided other expenses were kept down. I was determined not to get into debt for furniture. We bought just the bare necessaries, at a trifling cost. Of course, Jenny had the choosing, and she managed sensibly enough—in fact, I had to insist on a few comforts she wished to dispense with.

I'm glad to see you smile. Just as well to keep that side in view. There's more comedy than tragedy in the whole affair, if only you see the truth of it. Thanks to

me, you know. If I had been a different sort of man-

For a month or two things went on pretty smoothly. Jenny wasn't contented; I knew it, but then I had expected it, and it seemed to me that the only thing I could do was to work like a nigger. From eight to six, and from nine to twelve—it's about as much as a man can get into the day, don't you think?

Jenny's hands didn't show much sign of domestic toil. Of course, the servant wasn't worth much; of course, the house got dirty and disorderly; of course, the cooking was abominable. All that goes without saying. I put up with it—seemed not to notice it. I'm not the kind of fellow that's always thinking about his comfort. Certainly I object to the waste of good food-potatoes like soap and meat like leather; but it's what every man who can't afford a cook has to be content with. I kept Jenny supplied with books from Mudie's, and I took care she should have decent things to go out in. She hadn't much of my society; that couldn't be helped. A woman must find resources in herself.

One evening when I came home to dinner—or tea, rather, for I pretended to have midday dinner in town—Jenny was prostrate. The sight of her alarmed me; I thought she was seriously ill. For a long time I could get nothing out of her but incoherent mutterings. No doubt she had been crying all day, and couldn't even pump up another tear. When I got over my alarm, I took the rational course and talked like a plain, blunt man. We came near to quarrelling, and I wasn't sorry for it; something of that kind was needed to clear the air. She had been paying visits to some of her old friends, and the sight of their houses, their talk of amusements, and so on, had been too much for her.

"I made a mistake," she said. "I didn't know what I was doing."

I grinned and bore it.

"You're expecting too much of me," came next.

This tried my temper pretty severely. I began to reason with her—why don't you laugh? The reasoning lasted till two o'clock in the morning, and the outcome of it was that I got her a piano. With a piano she thought she might soothe her loneliness and keep away disagreeable thoughts. I might have suggested that a little study of the science and art of cookery would be just as efficacious and a good deal more appropriate; but I allowed myself only the gentlest hints at that kind

of thing. I know as well as you do that the girl's life was a miserable change to her, and that it's hard for one of her breeding to learn anything womanly-to be of any use in the world—to see things reasonably, and act with courage. I grant all that, but I maintain that I was patient and forbearing. Life was before us, and had to be faced. Short of agreeing to part—which neither of us desired—there was nothing to be done but make the best of things as we found them. Jenny made the worst of them—as women so often do. Before long, I let her know my view of the matter; there was another all-night sitting and a vigorous debate. The piano, of course, hadn't answered its purpose.

"If I could only have someone to come

and see me," said Jenny.

"Why not? Let people come."

"How can I? There isn't a chair for anyone to sit down on. How can I show

people such a house as this?"

What should I have answered? I got into a rage, stamped about the place, and called on the gods to witness feminine imbecility. For a week we hardly spoke to each other. Then Jenny came to me when I was at work one night—

"To-morrow I'm going away."

"Indeed!"

"I can't bear this life; it will drive me mad. You are the most unfeeling man I ever knew. I shall go and find some way of earning a living."

"My best wishes!"

She left the room and I worked on—or tried to work—for an hour. When I went upstairs Jenny was lying on the bed-room

floor, her arms stretched out-

All right, I won't go into details, but you must have the whole story. Next day was Sunday; we spent it in talking quietly, and the upshot of it was that in the course of the following week our house received a new supply of furniture; in fact, it was very decently furnished from top to bottom. Moreover, the incompetent "general" disappeared, and two young women, with flaring testimonials and large appetites, took her place. We had been married not quite three months.

I knew I was acting absurdly. I take much of the blame for what followed upon myself. There should have been a middle course—medio tutissimus ibis. But is it my fault that women are congenitally incapable

of anything but extremes?

Then, the fact was I had begun to be rather more hopeful about my prospects. Tremendous work was telling: a little money began to come in; it seemed not

impossible that a year might double my income, in which case the house wouldn't be difficult to support. And Jenny had altered so marvellously. I went about saying to myself that I had an admirable wife—all reason, all sweetness. She was in wonderful health and spirits. She sang, she laughed, she adorned the table, and made me feel proud when I walked with her along the streets.

A rule was laid down: no dinner-parties! We couldn't do it properly, so wouldn't try to do it at all. People might come at the approved hour, and tea would be offered them; there we drew the line.

This lasted for a month, then Jenny, in a very sweet way, asked me whether she might have a girl friend to lunch. Only Miss Parker, who played and sang so beautifully. Why not? So Miss Parker came. A week later—should I mind if Miss Parker and her sister come to spend the evening? Of course not; glad to see them. But—but would there be any harm in having a sort of very simple little dinner, at seven o'clock?

"Jenny! Remember."

"Yes. You're quite right. Better not. I'll tell them to come at eight, and they

can have something for supper."

Do you know that I have a good deal of generosity in my composition? You may doubt it, but it's there. When Jenny made that answer I was uncomfortable. I suffered discomfort for a day and a half, then I could stand it no longer.

"Look here, Jenny," I said, "I don't see why you shouldn't have those girls to

dinner.'

She flashed a delightful look at me.

"No, no. I've given up the thought. Of course, it wouldn't have been like a real dinner; only a sort of high tea. But we won't talk of it."

The girls came. There was clear soup, turbots, a bit of veal, and sweets. There was wine. There was subsequent coffee in the drawing-room. A mere high tea.

You see, that's how it began. Why I didn't set my foot down I can't easily explain. Chiefly, perhaps, because I felt ashamed of perpetual wrangling, especially when Jenny seemed to be trying her best to keep on good terms with me-trying in every way but the essential, another trick of the long-suffering angels. Of course, I had yielded too much to stand out in And the truth was I smaller matters. found life a good deal pleasanter than before. I had decent meals and comfortable chairs. Jenny showed a bright face when I came home, and was recovering a good deal of her old liveliness in conversation. For all that, I had shown a fatal weakness, and it wasn't long before I began to curse my folly.

I dare say people have told you what sort of a life we led for the next two years. My income steadily improved, and expenses steadily kept pace with it. We lived like everyone else: had a swarm of acquaintances; gave dinners now and then; went to places of amusement because we were ashamed not to be seen there; dressed extravagantly; did everything that public opinion demands. Jenny had beaten me; she led me along like a pet dog with a collar round its neck. Yet there was one



SHE MADE ME FEEL PROUD WHEN I WALKED WITH HER ALONG THE STREETS.

sense in which I had gained the upper hand of Jenny. She never fell back into the vagaries she was so proud of before her marriage. No more "fast" doings; no cigarettes, no doubtful talk, no disreputable company. I had told her what I thought of that kind of thing, and she was careful to please me. She had a new ambition—to be the leader of a highly Respectable she was, respectable set. with a vengeance. It often amazed me when I thought of the hideous dullness of To me, her solitude the life she led. of the first three months would have seemed infinitely preferable. Oh! the gaping fools we gathered about us! have sat listening to their talk until my jaw dropped and my eyes grew fixed in an idiot stare. Happily, I had an excuse for keeping away from home as much as I liked. And yet, as time went on, that life exercised a strange influence on me. It was as though I had been hypnotised by the atmosphere of stupidity. I found myself beginning to talk like the men who came to us. I dropped the habit of reading. I grew really anxious about the cut of my waistcoat and the growth of my moustache. By Jove, I can tell you I fell pretty low.

If I had had any relatives in London it would have been different. I had no friends of my own, either; at all events, no friends who were of any use socially. At home, I was Jenny's husband—nothing more; and a tolerably contemptible figure

I must have cut.

I had an attack of influenza, and it left me in very low spirits. Just at that time, too, money difficulties began to trouble me; there was nothing for it but to borrow, and this necessity gave me a dig in the ribs—woke me up a little. Jenny and I had a conversation. I told her she must cut down expenses; to live as we were doing was simply insane. Why, I hadn't even insured my life. Bad enough to spend all one had, but now we were beginning to incur debts. I told Jenny that she must keep within a certain stipulated sum for the month's expenditure. She promised, but exceeded the limit. I got furious, and we began once more to quarrel. Impossible to alter our way of living, but by dint of swearing I kept the budget at my own figure—the last penny I could afford. Domestic peace was at an end, though. Jenny regarded me as an insolent rebel, I suppose. It was my place to supply her with what she wanted, and to say nothing. If outlay increased well, my duty was to make more money.

She began to pester me about having the furniture renewed. Our house was getting old-fashioned; people noticed it. Well, I said, they must notice; if the carpet fell into holes I had no money for a new one. Jenny tried the old dodge: shut herself up and moped; sat crying when I came home to dinner. I lost my temper, and there was the devil to pay. It gave me peace for a week or two.

The results of that influenza hung about me, and I didn't feel at all like myself. I couldn't do my work; things went wrong at the office; I began to foresee more trouble about money. Instead of going home at the usual time, I got into a habit of slinking about the streets, tormenting myself with fears and calculations. I once knew a man who went off his head in just this way, and it's easy enough to understand.

Things were ripe for a change, and Jenny took the best way to bring it off. One evening she said to me, in a careless sort

of way:

"I've ordered that new drawing-room

suite."

I was struck dumb, and stared at her. She stared back, ready for fight. When I got my breath, I said quietly—

"Then you'll countermand the order."

It was a sharp engagement that followed. I was in a queer state, and didn't quite trust myself. In a few minutes I had somehow got out into the back garden, and stood there trembling. It was a splendid night-two months ago-full moon, and a brilliant sky, without a cloud. I shall always believe in inspiration. As sure as I'm a living man, at that moment something spoke in me, and bade me act in a certain way-what's more, gave me the courage and the strength to do it. All of a sudden, I was as calm as the night. I felt my muscles rather tense, and a chill down the back; then it was just as if I had sauntered out to smoke a cigar. Even the last symptoms of my illness seemed to have come to an end; I was clearer-headed than for months.

I went in again. Jenny was sitting

where I had left her.

"Just listen to me," I said. "I never understood till this moment what a consummate ass I have made of myself. Here am I, with such and such an income, on which I can count with certainty. This income is much more than enough for all the necessities of our life; there needn't be one moment's anxiety about money. Yet I've got into such a cursed coil that it has seemed to me now and then lately as if I

should do best to cut my throat. What's the explanation of it?"

She was puzzled at my tone, and couldn't

see what I was driving at.

"What sort of a life do I lead?" Every penny I can earn by my hardest work goes

in keeping up appearances. I never buy a book. I never take a journey to please myself. I never subscribe to a charity. I never lend or give to anyone. I'm the basest slave, and the most contemptible hypocrite that treads the earth!"



OH! THE GAPING FOOLS WE GATHERED ABOUT US! I HAVE SAT LISTENING TO THEIR TALK UNTIL MY JAW DROPPED AND MY EYES GREW FIXED IN AN IDIOT STARE.

to keep up certain appearances—that is to say, to imitate people for whom I don't care a damn. What pleasures have I? None, because I can't afford them. The social circle to which I belong won't allow me to spend a farthing on myself. I don't insure my life, though it's my duty to do so, because the premium goes

I spoke as never before, and Jenny couldn't choose but listen.

"What sort of people are they who impose this slavery on me? Wretched curs living a life like my own, slaves each of the other, secretly miserable because they spend beyond their means, and aping a social rank altogether above them. Out

of regard for *their* opinion, I condemn myself to a squalid hell of toil and sham pleasure. Does this strike you as reasonable?"

"You're talking nonsense," said Jenny.
"We have to live in a certain way—"

I interrupted her.

"We have. A way that I'll explain to you. From this day forth I spend half my income on the necessaries of life, and not one penny more. The other half shall afford us a few rational satisfactions, with a considerable margin to lay aside. We leave this house and go into one of which the rent is not more than thirty pounds—a fair proportion. This furniture will be sold, and things of a very different kind procured instead—plain and serviceable. I won't have one object under my roof that is there merely for show. You shall have a girl to help you-a young girl, whom you'll have to teach and train yourself. If I work to support the house, you shall work to keep it in order. You shall wear plain dresses and eat simple food; in short, we are going to live as you consented to when you married me. If you don't agree to this we part. I give you the choice."

.... Well, there it is. That's the long and short of it. You have been told that Jenny has suffered brutal usage at my hands; judge for yourself.

She said at first that she would leave me, and asked in a business-like way what her allowance was to be. I told her. She tried to renew the quarrel; I wouldn't

take part in it.

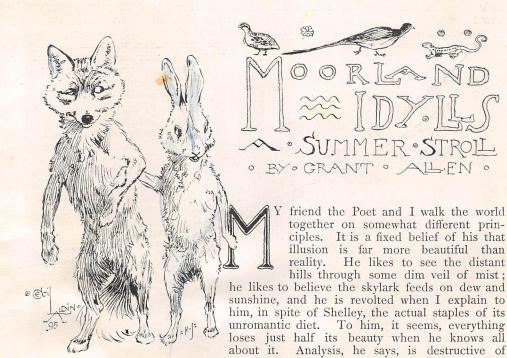
I saw my way, and meant to pursue it. Before long I believe other men will go and do likewise. It needs pluck, but the end is worth a struggle. I have recovered self-respect, and I am master in my own house. It may take years of steady ruling before Jenny gives up all hope of a return to the fashionable life. At present she is trying sentimental hypocrisy; but it's no use.

Her rights as an individual? Humbug! She is *not* an individual; it's the rarest

thing to meet a women who is.

If the life becomes intolerable to her? The door is always open, and an allowance at her disposal.





world can he find the pure elements that delight his fancy. But to me the actual world as it stands is beautiful. I love to descry the very contour of the hills; I love to watch from afar the saucer-shaped combes on the flanks of the South Downs, when the afternoon light floods and bathes them in its glory. Illusion to my mind is less lovely than reality. Nothing on earth seems more beautiful than Truth. I love to catch her face behind the clouds that conceal her.

pleasure.

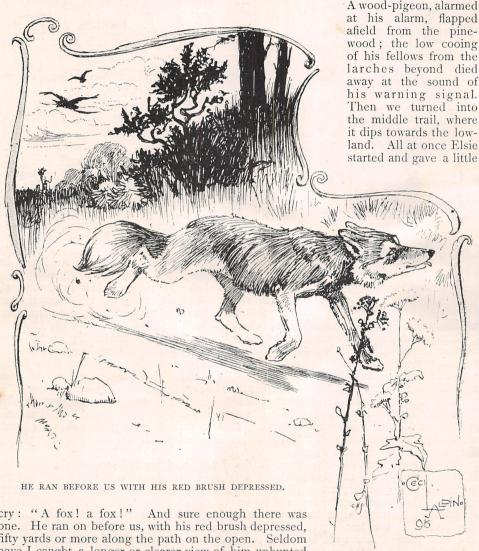
Analysis, he says, is destructive of Only in an imagined and unrealised

And now it is the plain unvarnished Truth I am going to give you in this Moorland Idyll. I am going to tell you just what we saw to-day, without one episode or incident save what really occurred to us. I could not make that stroll more exquisite than I found it if I tried till Doomsday. It was an idyll of real life.

May many more so come to me!

We strayed together—the Poet, Elsie, Lucy, and myself—across the moor to Highfield, in search of strawberries. Highfield lies some two miles off, at the beginning of the valley; a lost old-world farm, in a-dell of the moors, with a marketgarden. You poor Londoners, when you go to buy strawberries, go to buy them prosaically at a commercial fruiterer's in a noisy street; but we moorlanders go with our basket in our hands to some lonely grange across the heather-clad upland. The first part of our walk lay high over the ridge where the heath was burnt in the Jubilee year by the great fire; you can still plainly mark the point up to which the flames made a clear sweep of the heather, and the point where they left off, held in check by the beaters. For heather is really a forest-tree of some fifty years' growth; and the waste where the fire raged is still covered to this day with a shorter crop of young seedling gorse and ling and whortleberry, while the older vegetation unburnt beyond rises tall and bush-like. The blasted part, too, shows by far the finest and deepest purple of any; not because the flowers are really bigger or thicker, but because where the plants are still short the Tyrian purple of the Scotch heather is seen to greatest advantage; whereas, when they rise higher, the Scotch heather is overtopped by the bushier and coarser and taller-growing ling, with its somewhat insipid pale pink blossoms. The Poet thinks the fire makes the heath burn brighter. I think myself it keeps the ling lower.

Anyhow, that spur is one blaze of glory. Not a spot on the moor flares so splendid a purple. We passed through it, single file, by the narrow footpath, where the ling rises knee-high on either side, and the little brown lizards dart wildly to their holes at first sound of a footfall. Along the ridge, past the broom-bushes, now hanging with silvery pods, we continued on the path till we reached the white beam-tree. There the trail diverges a little suddenly to the left; a cock-pheasant broke with a shrill cry on the wing; his whirr as he rose startled the shallow valley.



cry: "A fox! a fox!" And sure enough there was one. He ran on before us, with his red brush depressed, fifty yards or more along the path on the open. Seldom have I caught a longer or clearer view of him unhunted in England. We were but ten yards behind, and had

fairly surprised him. However, he took his discovery like a gentleman, and instead of skulking away to right or left, where the heath rose high, he ran on along the open so as to give us a fine stare at him. Lucy, who is a visitor, unused to country ways, save as townsfolk know them, had never seen a live fox in the wild state before, and the incident charmed her. He was so lithe and red, and he ran so well, with his sharp head held low, and with the wild air of his species.

By the chestnut plantation, where a grassy little lane dips close between the trees, cropped and cut for hop-poles, we began to descend in real earnest to the valley. A rabbit just dashed across the sward on the slope of path; his twinkling white tail scarce betrayed him for a moment. Two hawks hovered above, but

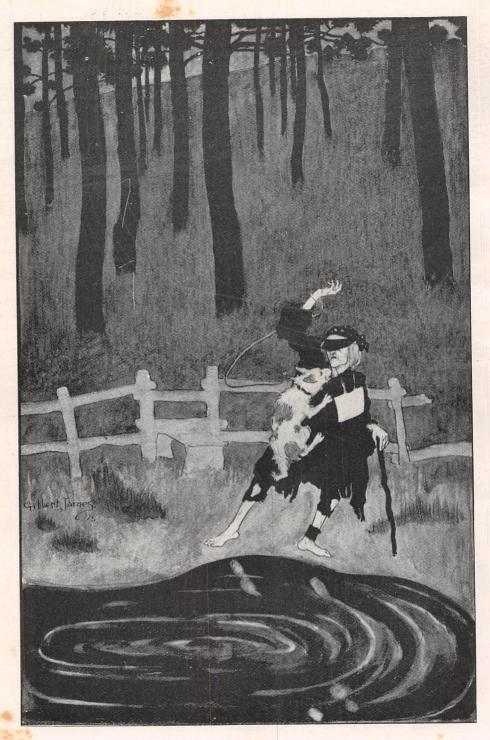
held off for fear of us. Rustlings in the fallen foliage beneath the sapling chestnuts to right and left gave sign of other rabbits, unseen, but scurrying burrow-ward. As we reached the open we disturbed a young covey of nursling partridges. Most of them disappeared after their prudent mother before we could catch a glimpse of them; but one poor little chick, belated and terrified, darted with its tiny half-naked wings erect in an agony of alarm in the opposite direction. It found covert in the chestnuts, its tiny heart throbbing. Alas, that it should have conceived at so early an age so justly unfavourable an idea of humanity!

Beyond the plantation we turned aside into a field, and oh! such a field! Have I words to picture it? It had been sown for grass, but no grass was there. "Bad season," says the farmer. "Thank Heaven for these slovenly farms," says the botanist. Blue cornflowers grew in it, thick as stars in heaven; and huge spikes of viper's bugloss as tall as a man's waist and more lovely than a turquoise. Who shall describe their hue, their form, their fashion? A great spotted stem, like a lizard's skin, green flecked with russet brown, and uncanny to look upon; on either side, long twisted spirals of red-and-blue blossoms, each curled like a scorpion's tail, very strange and

lurid. The individual blossom is bright blue, when fully opened, with crimson stamens; the buds are deep red; the dead flowers dry violet. Altogether, a most weird and witch-like plant; I think one might use it with great advantage for incantations and sorcery. The Poet decided to try its effect next time he would rid himself of a discarded lady-love. We plucked great armfuls, and carried them along with us as far as Highfield. Other flowers were there, too, of less poetic interest-bright yellow corn-marigolds, and scented white campion; scarlet poppies by the score, with waving panicles of not a few tall grasses. We gathered of them all, and they stand before me now, gladdening my eyes as I write, in the coarse red pots of plain Hampshire earthenware.

They had no strawberries left, after all, at Highfield. We had our walk for nothing. If that be nothing! So we used the empty basket to carry back our trophies. But returning by the lane, we filled our vacant arms once more with foxgloves; and the fox himself crossed our path for a second again at the self-same turning without seeking to reclaim them. Even the Poet admitted we had saved one day from Time's devouring maw. And that's how we live, up here in the moorland.





A SUPERSTITION OF THE MONTH OF JULY.

At the rising of Sirius, the Dog Star, standing waters are set in motion, and dogs hitherto quiet are seized with violent madness.



BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GEORGE F. WHITE.

LIFFS, grass-topped, furze-patched, and sloping somewhat abruptly down to long sands below: all around the glorious sunshine of early summer. Sitting, or at times half lying back upon a strip of bright turf two girls—sisters, and

nearly of the same age.

"Declined with thanks for a certainty," pouted Muriel, the elder, somewhat dolefully. To a chance stranger, however, had one been passing at that moment, it must have been a puzzle to hear a voice of dismalness in connection with perfectly chiselled features, and that figure thrown back so invitingly on its daisy-decked bed. It was a courageous face; though too often, perhaps, animated in the enjoyment of a dash of wilfulness and waywardness.

"No second holiday, you are of opinion?" said the much less excitable and comparatively plain-faced Hester. "At all events, don't take it to heart to-day. Let us make the most of what the kind fates have given us." Her soft eyes were looking, in happy content, over glittering golden sands and dark wavewashed rocks towards the blue ocean's faraway horizon of crystal.

Shortly the girls were preparing to turn their backs upon the sea and stroll towards their lodging. While so engaged, the

reader is told that Muriel, imagining literature to be her destined vocation in life, had already made several small essays towards such a career, with the happy result that she had, so far, just about recovered her expenditure in stationery and postagestamps. Lately, however, a more ambitious venture had been launched. A onevolume novel had been written: it was now under consideration in the hands of a publishing firm, and their verdict was daily looked for with much anxiety. As touched upon, the subject was occupying the minds of the two girls this very morning; and, in its more practical bearings, success meant another holiday outing. It meant, they hoped, the wherewith to escape again, in the autumn, from Slowcombe Vicarage, where their father, the Rev. Herbert Horton, a widower, found the greatest difficulty in making both ends meet, with these two daughters upon his hands, and three sons more or less so. To Hester, possessing but a dim reflex of her sister's loveliness, life jogged on comfortably enough at home, despite village troubles and impostors—for somehow all the parish work had fallen upon her shoulders. With beauty-dowered Muriel, out-of-the-way Slowcombe and its dingy, ill-furnished Rectory was, in her own words, "simply hateful." This was the last day of the sojourn of these Horton girls at Sea-Head; and we left them, happy enough in truth, returning to their lodging, No. 8, Sea-View Terrace, a house in a row of houses absolutely identical, a couple of hundred yards retired from the cliffs, and each the possessor of a narrow

strip of garden.

"Here he comes!" exclaimed Muriel, her eye catching the object it had anxiously, nervously perhaps, been watching for. This was Sea-Head's one postman—a casual, ever-smiling youth, going his round with unbuttoned coat, trousers turned up, and his cap a good deal on one side. "I believe," she continued, "that he rings at every house all along the row, whether he has letters to deliver or not." He was now leisurely gossiping at No. 2, Sea-View Terrace.

"I think," said Hester tantalisingly, "that I notice the outline of something heavy in the corner of that brown bag of his. It has the appearance of your offer-

ing come home again."

"Now just look at him and that great red-headed housemaid at No. 4! Absolutely gushing over with useful and valuable information—both of them!" indignantly from Muriel.

"Surely our madman has no correspondents?" said Hester presently, as the light-hearted postman (now seen to be wearing white canvas shoes and to have donned a rose in his button-hole) opened the wicket of No. 7. This next-door house, in contrast to its neighbours, had, for reasons to be explained, high walls bounding its little garden; most of the other strips of grass or flower-bed having merely palings or hedges dividing

After an interval of suspense, by which time the Horton girls were on their own doorstep at No. 8, into the garden came the voluble postman, still giggling openmouthed over some recent joke. A packet was produced from the post-bag; they knew it at once; in silence they received it — returned manuscript. Hester had guessed aright, and as soon as the jovial youth was out of earshot she cried out, with a laugh meant to be care-dispelling, "Nothing for it now but to throw it over the wall to the madman."

Mention having already been made, conversationally, of an adjacent madman, it is here explained that next door to No. 8, Sea-View Terrace lived a doctor who had found it convenient to add to his income by taking a resident patient to board and lodge with him. Perhaps the reader can most readily obtain enlightenment on the situation by casting a glance over our doctor's advertisement-

CASE (Male Mental) Received in House of Qualified Medical Practitioner. Home comforts. Adjoins sea. Cheerful garden with high wall. Apply, &c.

"Throw the rejected thing over to the madman," again suggested Hester, in a voice tuned as before to dispel the disappointment pervading her sister's face. "He can only throw it back again over the wall, and that won't be treating you much worse than your various editorial friends."

"I would if I thought him likely to throw us over the wall a banknote or two in exchange, and so make our muchdiscussed little autumn trip to Brighton a certainty. But, as a matter of fact, our own and particular lunatic went awaycured for the time being—while we were out on the cliffs."

"Where did you hear all this?" asked Hester, adding, after a brief pause of reflection, "I know—the cook. What yards of gossip you two were lavishing on one another after breakfast, while you left me to do all the letter-writing!"

"One go, another come," continued "More information from the cook. A successor to the departed one is

expected to arrive this afternoon.'

And while the girls were chaffingly discussing the desirability of their father, the Rev. Herbert, occasionally housing a harmless imbecile for a period, and so expanding the meagre family purse, the said cook, who also had to do the waiting at table, announced their one o'clock, onejoint dinner, where, such was this retainer's vast talent for acquiring information, it transpired that she had picked up from the 'busman the exact hour of the expected So the afternoon wore on to bread-and-butter and shrimp tea-time, with the added tidings that the "new one" had duly put in an appearance. Finally, the sisters went out into the garden to have a farewell cooling fanning, to enjoy a last whiff from the ocean. A three-quarters moon, clear cut on one side, jagged and fringed on the other, looked down from bright blue upon Muriel's face, handsome, restless, impulsive; upon Hester's, a haven of calm and content. Dark against the sky stood the terrace behind them, dark the near-at-hand wall dividing their little garden from the doctor's. Silence and quietude around; sea-breezes almost asleep; only a soft whispering lullaby from far-away waves at



AGAIN THE LOUD VOICE IN THE DOCTOR'S GARDEN; AGAIN MURIEL'S PENCIL AT WORK.

their lowest. Suddenly a "Hark!" from Muriel. "Listen to the voice over the wall!"

"Our new madman at Vespers," suggested Hester.

"There he is again! Let us listen."
"How distinctly he speaks, poor man."

"Poor man, indeed! How well he emphasises!"

"It sounds like a recitation," whispered Hester. "I wonder how he came to be insane?"

"He rather repeats himself; otherwise he might be as right in his head as you or I."

"I think he must have been a public speaker of some sort—a barrister or a preacher."

"He is describing the night. What beautiful language! so slowly, too, that anyone might write down word for word what he says."

"How awfully sad!" sighed Hester.
"Whatever can have driven him out of his mind? Perhaps he was an actor? I

should so like to know."

"You were severe enough this morning about my conversings with the cook. Suppose you tell her to run round and bring us back his complete history."

"She's out on the sands, or up some of the lanes with her adorable baker. I saw

her tearing off an hour ago."

"Let us be silent and pay closer attention," said Muriel, sinking her voice to a still lower undertone than the one in which the girls had been parleying. Then quickly, as the idea flashed on her mind, "Shall I take down what he is saying?"

"You had better be quick."

"I will. I will write down his exact sentences. I have my note-book in my pocket. There is plenty of light from the moon," words which were followed, on the part of Muriel, by a carrying out of her singular whim.

After a while from Hester: "He must have been intensely fond of poetry, and have received a splendid education."

"Please note that I am trying to take down his very exact words, and not your

idle thoughts and opinions."

Accordingly, in silence, on the girl's side of the wall, made progress the scribbling, until a pause on the other side brought from Hester the doleful comment: "It does seem so sad that all that splendid brain - power should be thrown away." Again the loud voice in the doctor's garden; again Muriel's pencil at work while she wrote down a description of a night-scene; poetic, impressive, a model of composition. Shortly the soliloquy ceased, and other words mingled with those of the rhapsodist, leading Hester to exclaim: "That's the doctor: I know his voice." Presently she added feelingly: "He is taking him in now-I hear their footsteps on the gravel. There, the door 's slammed—listen to the bolt—shut in for the night—what a terrible infliction!"

Next an interval, filled in by sympathising allusions to the unfortunate man's case: Muriel, ever full of impulse, suddenly coming out with: "I wonder how that night-scene would fit in for the parting between Lord Vavasour and Edina, in that short story I began yesterday." Here was an attraction for her freakish

brain in such a novel idea.

"You will be in this advantageous position," said Hester, smiling: "that you may take by storm an unsuspecting editor; but, should the story prove a failure, you can always console yourself by reflecting that you spoilt it by inserting the wandering ravings of a moonstruck lunatic."

"I will put it in," said Hester, with a determined laugh, "and I'll finish the story before I go to bed. I feel that I

have the writing fit on me now.'

"I know what that means," demurred Hester. "It means exciting yourself, and then kicking about restless in bed all night, and no getting you up in the morning. Recollect, we promised distinctly to clear out so that the new lodgers can come in by the midday train. We must breakfast not a minute later than a quarter past eight in the morning. You have still a heap of odds and ends to pack up, so better do that first and go

straight to bed."

Notwithstanding these sapient suggestions, Muriel's pen scribbled away almost until dawn. The tale, when finished, included the whole apostrophe to moon, stars, and sky, as borne to them from the doctor's garden. A fair copy was made and dispatched to the Recorder, a weekly journal which had once before proved a lucky find to Muriel. Success again: a cheque peeped out of its envelope; then, in a few days, the story was in print. But, most curious to relate, in another weekly journal of about that date there appeared practically the self-same description of a night where two lovers, long-time severed by cruel fate, again find themselves in each other's arms. Most remarkable. Twinkling stars and fringed moon, exact as to their relative positions. The odour, the colour of the garden roses described by the identical adjectives, and murmured to by seas alike in every particular. Strange indeed this parting and this meeting of lovers under precisely similar circumstances.

Not long were constant readers in noting so peculiar a coincidence; not long were constant subscribers in writing to proclaim themselves defrauded of sixpence, the price of the publications in question. Here was an amusing game, at which all classes of scribblers might join in; here a chance not to be thrown away by certain other papers. Several editors printed the two descriptions side by side. Excellent—one incident furnishing double copy. Telegrams began to fly about; one, from an editor unmistakably indignant, winging its way to Slowcombe Rectory.

"Whatever shall we do, Hester?" This question, at the end of an hour's perplexity and surmisings, shows how little progress had been made towards any definite line of action. Then it was decided that the Rector must be told, and

"Please, 'm, here's two gentlemen wishes to see you," from a holding-the-door-open maidservant.

"Us! Not father? Which of us?" asked Muriel, agitation in her voice.

"Either of the Miss Hortons, says one



HIS RIGHT ARM HUNG BANDAGED AND IN SPLINTS.

that Muriel, accompanied by some member of the family, must take the first train to London, go straight to the office of the *Recorder*, and make a clean breast of actual facts. This had just been settled, when there sounded through the house a loud (and apparently highly impatient) ring at the door-bell. "The police!" cried Hester, jumping up laughing, though not without a distinctly dismaying feeling of trepidation.

of the gentlemen; he doesn't care which. Here's his card, 'm."

"Show them in," said Muriel, her mind a jumble of bewilderment and relief, as her eye caught on the card, which she passed on to Hester, the name of one of the most celebrated authors of the day. Enter a man with a Shaksperian-bearded face—equally well known to the girls, from photographs—nor were they surprised to observe that his right arm hung bandaged

and in splints, for they both recollected that in the springtime all the newspapers had been full of a fearful accident which he had met with in climbing Snowdon.

"Miss Horton, I—I—I believe," hesitated the celebrity, now within the room, turning his eyes in some embarrassment from sister to sister, who were beginning to feel comparatively composed by the quiet manner and under the gentle eye of this distinguished novelist—Mr. Silksworth—no less well known to the public, from his portraits, by his high forehead and generally intellectual face. He was followed by a quite young man, not more than twenty or so, unmistakably a London clerk of some sort or another.

"I'm the culprit!" cried Muriel, coming forward, "I see it all now. You are the author of 'Anola,' and your photograph is in every shop-window. We read, of course, of your awful fall upon Snowdon, and saw somewhere in a newspaper, quite lately, that you are still obliged to employ an amanuensis. That is he accompanying you, I suppose. We heard

you dictating—of course, that was it—dictating to him and . . . and . . ."

"And," laughed Mr. Silksworth, "when I got a certain telegram from a certain editor, and went to your late lodgings and had a few minutes' talk with a decidedly conversationally inclined domestic there, then to me—a new resident patient of the usual kind, as you mistook me foreverything was as clear as the moonlight night in question. As a matter of fact, the doctor and I are old schoolfellows, and I was taking advantage of an oftenrefused invitation, in order to have a few days of quiet life at Sea-Head, and put the finishing touches upon some short odds and ends which I have on hand just at present."

Fuller explanations followed, also an invitation to lunch; and in the sequel the distinguished author might have been frequently seen arriving at Slowcombe Rectory. But the world was utterly wrong when it made sure that he was hoping to find a wife in the beautiful Muriel. Somehow it happened that his choice fell upon

quiet Hester of homely ways.



MARSEILLES, OLD AND NEW.

BY WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

THE sojourner in Marseilles who at a certain point of the Quai de la Porte turns up to the right will find that in less than a minute he has moved from glaring light shining on modern white pavement, into picturesque and ancient twilight, from the rattling bustle of to-day into the region of the past, in

which the very inhabitants seem touched with an old-time influence, though no doubt under their picturesque, and it must be owned exceedingly dirty, appearance they may be as great rogues as the very modernest and least principled of Marseilles dealers, and that is saying not a little. The Old Town is a place of darkness lit by shafts of sunlight up and down its narrow streets, a place of evil smells and pavements deep in mud, a place wherefew who are not native to the soil penetrate, and a place in which one could scarce find one's way except under the guidance of one who knows the quarter and can speak its patois well. But its inside is as picturesque as is its outside as seen from across the harbour and, for choice, especially from the open place in front of the old church, formerly an Abbey, of St. Victor; the crypt of which is

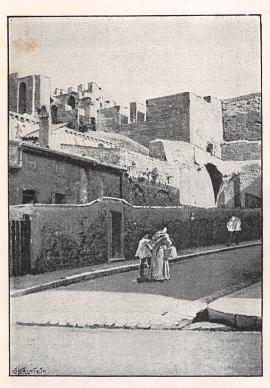
said to have been a secret meeting-place, while it was still but a grotto, of the early Christians. The church has gone through many vicissitudes—as a monastery, founded by Cassien in the fifth century; destroyed by the Saracens, rebuilt and enlarged between the eleventh and thirteenth centuries, and endowed by Pope Urban V., who had been its abbé. After this it became a "select" monastery for priestnobles, and its power, great at one time, gradually dwindled up to the bursting of the Revolution storms, when it fell into obscurity and was for a time a convict prison. What now remains outside of the more ancient buildings is full of impressive beauty, but of the inside there is not so much to be said; not even of the crypt, containing the Vierge Noire, a very Eastern-looking Madonna in cedar wood, attributed to the third century. There are still things of beauty contained in the crypt, the recesses of which are in themselves beautiful; but, as almost all over Marseilles where historical interest is concerned, these things have



A STREET IN THE OLD TOWN.

been allowed to go to rack and ruin, to the deep regret of the curé, of the sacristan, who shows one over the place, and of all other good folk. Many of the monumental slabs have been removed to the Musée Borély, and he who can find out anything about them in that chaos must assuredly have a fairy godmother at his elbow. The Château Borély is, indeed, as exasperating a museum as can well be conceived. The Château and its grounds - which have something the look of a miniature Versailles—were a magnificent gift to Marseilles from the Borély family; and it is but fair to say that the grounds, including a racecourse, are as well kept up as may be. But the inside of the building! To begin with what is the finest collection

in the Museum—that found in the Egyptological galleries. This first-rate collection was neglected until M. Maspero set to work, in his masterly way, to produce a catalogue worthy of the objects, on which he brought to bear all his experience, and instinct



FORMERLY THE ABBEY OF ST. VICTOR.

begotten of experience and learning, before he described them. It took five or six years to get this catalogue into the state of being printed and offered for sale at the Museum, and by the time that was done there had arisen a new Director of the Museum, who put in new objects unlabelled and uncatalogued, and who mixed up all the old ones. So that your attention is caught, let us say, by some beautiful woodwork, the history of which you are most desirous to learn; and, impelled by this desire, you look at the number which, for a wonder, is attached to it in rough pencil. You look at the corresponding number in the catalogue, and you find: "Stone inscription, probable date, etc., etc." It is just the same with the Roman remains, most of which are labelled "Found at Marseilles," and nothing more; and just the same with the socalled Chinese collection placed in a beautiful gallery upstairs, which contains, besides some large Chinese idols, quantities of Indian figures, religious and secular, Canadian snow - shoes, North American Indian weapons, Japanese armour and monsters, Zulu assegais, and Maori clubs.

The whole of this collection was a gift from a private individual, and it is evident it was called "Chinese" to save momentary trouble on its first arrival, since when not a single soul has thought fit to attempt to sort it out and arrange it. There has, indeed, been trouble about the direction, as when some things of highest value were abstracted under the very nose of the then Director, and might have been recovered in London, save for the supineness, as extraordinary as the beauty and price of the things stolen, of the French police. The story is typical of how business matters are managed in Marseilles; and it is typical also that its warning has not been attended to or turned to profit in the very slightest degree. The same irritating slovenliness and laziness, mixed with a show of red-tapeism, that governs the Château Borély prevails also at the Zoological Garden attached to the Palais des Arts de Longchamps at the other end of the town. With the natural advantages of climate, site, and easy communication with foreign ports, these gardens ought to be the very model of what Zoological Gardens should be. On the contrary, the grounds have but few facilities-

barring, perhaps, two ponds for seals and flamingoes, and some spaces under arches for eagles—in any way adapted to use: the walks and trees are horribly straggling and unkempt; the beasts, too, many of them, look half-fed, and many of them are for sale to anyone who makes a bid which is considered high enough by the Director. In fine, it is a huge dealer's yard, terribly neglected, and showing so little idea or love of arrangement that, as at the Château Borély, the labels, when there are any—a very infrequent occurrence—have no relation whatever to the objects labelled. Thus, to take but one or two examples, a most magnificent raven is not granted the dignity of a card at all; a laughing jackass close by him is proclaimed as a kingfisher; further on a leopard is described as a cheetah; and, worst of indignities, a fine pointer is huddled up all alone and wretched in a dark corner with the inscription, "English Dog of Chase."

But these unpleasing reminiscences were started by the unfortunate connection between St. Victor and the Château Borély, and it is pleasant to leave them and to return to their starting-place.

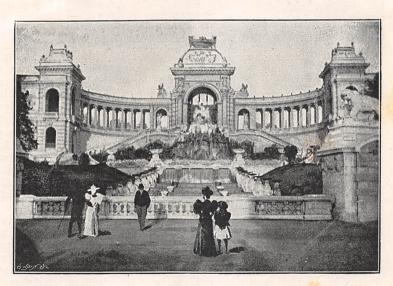
Among other curious matters at St. Victor is that there was once a subterranean passage between St. Victor and the church of La Vieille Major, across the The sacristan of St. Victor—a man who evidently loves the church to which he is attached—seems to put but little faith in the story, and points to the alleged remains of the tunnel entrance with a brief comment that shows plainly enough his unbelief as to this. he as clearly believes, mysthings teries of religion to which scarcely any modern Marseillais lends an ear. Yet when the sacristan's account is repeated to one of the most learned, most accomplished, and most sceptical natives and inhabitants of Marseilles, straightway this doctus is moved to wrath, and wishes to know who is the sacristan that he should say such things? The passage undoubtedly did exist, the remains are authentic, and the passage needs only clearing out to assert itself. No doubt these priests (most

present - day Marseillais hate priests) are childishly fond of having no religion, and fetisha worshipping way avail themselves of the forms o f religion-no doubt these priests have some reason of their own for casting doubt upon a fact so well known to antiquaries. And from other sources one earns that almost beyond doubt there was enough of the

passage to be shown to the public existing in 1826.

We go for the present from St. Victor to the Old Town, picking up on the way Raphael, the *voiture-de-place* driver referred

to in a former article, and trusting ourselves to his most artistic guidance. Raphael has driven us before now — to, among other places, the Château du Pharaon, now the new Faculty of Medicine, in the possession of the City of Marseilles. thanks to the Empress Eugénie. It was built as a palace for her; the right of it was disputed at law between Marseilles and the Empress; the case was decided in her favour; and she made the building a gift to the town on condition of its being devoted to medicine. In driving there Raphael displayed much readiness, in that, answering an objection that carriages were not generally allowed to drive up to the doors, he answered: "First, if there is any difficulty, I shall say Monsieur is a doctor; secondly, the place is paid for by the ratepayers, and I am one of them, and that is enough in law and conscience." There was, however, no objection raised to our progress, and then Raphael's artistic bent helped us much in finding not only the best point of view from which to take the building itself, but also the best points of view from which to look down on the harbour and old port. He takes us to La Vieille Major, and to the new Cathedral close beside it, stopping on our way to get a glimpse of the new port from the ascent



FACADE, PALAIS DES ARTS DE LONGCHAMPS.

to the Cathedral Place, and is delighted to agree with us as to the Vandalism which has neglected the Vieille Major (as I write there is actually a "roundabout" in full swing under its very walls) in favour of the twelfth-rate twelfth-cake which is called the New Cathedral, and to which have been transferred too many of the treasures—a Virgin regilt for the purpose among them—of La Vieille Major. This, however, still contains a few of its pristine possessions, among them a fine bas-relief of the fifteenth century by the brothers Della Robbia. Other beautiful things have gone to the Museum, and yet others to foreign parts; and of the old cathedral, built on the site, and perhaps partly from the materials, of a Temple to Diana of the Ephesians, little but a

RESTAURAN

GATEWAY OF KING RENÉ'S HOUSE.

dilapidated outside remains; and when that little begins to tumble to pieces, it is not likely that anyone will interfere to save it, unless some brilliant person is inspired to take down the bells, gild them, and hang them up in the New Cathedral. passing by La Tourrette, whence we get another view across the harbour, including Notre Dame de la Garde, Raphael takes us into the slums of the Old Town, which have, as he is careful to point out, some resemblance to those of Naples, while, however, there is over all a Moorish air peculiar to the place itself. One stops a little above this tortuous maze to look at the old gateway of the Hôpital de la Charité, the inside of which, as it turns out, can be seen only by some very special order, the janitor being careful to exhibit a framed and glazed edict setting forth that only the Mayor, the Prefect, and the Chef des Pompiers or some other important official can enter at their own will. When we descend into the heart of the Old Town it becomes doubtful whether any other driver or carriage could possibly get through the narrow winding streets. Raphael is equal to the occasion, talking volubly to the inhabitants in their own patois (a patois in which Greek, Latin, and Romance play each their part), but even so on more than one occasion we have to back right down a steep lane with one of the wheels on the kerb because of a cart which blocks

the way in front. dwellers in the streets regard us with a curiosity which is more agreeable than the stares with which the rank and fashion of Marseilles regard strangers of all nationalities on the Prado and at other resorts where moneybagged merchants and gilded youth most congregate. One feature of the Old Town tenements is that to every set of rooms there is a parrot or two, treated evidently with great respect and consideration. Beast and bird shops, indeed, abound in Marseilles, and seem to do a thriving business. Through the

network of alleys, passing types of various nationalities, but always meeting the predominantly Eastern characteristics, we arrive at the house of King René, who was wont to pass the winter at Marseilles, for which city he did many good things besides laying down sanitary regulations. It is not very easy to get a view of King René's house, and when at last this is accomplished, there remains the difficulty of the interested populace, who all wish to be photographed; but with Raphael's help, this is got over with laughing promises to come back and take all their portraits, and, that done, one emerges again from the brilliant darkness of Old into the brilliant sunshine of New Marseilles. But of King René there may be more to say at his own special place, Aix-en-Provence



CHARACTERS.

MISS GIRTON NEWNHAM (a Modern-Minded Maid).

Mrs. Madge Newnham (her Sapient Sister-in-Law).

MISS ROSA DEIGHTON (a Fashionable Flirty Friend).

MAID.

Mr. Gerald Blaine (in love with Miss Newnham.

Scene: Miss Newnham's Drawing-room.
Miss N. discovered writing. Maid waiting.

G. (finishing letter) "Ever yours sincerely, Girty Newnham." There! (Makes up letter.) give him this, Mary, and say that is my answer. (Exit M.) It's a very mean thing to shuffle out of it like that, but I really couldn't have put it so clearly and logically to him face to face. Verbal proposals ought not to be allowed—they confuse a girl so and make her reason quite useless, and that's where the men take the advantage. Now, let me see, Girty; put the facts before yourself in a concise and impartial form. A-a youth of good education, bad politics, passable morals (according to modern standards), and a most unimpeachable moustache—has

ought to marry him, or even marry at all. But you have proposed, as a compromise, to be a sister to him, and beg him to be satisfied with that. (With changed manner.) I don't think he will! (To former gravity.) Then we must be as strangers. For my part, I should like a new brother! Ned was always a most brutal specimen of mankind: left his boots about all over the house, kept pipes on the mantelpiece and dogs in the yard, thought all my theories "tommy - rot," and believed me amply repaid for any amount of needle drudgery by a "Thanks, old girl," and a kiss. But I'm sorry Ned's married. My new brother will be much more manageable. He will be much better protection than a chaperon, and need no reward but an occasional smile, and the pleasure of being my male friend. But suppose he should want to k- Oh, no, he won't-he daren'the mustn't. (Rises.)

Enter MADGE NEWNHAM.

My dear Madge! (*Effusive kissing*.) What in the name of all that's pleasant brings you here so early?

M. (seated). My dear Girty, the common courtesy of a friend brings me, of course. What have you said?

G. (confused, at back of table). To whom?

What do you mean?

M. Sit down, hypocrite! Didn't I see you and Gerald Blaine sitting out the third extra in the conservatory last night?

G. Ye—yes, we did. But what of

that?

M. Oh, nothing! Only you stayed out the next two dances, and couldn't dance the sixth decently, while your cheeks—come, Girty! Concealment from your watchful Madge is useless. When is it to be?

G. (looking down at the floor, and shuffling her toes on the carpet). It isn't to be at all. I—I said I'd give him an answer to-day, and I sent it just now.

M. (significantly). Oh! (Slight pause.)

"No," I suppose.

G. Ye—yes; at least, I said I could never be anything more than a sister to him.

M. Oh!

G. You know, Madge, I am far too modern-minded to treat marriage as lightly as our fathers and forefathers have done.

M. (same tone). Oh!

- G. Don't keep saying "oh!" like that, Madge! It makes me want to pinch you. Oh, of course, I know you won't appreciate my sentiments. So like a girl friend, that!
- M. Perhaps your male friend—the newly enrolled brother—will appreciate them better.
- G. You're a spiteful, old-fashioned thing! I'm sure Mr. Blaine will see the matter in a sensible light.

M. (significantly). I hope he will.

G. I—I can't understand you, Madge. We two have been friends ever since we were at school, and told each other all our little secrets—

M. Yes, our little ones—

G. And—and—we've written reams and reams to each other.

M. And promised to be each other's bridesmaids—

G. Yes—but that was when we were children.

M. Yes, before one of us became

enlightened.

G. And now, when I look for sympathy in a most trying crisis, you do nothing but say nasty things. I can't help not loving

Mr. Blaine!

M. (aside). No, my dear Girty, and you can't help loving him either, though it won't do to tell you so! (Aloud.) And may I ask what you are going to do with Mr. Blaine in his new character?—By the way, he'll be "Jerry" now, I suppose?

G. (flushing). No, certainly not. That will be one of the differences which I shall be obliged to observe between a real

brother and an adopted one.

M. How thoughtful of you! You have reasoned the matter out quite logically, I

see. I am anxious to hear further

particulars.

G. (deceived by M.'s tone, coming nearer, and confidentially). Well, you see, Madge, I thought Mr. Blaine could come and see me when he liked, and take me to dances and theatres and be a kind of male chaperon, you know, and write to me when either of us was away, and I would work him slippers or handkerchiefs for his birthday, and—and—so on, you know. Of course, I should pay for myself whenever we went anywhere together, and—

M. Happy Mr. Blaine! (G. huffily goes to further chair.) What a delightful time he will have of it! And of course if you ever look more than ordinarily pretty, or you should happen to be near together when no one is looking, or should chance to meet under—say, the holly at Christmas— (G. stops her mouth.)

Christmas—— (G. stops her mouth.)
G. Madge! Don't! He wouldn't darc.
M. No, of course not, dear. Besides,

he wouldn't want to, would he?

G. I shall have to warn him not to.
M. So I should, Girty. It's decidedly the best plan. I told Ned he mustn't think of such a thing. Let me see—that was the night we became engaged. Oh! most decidedly he must be told he mustn't.

G. I'll never speak to you again, Madge! (Goes to window. Madge sits calmly. Pause.)
Oh! Madge!—Madge! Why don't you

answer?

M. I had forgotten for a moment—you had said I mustn't, you know. What

is it?

G. (flurried). There's Mr. Blaine! I saw him coming in at the gate. What shall I do?—there's a dear girl! If I were not so sure of myself, I should say I was. Oh, what shall I do? I can't see him!

M. Poor brother! The new arrangement begins rather unfavourably for him!

G. No, but—well, I mean I can't see him in this state! I'll go and make myself presentable. I'll leave you to break things to him—you will, won't you, dear? (Coaxing

M. If you wish it, dear. Did you always go on like this whenever Ned came home from business? (Exit G. huffily.) Well! here's a nice state of things! (Laughs quietly, but heartily.) Yes, I will speak to poor Mr. Blaine; but not exactly as you would like me to do, my dear little faddist! All the matchmaking instincts of a married woman arise within me; and if I don't make a manageable little sweetheart of you, Miss, I'm not your oldest and best friend. (Rises,



"I CAN'T HELP NOT LOVING MR. BLAINE!"

and looks out of the window.) Here comes the newly elected brother up the path. He doesn't look overwhelmed with joy at his unexpected promotion. (Comes down.)

Enter GERALD BLAINE, looking miserable.

G. B. Oh! good morning, Mrs. Newnham. Is Gir—is Miss Newnham in? M. She'll be back in a minute, Mr.

Blaine. Pray sit down. (Sits down.) I'll let him begin. (Aside.) (Pause.)

G.B. Isay, Mrs. Newnham, I'm in a deuce of a mess. I wish you would help me.

M. (formally). I should be very glad, Mr. Blaine, I'm sure. What can I do for you? Tell me all about it.
G. B. Well, I'm in such a state of

muddle I hardly know where to begin.

M. Suppose—suppose you begin at the

beginning?

G. B. (eagerly). Thanks! So I will. How clever you are! Well, to tell you a secret, I'm awfully in love with your sister-in-law.

M. No!

G. B. I am really. You wouldn't think it, but I am.

M. Is that so? I always supposed your attentions to Girty for the last three months were purely platonic in their nature.

G. B. Oh, but they weren't! Well,

last night, at the dance—

M. In the conservatory—

G. B. Eh?
M. Nothing!

G. B. I asked her. She said she'd give me an answer to-day.

M. A bad sign.

G. B. Yes, so I thought. And so This is what she sends it turned out. me. (Reads.) "Dear Mr. Blaine, I have in duty bound given your kind remarks careful and weighty consideration. I regret, however, to say that my views on marriage are such that I cannot become your wife, although fully sensible of the great honour you have done me. But if a sisterly friendship-that noblest of all sentiments—will satisfy you, I shall be proud to accept you as a brother, and trust you will in time appreciate this higher and nobler relationship. Ever yours sincerely." There! that's a settler, isn't it?

M. Not quite.

G. B. Of course, I know it would be awfully jolly to be able to call her by her Christian name, and you may bet I should be a most endearing and affectionate brother; but—

M. (rising solemnly). Oh, dear no, you wouldn't! In fact I have been instructed to teach you what you may and what you mayn't do; and both those—ahem!—privileges are among the mayn'ts.

G. B. (blankly). Oh! they are, are

they?

M. Certainly! You don't seem to understand what it is to fall in love with an up-to-date young lady.

G. B. Oh, da

M. —sssssh!

G. B. Well, I was going to say "Dash!" I don't know what to do. I think I shall cut it and 'list, or turn Socialist or something! (Buries his head in his hands recklessly.)

M. Don't be silly. (Bends over him.) If you'll be guided by me you shall be engaged to Girty in a week. (Deliberately.)

G. B. (jumping up and seizing M.'s hand



ENTER GERALD BLAINE, LOOKING MISERABLE.

ardently). Oh! thank you most awfully, Mrs. Newnham! I shall be eternally grateful to you. You're a regular brick to take pity on me like this.

M. (removing hand quietly). Yes, but I'm not your—er—sister; and I'm plotting this deed as much for my own amusement as for your good. Now, come here and

take your instructions. (G. B. sits on stool at M.'s feet obediently.) Are you ready?

G. B. Yes, 'm. (Folding hands.)

Instruction number one: She mustn't know or even suspect that you are being put up to this or that there's any acting or plotting going on.
G. B. Of course not; I'll be as inno-

cent as a curate. Fire ahead! I like this Gunpowder Plot business immensely.

M. Little boys should be seen—now and then, but heard very seldom. You must be quite enthusiastic over your new position as adopted brother.

G. B. Oh!—I say! Why?

M. Leave that to your schoolmistress in diplomacy. And—(Whispers.)

G. B. (listening excitedly). Rather! (Bus.) You bet! (Bus.) By Jove! What'll she say? (Bus.) D'you mean it?

M. Certainly! And after that has had

its effect—(Whispers.)

G. B. Let's rehearse now! (Rises and attempts to put his arm round her waist.)

M. (laughing). No, no; I'm sure you're well enough up in such parts already! Besides, someone else must play the lady's part, you know.

G. B. But-

M. S-s-s-h! Here she comes. Now, remember! I shall be back soon.

Enter GIRTON NEWNHAM.

M. (going to her). Well, good morning for the present, dear.

G. Don't go, Madge! I want to tell

you-I mean, to ask you-

M. Oh, I'll call in again, but I've too much discretion to stay any longer at present! (Hurries out, with a backward laughing look at G. B. Painful pause.)

G. (aside) This is agonising. Why can't he say something? I'll never forgive Madge for leaving us like this. (Fidgets

about.)

G. B. (also aside). She looks awfully pretty. Courage, Jerry, my boy, and make a shot. (Aloud, with an assumption of easy airiness.) It's awfully good of you to make a brother of me; I'm no end pleased, Girty.

G. (starts). Oh, how dare he! But she can't have broken it to him. (Aloud.)

Really, Mr. Blaine-

G. B. Yes, Girty? (Aside.) Here goes the entire porker! (Crosses to her, sits beside her on settee, and speaks volubly.) You don't know how I like your idea. I was wanting to take you to the Lyceum to-night, only I didn't dare ask you. And I've a pair of gloves want darning awfully. And I can call you "Girty," and you can call me "Jerry," just as if we were silly enough to

be engaged. And I'll come and see you every day. And what do we care what the world says, eh, sister mine?

G. (almost gasping). But you don't Hasn't Madge — I mean understand.

Mrs. Newnham—told you-

G. B. Oh, yes! She's told me everything, and you don't know how useful the arrangement will be to me! All the best and highest pleasures of matrimony, without its responsibilities and worries. What's that the poet says?—

Oh, I own I longed to spoon and flirt,
And thought it bliss whene'er I kissed her. She now sews buttons on my-gloves, For she's my dear adopted sister!

G. (aside). How can I explain it all to

him? Listen to me, Mr. Blaine.

G. B. "Jerry," please. One doesn't call one's brothers "Mr." (When is that girl

coming, I wonder?

G. (aside). I mustn't let him go on like This is the worst of letting men talk to you instead of write. (Aloud.) Not quite so near, please. That is more than brotherly. (Aside.) Poor fellow! How he will suffer when I tell him!

G. B. (aside). Sha'n't let her get an ex-

planation out if I can help it!

G. I think it only right to tell you that

G. B. Wait a minute! (Staring at her, and taking out handkerchief.) Wait a minute.

G. What is it? Insect? (Tone rises to

G. B. No. Smut. Shut your eyes. (As he is bending over her tenderly, faces close together,

Enter Rosa Deighton.

R. D. Ha, ha! Don't let me interrupt, I came across the garden, for Madge said I ought to call. She didn't tell me there was another visitor, nor who he was, or believe me, dear, I would have knocked and coughed most discreetly.

G. (in despair, aside). It'll be all over the town now! I'll scratch Madge when I catch her alone. (Aloud.) Oh! Mr. Blaine only dropped in quite casually-

G. B. Yes, I called in to see Girty quite casually, and—and was engaged in—in blowing a smut off her nose, when you

R. D. (in chair c., laughing). Ha, ha! that's rich! My dear Mr. Blaine, your ingenuity is sublime! That's an entirely new name for it. Well, and when is it to be, Girty dear?

G. (hotly). It isn't to be at all, and never will be, and I beg you won't go telling people any absurd tales about—about myself and Mr. Blaine. The relationship

between us is-

G. B. Brother and sister only. (Looks at

R. D. significantly.)

R. D. Of course, dear! I quite understand. Rely on me for the truth only. Mr. Blaine, you are a lucky fellow—to have the privilege of—removing smuts! (Laughs.) Well, I'll leave you two to your agreeable occupation, and I think you can trust me not to let the interesting fact get abroad

G. (coldly). Good day, Miss Deighton. (Aside.) What shall I do? I wish Madge

would come back.

G. B. (aside). Wish Mrs. Newnham were here. Better go on to Act two, though. (Aloud.) Let me see you to the gate, Miss Deighton.

R. D. Oh! I couldn't think of depriving Girty for a moment—No, really, it's most ungallant—(*Exeunt*, R. D. *laughing*.)

G. (sinks on settee). Oh! If only the floor would open and swallow me! But then I should only be in the cellar, among the beetles. Oh! why did I ever have anything to do with men at all? They're the one disturbing element in creation. know it now. I'll never be friends with Madge again. I'll never have any more brothers. Brother! He sha'n't be anything! I don't believe he ever loved me, so there! But (Softens a little.) he'd make an awfully nice-no! I'll just punish him by being as stiff as a poker when he comes back from seeing that horrid wretch to the gate. Oh! I shall be so teased and pestered now about him. I might just as well have been engaged right out.

Enter MADGE NEWNHAM.

Oh, you nasty abominable thing, I'm so glad you've come back! (Embraces her.)

M. Well, and how does the brother

progress?

G. He's behaved most horribly. He—he began by calling me "Girty"! (Looks down.)

M. Horrible indeed! I trust you crushed his wicked audacity in the bud.

G. Well, I tried to, but he wouldn't listen to me, and went on asking me to call him "Jerry," and—and—mend his clothes for him. Oh, he was so impudent!

M. (aside). Bravo, our side! (Aloud.) That's the worst of men—they can't understand subtle distinctions. Did he

kiss you?

G. (indignantly). No! Certainly not!
M. Well, he will unless you tell him not
o.

G. Do you think he'd dare?

M. I do. He's in love, you see. At least, I suppose so; though it looks

strange, I confess, his accepting his brothership so willingly. But, of course, you prefer him to feel only as a friend.

G. Of—of course.

M. Yes; because, you see, he's just at this moment promenading up and down with Rosa Deighton, and there's just a possibility that she might take him for something dearer than a brother if he should ask her.

G. (going to window hurriedly—then checking herself). No! If he chooses to allow himself to be drawn on by that plain, scheming, prying flirt, it's no busi-

ness of mine.

M. But as a sister, you know—

G. I say, it's none of my business. Mr. Blaine (with offended dignity) may do exactly as he likes—I shall not interfere. Only he will no longer be a friend of mine.

M. Well, you see, my dear Girty, Mr. Blaine will want to marry some day. I don't see why, but men have such a preference for girls they can put their arms round and kiss and call pet names that others are quite drugs in the matrimonial markets.

G. You mean to say I shall never get

married

M. Oh, dear no! You will, some day, be a little more resigned to men and their foolish fancies.

G. Oh! they're coming in again. I can't bear to see that thing again! And he's talking to her so confidentially and so closely as if he were—

M. (interrupting). Her brother. Dear me, I think we had better retire. In these cases four is just as objectionable a number

as three.

G. I won't go; but I should like to hear what they are saying.

M. Talking Theosophy, no doubt—or

influenza. Possibly golf.

G. Nonsense, Madge. Do be serious and tell me whether it would be wrong to listen

M. I think as members of his family—adopted family—we have what Ned would call a locus standi. I think we'll come here. (M. and G. get behind curtains to inner room C, which hide them from the audience and from G. B. and R. D.)

ENTER R. D. and G. B. from garden.

R. D. Girty! Girty! Oh, see what I've done, Mr. Blaine. Kept you with my chattering till Girty has gone away—perhaps in tears and certainly in vexation. What will you do, poor boy! Perhaps even now someone else is consoling her;

wiping away her tears—and the smut on

her nose! Ha, ha!

G. B. (with forced gaiety). Ha, ha! (Aside.) I feel awfully mean. Wish Girty were here. I'd make a clean breast of it. I say, Miss Deighton-

R. D. Well, Don Juan? (Gaily.)

G. B. (desperately). Well, look here! There's really nothing between Gir-Miss Newnham and myself.

R. D. Not even a smut?

G. B.—Not a shadow of a speck. took advantage of something she promised to do, to make you believe something very different, and—and—oh! hang it! Can't you understand?

R. D. I fancy I can guess that you're far too good and conscientious to ever get a girl to marry you. I can't bear a man to be so very proper, myself. (Coquettishly.)

G. B. (aside). Hullo! that's a straight tip! Here goes! (Aloud.) I say, Miss Deighton (Sits on a chair nearer), if a fellow were to ask you to marry him, would you tell him you could be only a brother tono, I mean—you could be only a sister to his brother—er—

R. D. (softly.) I fancy I understand you. G. B. Thanks. What would you say?

R. D. Oh! I'm sure I don't know. (Moves her skirts from the vacant half of the settee. G. B. looks—R. looks down—he moves You really shouldn't come so nearsuppose Girty were to see us?

G. B. (hotly). I tell you-

R. D. There, there! I'm not jealous of Girty!

G. B. (taken aback.) Th-anks.

R. D. She reads Mona Caird and Tolstoi, and gets cranky about marriage Now, I read Ouida and accordingly. Hawley Smart, and I've no objection to marriage whatever—provided—ahem! approve of the husband.

G. B. I say. (Edges nearer.)

R. D. Really, Mr. Blaine, do you know, this looks very suspicious.

G. B. (blankly). Does it? R. D. Of course it does.

G. B. How?

R. D. Well, it looks as if you were going to put your arm-(He puts it round her.)now I didn't say you might.

G. B. Of course not—Rosie—you don't

mind my calling you that, do you?

R. D. (slyly). Oh, no—in a brotherly

G. B. Of course—in a brotherly way. I

R. D. Well?

G. B. You have a brother, haven't you?

R. D. Oh, yes!

G. B. Suppose he was going away for a week or two-or you were going away for a week or two-what would you both

R. D. (very innocently). Say "Goodbye,

dear "-

G. B. And ?-

R. D. (turning her head in assumed bashfulness). And—and—kiss. That's all.

G. B. And suppose he was sitting near you and thought you looked more than ordinarily fetching in that neat little hat, mightn't he-I say, isn't it just possible that he might-

R. D. (turning her head innocently). Kiss

G. B. I will! (Does so.)

(A slight "Oh!" heard behind the curtains. G. B. springs up, and rushing up draws them back and discovers G. and M.

stonily staring. He starts back.)
G. (icily). Pray pardon us, Mr. Blaine. Do not let us interrupt you. You are welcome to the use of my rooms, only

when you have finished-G. B. (confused). Oh! pray excuse

G. Don't mention it.

G. B. (catching M.'s eye, she smiles). We weren't—that is—we had finished before— I mean—you don't mind, do you? (M. makes violent signs for him to stop.)

(With a short half-hysterical G. Mind!

Oh, no! Pray go on! laugh.)

R. D. (holding out hand to G. smilingly). And so you caught us. I must compliment you on your eavesdropping skill, dear. Well, good-bye!

G. (pretending to be looking away, and therefore not taking R.'s hand). Good-bye!

R. D. (going up). My dear Girty, a girl of your education and logical mind ought to be above such a thing as jealousy. Goodbye, Mrs. Newnham. Good-bye, brother! I leave you to a sister's righteous wrath— Ha, ha! (Exit laughing.)

M. That girl will come to a bad end, some day-die an old maid, or join the Salvation Army. (To G. B.) As for you,

I think you had better leave us.

G. B. But at least let me explain. M. No. I can do it much better myself. Go away. Pardon my rudeness-You've spoilt things awfully, but go! so far.

(G. B. reluctantly takes hat, and after look at G., who is sitting L., preoccupied and

silent, goes out.

M. (to G.) Well, dear, what does Ruskin say about occasions like these? It seems to me that platonic affection is hardly a success. At any rate, so far as you are concerned. Rosa seems to have managed it better. (All this lightly, but watching G.)

G. (rising, with an outburst). I hate her! Oh, Madge! (Coming to where M. is seated, R.C., and kneeling by her side.) I am so miserable. (Buries her head in M.'s lap.) I thought he did love me, Madge—and he didn't—or why did he flirt so with that Deighton thing? And—and he might have tried to make me change my mind, even if I did say I could be no more than his sister! But he doesn't love me—does he, Madge? (Raises her face and looks up at M.)

M. Of course not, dear. All his endeavours to show you how absurd the "adopted brother" fad is, and his hopes of making you know your own heart by making you jealous of Rosa were—

G. Do you really think?—but no! He couldn't have done it by himself. Besides, how could he know Rosa would call?

M. I'm sadly afraid Master Gerald had a confederate, Girty!

G. Oh, Madge! You? M. Yes, dear. (All this following speech, G. is resting her head sideways on M.'s knee, gazing wonderingly and thinking.) You see, Girty, but for our little plot you might have done yourself, and a good man who loves you truly, a great wrong. You cannot make a lover a brother, dear, any more than you can make a brother a lover. We should not play foolish tricks with love, darling, it is too precious and too sacred. No maid is so modest and pure but that she should answer frankly when true love knocks. Come, dear, you love him, don't you? (G. buries her face.) I was sure of it, dear. And he loves you—ah, yes, and you know it, you little rogue, in spite of your talk. Tell me, what shall you say when he asks you again?

G. (muffled voice). He won't ask me.
M. Yes, he will. What shall you say? G. (muffled voice). Don't know.

M. I do.

Enter GERALD, at window.

G. B. May I come in?

M. (rising, G. does so also). Yes, you may now. I'm just going home. I've done enough business of other people's to last me for a week.

G. (nervously). Oh, don't go, Madge. I

want to ask you-

G. B. (also nervously). So do I.

M. Oh, you helpless babes! I must be cruel only to be kind. Good-bye! you'll thank me for going to-morrow! (Exit.) (Pause.)

G. B. Ha! has she told you all about it?

G. Ye—yes.

G. B. Girty! (Advancing towards where G. sits.)

G. Well? (Low voice.)

G. B. (aside). She doesn't seem to mind! Bless you, Madge! (To G.) I don't feel a bit brotherly now. I want to-to-in fact—(Puts his arm round her.)

G. You-you mustn't.

G. B. I won't, Girty, my darling. (Puts his face close to hers.)

G. Mr. Blaine — Jerry — you mustn't! (He kisses her.) And directly I said you

mustn't—you did!
G. B. That's just like the men, isn't it? Illogical beasts! And now, Girty, you've accomplished the best bit of work of all your sweet little life—you've made a fellow supremely happy. For a man gives his best and purest to his wife, sweetheart, and not to-

G. (softly, head on his shoulder). I know,

dear—his "sister"!

(Curtain.)

THE MONKEY HOUSE IN THE ZOO.

HE keepers in the Zoological Gardens ought to know a good deal about the animals it is their work in life to look after, and it occurred to me as I was leaving the Prosector's laboratory

that if he knew a great deal about the anatomy of the residents, the keepers ought to know something about their mental peculiarities, their gastronomical predilections, and their social economy. Darwin and Romanes made great use of the keepers when engaged upon their scientific searchings. Why should they not be interviewed from a less scientific standpoint for the readers of The English Illustrated? At all events there could be no harm in trying what might be done in this direction, so I walked towards the monkey-house determining to make a start in that popular resort-the house which as a boy I had always made straight for when I spent a day in the Zoo.

As I turned the handle of the door leading to the keeper's private rooms I won't say that I felt as one does outside a dentist's, but the awe that

keepers inspired in one in youth came over me at that moment, and my enterprise was "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." The taciturnity, almost moroseness, with which the keepers invest themselves soon passes away when they find that you are not one of the gaping,

rude, irritating, idle crowd; and mentioning Mr. Beddard's name as a sort of introduction, I tried to make myself feel (and look) at ease.

As it was early, I found Richardson and



RICHARDSON AND HIS FAVOURITE LEMUR.

Jungbluth, the two keepers in this house, in their rough clothes, preparing the animals' food in one of the two rooms leading out of the main building, so I just said "Good morning," and waited for a favourable opportunity to begin my questions. They curtly responded to my

salute and went on with their work, leaving it to me to take the initiative.

Jungbluth was attending to a pot of potatoes which was on the fire, and Richardson, whose face I had known since my schooldays (he told me he had



THE BARBARY APE AND THE POTATO.

been a keeper over thirty years), was cutting up loaves of stale bread. I wondered how he came to follow such a strange calling, for one can no more imagine a boy saying he will be a keeper in the Zoo than saying he would be a keeper of a box-office in the theatre, or a minor poet; for there are a certain number of callings which men can only drift into, there being no recognised apprenticeship to them, and a keeper's is one of these.

In a spirit of sympathy I said, "I suppose you find the crowd very troublesome, especially at holiday times?" One instinctively felt that a keeper's life, like Gilbert's policeman's, was not altogether a happy one. "It takes us all our time, Sir, to look after the place, I can tell you. They tease and worry the monkeys to that extent that they get almost distracted. They quarrel among themselves, and we have more trouble with 'em then than enough. When the house is empty the monkeys are quiet You see people give 'em all enough. kinds of things to eat, and even stick pins and needles into sticks to prick them with. I noticed a lump under the arm of that Tchili monkey outside, and when we came

to open it—for it turned out to be an abscess, Sir—we found a broken needle that was working its way out. That monkey was at one time as quiet and good-tempered as you could wish, but it's had its temper spoilt by the visitors transing it."

teasing it." A Barbary ape in a cage in this outer room kept walking up and down, and when I called attention to it Jungbluth said that it had been brought into hospital, as he termed it, to be nursed into health, for it had got very bad outside, though it looked well enough now; and addressing it by name, he gave it a hot potato, which it proceeded to peel with its fingers, and eat the portion on the outside which was cool enough. This ape always looked for a potato, said the keeper, when they were being boiled, and though apparently tame, is ready to grab hold of anyone venturing within reach, and could not even be trusted by the keepers. Jungbluth said this just in time to prevent my being grabbed, for it has a way of lying quiet until you are within reach, and then darting its arm through the bars and seizing whatever it can meet with. This Barbary ape, the only monkey found in Europe—namely, at Gibraltar—got bad through the high temperature which has to be maintained to suit the tropical ones. The monkeys from the hills in China and Japan are kept

Monkeys invariably get bad-tempered as they get older, the keepers told me, and some of them can never be trusted; but, taking them all round, they are affectionate animals; and when I stood outside with Jungbluth I watched the monkeys in the cage nearest him come and cling on to the bars and put out their hands for food, and make a cooing noise at him. The keepers often carry apples or grapes in their pockets, and the delight of the monkeys when they get an extra morsel shows that they fully appreciate such little attentions. They are all known by name, and by calling to them they come to the bars, and delight to nibble at the keepers' hands when they put them into the cages. I noticed, too, that they utter a kind of cooing noise when spoken to.

outside, being quite hardy.

The hospital generally contains several patients, as monkeys are tender creatures, and are very subject to chest affections, owing to the dampness and changeability of our climate. A monkey's views on this matter would coincide with those of the Yankee who remarked that we had no climate but a good deal of weather. In

the second room was a very miserable-looking spider monkey, which certainly called forth pity; for, in addition to chronic influenza, which it appeared to be suffering from, it was paralysed in the lower limbs, and half lay, half squatted all of a heap, just holding up its head and looking at one with rheumy eyes, and then, in a tired sort of way, burying its

hid herself in the hay when I looked at them, though her mate fixed his bright eyes on me, chattering and showing me his small white teeth.

I asked the keepers if monkeys often bred in the gardens, and they said that some five had had babies last year, but none of their offspring had lived more than a few weeks. One curious fact was



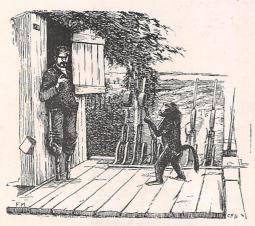
JUNGBLUTH AND THE RHESUS.

head between its arms as though indifferent to everything.

Rheumatism not infrequently causes loss of power in the legs of monkeys, and I watched a Rhesus dragging himself along by his hands without moving the lower part of his body, while preserving the utmost gravity, which was somewhat humorous to witness. New arrivals are also placed in the hospital, and I was pointed out a pair of marmosets which had only that day arrived. They appeared to be very nervous, and the female at once

noticed in one case, and that was that the baby sucked both teats at the same time. Some mothers exhibit a curious barbarity, pulling off the fur until the youngster is quite bare, or gnawing a hand or foot off. This is probably induced by nervous irritability due to the want of seclusion. Of course, a monkey when it is with young is removed into hospital as soon as the fact is noticed. Lemurs have been successfully reared, and there are one or two still living which were bred some years since.

I remember hearing about a pair of marmosets belonging to a lady, some years ago, which had a young one, and the parents took as much trouble with its education as we do with children, teaching it to walk, and even cuffing it when it didn't please them, while at the same time exhibiting the greatest solicitude when any danger appeared to threaten it. But one never knows how much to believe, for stories about animals are such a blend of truth and fiction. Imagination is the father of many yarns, and yet now that naturalists are studying the overlapping of reason and instinct have more reliable data to guide us. A naturalist from Singapore told a friend



THE SIGNALMAN'S BABOON.

of mine in Oxford that monkeys used to be constant visitors to the Botanic Gardens there, and his dogs made for them whenever they saw a chance, but the monkeys, always on the alert, usually escaped. On one occasion a monkey was wounded and its companions had to leave it to its fate to escape the dogs themselves. The owner of the dogs took up the wounded monkey, and, taking it indoors, bound up its wounds and thus saved its life. Some time after this, while walking in the Botanic Gardens, he saw two monkeys holding up a third between them, which turned out to be wounded, and it seemed as though, remembering what he had done on a former occasion, these two monkeys were bringing him a patient. This was told me by a scientific friend, who heard it from the naturalist himself, but I can quite understand many readers classing it with the story of the dog who, having been a patient at Charing Cross Hospital, took another dog there

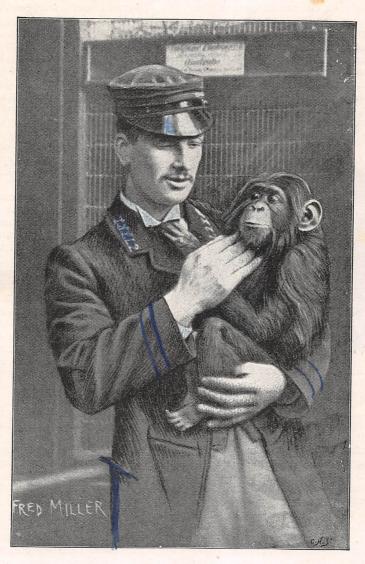
whose leg was broken to be treated as a patient as he had been. Professor Thomson showed me two photographs sent to the museum at Oxford from South Africa, showing a baboon trained by a signalman to help him at his work; and as it is a perfectly authentic case I have given drawings of the monkey and his master: a good object lesson, showing what an amount of intelligence these animals possess if it be developed.

The curious habit that monkeys have of searching in each other's fur, apparently for live stock, induced me to ask the keepers whether they were troubled with vermin, but they replied that it is a sign of friendship, and that there was nothing in their coats, for even the slightest speck of dust is carefully picked out. Jungbluth put his hand into one of the cages and told a monkey to search for fleas, and the little beggar at once began turning over the hairs on his hand. A great deal of a monkey's time is spent in this minute searching in a friend's coat, and some very curious bits of comedy may be seen, one monkey with a look of resigned pleasure giving itself up to being searched while its chum carefully goes through every bit of fur on its chest. The look of serious earnestness on the face of the searcher always attracts me, and you will sometimes see one monkey looking through his friend's head while he is having his breast and arms picked over. Monkeys exhibit strong likes and dislikes, not only for people, but for each other. They strike up friendships, and that not necessarily for those of their own species. of the larger monkeys are chained up in the cages, in order to confine them within certain limits, and while many of their fellow-sojourners take good care to keep well out of reach, others are quite chummy, and will nestle in the arms of their bigger friend. Many of the monkeys which are free appear to take pleasure in annoying the one chained up by chattering and rushing forward just within reach, and then darting away when the one they are baiting comes at them. Monkeys are very sensitive to ridicule, and if you want to make them frenzied, you have only to look at them and make grimaces, when they will get quite excited with rage.

The Zoo is looked upon by many people as a good place to take children at holiday times, and they in turn look upon it as a place to feed animals on stale buns; but naturalists and artists find the Zoo invaluable, and I naturally asked the keepers if they remembered any of the men whose

names occur to everyone in this connection. Richardson said he remembered Sir Edwin Landseer; but the painter of "The Sick Monkey" was only known to him as a visitor, and not as a worker there. Darwin,

one of the cleverest apes he had ever seen. Joe would accompany him on his rounds when he went to feed his flock, would fetch a broom, unlatch a door, and perform on the horizontal bars like a gymnast,



THE KEEPER OF THE CHIMPANZEE.

however, he knew well, and when I told Richardson some of the anecdotes from "The Descent of Man" he remembered the author coming to perform some of the experiments he mentions in his book. Richardson had Joe the Chimpanzee, which Darwin studied so attentively, in his private room, and the keeper said it was

and was as docile as he was clever. Romanes both he and Jungbluth knew well, as his pet subject, the instinct of animals, made him a constant visitor at the Zoo, especially to the monkey house; and by the way they both spoke of him the keepers had evidently lost a good friend in Romanes.

The following are among some of the most striking anecdotes related by Darwin:

"In the Zoo Gardens I saw a baboon who always got into a furious rage when his keepers took out a letter or book and

read it aloud to him.

"Breton gives a curious account of the instinctive dread which his monkeys exhibited for snakes, but their curiosity was so great that they could not desist from occasionally satiating their horror in a most human fashion by lifting up the lid of the box in which the snakes were kept.

"I was so much surprised at this account that I took a stuffed and coiled up snake into the monkey-house. They exhibited



"SALLY," SKETCHED JUST BEFORE HER DEATH.

great fright, except three, who took no notice of it. Placing it on the ground in a large compartment, the monkeys after a time collected around it in a large circle, and staring intently at it, presented a most ludicrous appearance. I then placed a live snake in a paper bag with the mouth loosely closed. One of the monkeys timidly approached, cautiously opened the bag a little and peeped in, and instantly dashed away.

"Monkey after monkey, with head raised high and turned on one side, could not resist taking a momentary peep into

the upright bag.

"Several years ago a keeper at the Zoo Gardens showed me some deep and scarcely healed wounds on the nape of his neck, inflicted on him whilst kneeling on the floor by a fierce baboon. The little American monkey, who was a warm friend of this keeper, lived in the same large compartment, and was dreadfully afraid of the great baboon. Nevertheless, as soon as

he saw his friend in peril he rushed to the rescue, and by screams and bites so distracted the baboon that the man was able to escape, after, as the surgeon thought,

running great risk of his life.

"In the Zoological Gardens, I heard from the keeper that an old baboon (C. Chacma) had adopted a rhesus monkey, but when a young drill and mandrill were placed in the cage she seemed to perceive that these monkeys, though distinct species, were her nearer relatives, for she at once rejected the rhesus and adopted both of them. The young rhesus, as I saw, was greatly disconcerted at being thus rejected, and it would, like a naughty child, annoy and attack the young drill and mandrill whenever it could do so with safety, this conduct exciting great indignation in the old baboon."-See Brehm's " Thirleben."

"In the Zoo Gardens a monkey which had weak teeth used to break open nuts with a stone; and I was assured by the keepers that after using the stone he hid it in the straw, and would not let any other

monkey touch it.

"At the Cape of Good Hope an officer had often plagued a certain baboon, and the animal, seeing him approaching one Sunday for parade, poured water into a hole and hastily made some thick mud, which he skilfully dashed over the officer as he passed by, to the amusement of many of the bystanders. For long afterwards the baboon rejoiced and triumphed whenever he saw his victim."—Quoted by Dr. Lauder Lindsay.

This anecdote, quoted by Darwin, is not more difficult of belief than the one

from Singapore.

The anthropoid apes are kept in that part of the Gardens through the tunnel, as it was found that much greater attention had to be paid them than was possible in the Monkey House. "Sally," the baldheaded chimpanzee, who lived in the Gardens for eight years and a half, that is from October 1883 until August 1891, was the most historic monkey ever seen in the Gardens, possibly in Europe, and for this reason, that no chimpanzee was kept so long a time or so carefully educated as "Sally." G. Mansbridge was her keeper, and by the direction of the late G. J. Romanes, whose researches into the mental evolution in animals have secured him a permanent place among naturalists, she was taught to count, but I cannot do better than give the gist of the paper read by him before the Zoological Society on "The Mental Faculties of the Bald Chim-

panzee" (Anthropopithecus calvus):
"The intelligence of 'Sally' is conspicuously displayed by the remarkable degree in which she is able to understand the meaning of spoken language, a degree which is fully equal to that presented by an infant a few months before emerging from infancy, and, therefore, higher than that which is presented by any brute, so far, at least, as I have met with any evidence to show. The only attempts she makes by way of vocal response are three peculiar grunting noises, one indicative of assent, another of dissent, and a third (quite different from the other two) of thanks or recognition of favours. By vocalising with a peculiar monotone (imitative of the beginning of her own song) the keepers are usually able to excite her into a remarkable series of actions. First she shoots out her lips into the well-known tubular forms (depicted in Darwin's 'Expressions of the Emotions'), while at the same time she sings a strange howling note, interrupted at regular intervals. These, however, rapidly become shorter and shorter, while the vocalisation becomes louder and louder, winding up to a climax of shrieks and yells sometimes accompanied by the drumming of the hind feet and a vigorous shaking of the cage bars, the whole performance ending with a few grunts."

In teaching how to count, she was first asked for one straw, two straws, or three straws, and, when right, rewarded by a gift of fruit. If two or three straws were demanded, she was taught to hold one straw or two straws in her mouth until she had picked up the remaining straw, and then to hand all together. She exhibited some idea of multiplication, for she very frequently (especially when dealing with numbers above five) doubles over a long straw so as to make it present two ends and thus appear as two straws. She was able to count up to five or even six, but Mansbridge, on his own account, tried to teach her to count up to ten, but her computation of numbers above five or six becomes vague, and verges in a merely general idea of many. Attempts were made to teach her the names of colours, but though she would pick out the white ones from among the coloured, she could not be taught the difference between one colour and another, possibly owing to colour-blindness. "Sally" was fond of animal food, and would kill rats which

came into her cage, and would also kill

and eat small birds, throwing up pellets or

"quids" of undigested matter resembling the castings thrown up by raptorial birds. She would drink beef-tea with a spoon, holding the mug in one hand and the spoon in the other. For a scientific account of "Sally" see Beddard's paper in the Zoological Society's Transactions.

The chimpanzee now in the Gardens is quite young, and not having been there many months, has not been subjected to any great amount of teaching. She delights in being taken out of her cage by her keeper, and the way she puts her arms around his neck shows her to be a most affectionate creature. She is very friendly with the Wanderoo monkeys, allowing them to feed with her, but the black apes, also living in the same house, have constantly to be on the alert lest the chimpanzee pays them out, for she seems to have a rooted prejudice to these black neighbours. The expression on the chimpanzee's face when her keeper comes in shows how delighted she is at his reappearance. She likes being tickled, and gives one the impression of being thoroughly happy and contented in her captivity.

Buffon had a chimpanzee in 1740 which always walked upright, offered people his arm, walked with them in an orderly manner, sat down to table like a man. opened his napkin and wiped his lips with it, made use of spoon and fork, poured out wine and clinked glasses, fetched a cup and saucer, put in sugar, poured out tea, and let it get cool before drinking it.

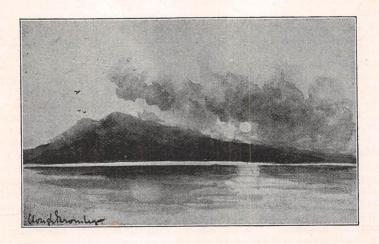
One in Berlin in 1876 became on friendly terms with Dr. Herme's twoyear-old son. It would run to meet him and embrace and kiss him, seize his hand and draw him towards a sofa that they might play together. He behaved more roughly to older boys, and would cuff them. He was gentle and considerate to young animals, but rough with older ones. He displayed a special talent for cleaning window-panes.

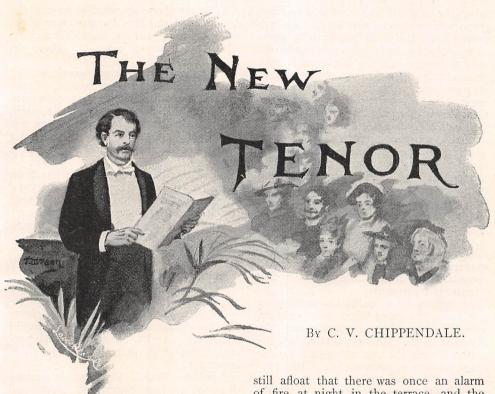
Several attempts have been made to bring a gorilla to the Gardens, but without success. One was kept for a year in Berlin in 1876, and though the gorilla has the reputation of being untamable and ferocious, this one behaved with propriety, playfulness, and good temper. He generally slept in the bed of his keeper, covered himself up in an orderly manner, and ate at the man's table of plain but nourishing food. He seemed quite conscious when he stole sugar or fruit out of a cupboard that he had done wrong, and when about to be chastised would cling to his master's feet. When he was punished, as it was

necessary to do at first, he never resented it, but came up with a beseeching air, looking in an expressive way that disarmed all displeasure. He liked thrumming on casks, dishes, or tin trays, and he took up every cup or glass with instinctive care, clasping the vessel with both hands and setting it down again quite softly and carefully, so that none were ever broken.

It may not be malapropos to end this article with one more quotation from Darwin, for in these few lines the pioneernaturalist summarises one of his most celebrated books—if not his position in the sphere of speculative thought itself. "The main conclusions arrived at in this work" ("The Descent of Man"), "namely, that man is descended from some lowly organised form, will, I regret to think, be highly distasteful to many. But

there can hardly be a doubt that we are descended from barbarians. . . . He who has seen a savage in his native land" (referring to the natives of Terra del Fuego, see his "Voyage in the Beagle"), "will not feel much shame if forced to acknowledge that the blood of some more humble creature flows in his veins. For my own part, I would as soon be descended from that heroic little monkey who braved his dreaded enemy to save the life of his keeper, or from that old baboon who, descending from the mountains, carried away in triumph his young comrade from a crowd of astonished dogs-as from a savage who delights to torture his enemies, offers up bloody sacrifices, practises infanticide without remorse, treats his wives like slaves, knows no decency, and is haunted by the grossest FRED MILLER. superstitions."





VERYBODY knows St. Hilary. Everybody, at least once in his life, pays a visit to its ancient streets and venerable cathedral. The American who comes to England and fails to "do" St. Hilary might as well have stayed at home. It is the joy of the artist, the happy hunting-ground of the antiquary, the dreamland of the poet. And yet you might visit it, perambulate its narrow old streets, even live in it for a considerable time, and be ignorant of the fact that it contained a short row of small houses with the unassuming name of Tapioca Terrace. Each house in the terrace was exactly like its neighbour; each had a small square of garden in the front and a small parallelogram of garden in the rear. The same latchkey opened every door; and if you had not a certain facility for mathematics sufficient, at least, to enable you to retain in mind the particular number of your own house—your incapacity in this respect might be attended with unexpected and unpleasant consequences. A tradition is

still afloat that there was once an alarm of fire at night in the terrace, and the single gentleman belonging to No. 5 was seen with his head out of the window at No. 6; but that is another story!

At No. 10 lived Richard Vernon. His humble dwelling was quite in keeping with his humble income. He was one of the cathedral choir—"lay clerk" was the official title—and in virtue of his office he received eighty pounds a year. By teaching music and by occasional concertengagements he contrived to bring his income up to a bare hundred and fifty. Quite enough to live on, he thought, when he married; but when the baby came it was astonishing how expenses increased.

It was now nearly two years since Vernon came to St. Hilary; he was then six-and-twenty and full of high hopes and great expectations. But it soon became evident to him that he had miscalculated the possibilities of the place; for St. Hilary, though a city of world-wide fame, was in itself nothing but a small country town, affording but little scope to a man of Vernon's talent. The result was that, so far from "getting on," as he had expected to do, he was sadly conscious of

a sense of failure. He was not a favourite with the grand people of the Close. That the Dean should take no notice of him was nothing strange; for between the lowly lay-clerks and the high and mighty Dean there was a great gulf fixed. He was resented by the Archdeacon, who complained that the cathedral was being turned into a concert-hall by the crowds who streamed in when Vernon was going to sing and streamed out again when his own venerability was going to preach. The Chapter, with one consent, agreed that Vernon's singing was too sensational, too dramatic, too theatrical. The Precentor, who, in spite of his title and office, did know a little about music, although able to recognise in him an exceptionally good tenor singer, could not venture to disagree with the general opinion of the Chapter. Vernon's own colleagues were growing more and more jealous of him, and could not refrain from showing that feeling in many ways. With the public he was a universal favourite; but that was small consolation to him; for, as he said, that "buttered no parsnips."

Altogether, he seemed to have fallen on evil days. Times were bad: many troubles were come upon him-want of money, the disfavour of the cathedral dignitaries, the unfriendliness, the envious suspicion of his fellow choirmen, a sense of the little progress he was making in his profession, much disappointment every way. But for the bright and happy spirit of his little wife, he would long ago have lost heart.

It was Saturday night. Vernon sat in his little room, dreamily gazing into the fire, and nervously twirling in his fingers a sheet of paper—a letter from the Precentor he had received that afternoon. He had read it once and again; at first with hot resentment, and then with a crushed feeling at his heart, and last of all with a certain bitter amusement. as he continued looking into the red glow of the fire all these feelings passed away, and his thoughts wandered far back into the past. He dwelt in memory on all the tender care his old father had taken with him. He recalled to mind how his father, a poor music-teacher, had taught him all he knew, and trained him in the vocal method he believed in so implicitly. He thought of the brilliant future his father had foretold for him: "If you will only study, Dick my boy, study and practise the method you *must* get to the top of the tree!" Well, he had studied; he had worked on patiently and carefully; and disappointment had fallen on his soul like

the chill autumn mist. He felt that all his father's predictions as to his success were but the baseless visions of a loving heart.

As he sat there absorbed in reverie, the door opened and Mrs. Vernon entered.

"Why, there you are, dear!" she cried. "I did not hear you come in. Have you

been in long?" "I really don't know, sweetheart. have been dreaming over the fire. Come and tell me all you have been doing today," and Dick drew her to himself. "Why, I don't think I have had one kiss to-day, have I? You keep them all for that young rogue upstairs. I suppose he's

asleep?"

"Yes, thank goodness! He has been so fretful to-day. I suppose he is getting a tooth—if they do have teeth so young. But he's safely asleep now. I am sorry to say Jane tells me the coal is nearly all gone; and we must have some by Monday; and this strike going on, isn't it A letter, Dick! Who's it dreadful? from?"

"Oh, it's only the Precentor; nothing important—choir business, that 's all."

But Mrs. Vernon was much too clever a little woman not to notice the slight something in Dick's voice which revealed the truth that the business was important.

"Tell me, Dick! I'm sure it's something about that horrid old Dean and

Chapter, isn't it?"

"It's only the old tale," answered Dick, "the Precentor calls my attention to the already expressed desire of the Dean and Chapter, etc.' All that rot about my singing not being in keeping with the traditional cathedral style. What do they want, I wonder? I do my best; I sing as the poor old dad taught me to sing, and I am not going to alter anything-no, not to please a score of frowzy old Deans and Canons!"

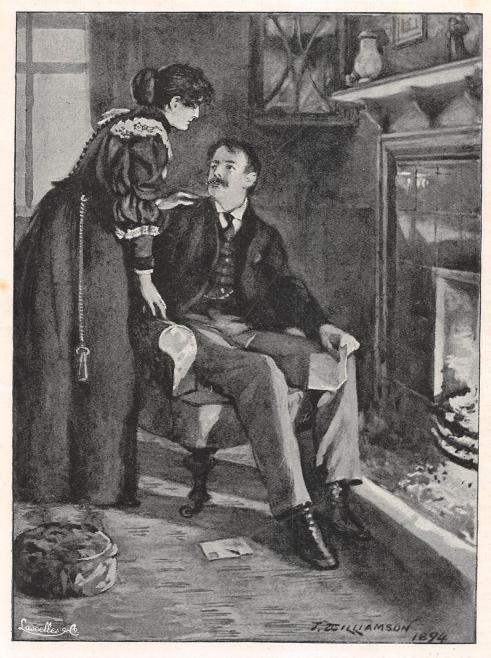
"'Sh!" cried his wife, "what a noise you're making! You'll wake baby—and then, perhaps, you will get him to sleep

again!'

Dick could not resist a smile; but the vexation at his heart was too powerful to be subdued in a moment. He returned to

the subject-

"What do reverend Canons and Doctors of Divinity know of such things? would serve the Dean right if I went to him and asked him to show me how he wanted the thing done—only I don't suppose he would know me from Adam if I did go! Dramatic! theatrical!" he



"I HAVE BEEN DREAMING OVER THE FIRE. COME AND TELL ME ALL YOU HAVE BEEN DOING TO-DAY."

burst out again, "fiddlesticks! Just because I put a decent amount of expression into what I sing. To-morrow I'm down for 'The Sorrows of Death'; I can't drone it out like a bagpipe obbligato.

Ah! how the dear dad made me work at that: Make every note ten: he disent to say. What trouble he took! What care to make me sing it exactly as he wanted it! And am I to throw it all over?—and for what? Heaven only knows—I don't!"

that! 'Make every note tell!' he used

"There, now, you naughty boy! I told you you would! You've woke baby!"

And away ran Mrs. Vernon.

Dick crushed the letter and threw it into the fire.

The Sunday afternoon service at St. Hilary Cathedral was always well attended. All the smart people made a point of going. Old Lady Cracklethorpe often drove in from Wrexingham Towers, while Sir Hugh Shawe-Shawe, who commanded the district, never by any chance missed. . Where such brilliant examples were set common folk naturally followed. since Vernon had become a member of the cathedral choir the numbers who flocked to the service were greater than ever; and, when it was known that he was to sing a solo, so numerous was the crowd that not only was every available seat occupied but the aisles were packed with those who were content to stand.

Vernon was to sing on this afternoon. The organ had just begun the opening bars of the symphony, the choristers and lay-clerks were already standing, their white surplices shining bright in the gaslight which streamed down from above them. Beyond the choir, to the east, lay the side and Lady chapels, shrouded in gloom. It was impossible for one seated in the choir to pierce those vast, mysterious recesses beyond. Here were the fields of light; there the region of unfathomable darkness. Here rose to the vaulted roof in full chorus the chants of angels; there was the realm of outer silence whence resounded only the faint echoes of the Songs of the Blessed. The romantic beauty of the sacred place stirred the soul of Vernon to its depths. He loved In his troubles it seemed to speak to him a solace of its own. It was so different from those grand people in the Close, who misjudged him so ignorantly or so harshly, who cared little or nothing for him in his trials, in his sorrows, in his struggles.

Never did he feel its spell stronger than now. He sang as he had never sung before. "Trouble and deep heaviness" lay upon him: the music was the expression of his own troubled spirit. Its alternations of hope and anxious expectation, its restless throbbings, its reiterated cries of one "calling through the darkness" reached their climax in the final—"Watchman! will the night soon pass? will the night soon pass?" The pure, strong, rich voice died away in a perfect diminuendo. There was a moment's pause. Then rose

the clear soprano tones of the reply, so admirable in its contrast—it seemed less like a boy's voice than an angel's—"The night is departing, departing!"

The effect was thrilling. Men felt an odd grip at the throat: women felt the tears gather in their eyes. The Precentor himself was moved: the lay-clerks for a moment forgot their jealousy. Dick alone was unconscious of the effect he had produced: only he knew that he had tried to

sing his best.

The service over, Dick wended his way homeward through the October gloom. His heart was heavy. The refrain of his own solo rang in his ear as he passed along the narrow old streets—"Watchman! will the night soon pass?" The night of disappointment, of hopes deferred, of anxiety, of failure was thick upon him. Should he ever hear a voice calling through the darkness—"The day is at hand"?

Dick did not go home direct, but went round by the old city walls: so that by the time he reached 10, Tapioca Terrace he had walked off his fit of despondency, and was no longer inclined to take such a gloomy view of things in general. Indeed, the brisk physical exercise of the walk had restored the natural cheerfulness of youth and health. On reaching home he found

tea ready in the little parlour.

"Here you are at last, Dick!" cried Mrs. Vernon. "I was so sorry this naughty young monkey would not let me go with you this afternoon. How did you get on? But it was a good thing, after all, that I stayed at home. I've had a visitor."

" Who?"

"Guess!"
"Lady or gentleman?" asked Dick.

"Gentleman, of course!" was the answer; and a roguish twinkle shone from the little woman's eye.

"Aha! the plot thickens. Who was the young and handsome stranger?"

"He wasn't young and he wasn't handsome; so don't be ridiculous. He did not
stay long, and he has not been gone many
minutes. When he found you were not at
home, he just asked a few questions of me,
took a look at the music on the piano, and
went. But he told me he was at the
cathedral this afternoon and heard you
sing. He said he knew your father many
years ago. He is staying at the Crown,
and returns to London by the 9.15 express
this evening. He was particularly anxious
that you should go and see him as soon as
you came in."

"What is his name?"

"There now, how stupid of me! I forgot in the hurry, to ask him. He was on the move all the time."

"Well," said Dick, "I don't suppose

there's any violent hurry about it."

"I think, Dick, you had better go," answered his wife; "it may be important, you can't tell. You have time for a cup of tea first."

"Knew the dad, did he?"

"Yes; many years ago, he said."

"And he left no card? Well, never mind, here goes. I'm off to the Crown to inquire for a gentleman unknown; when last seen was wearing—et cetera. What does he look like?"

"He was a stout man; not so tall as you, with grey beard and moustache; he wore eyeglasses. I noticed he had on a big fur-lined coat, and generally looked

quite the swell."

"All right, dear girl! I'll go and see Pratt, and ask him if he has a visitor answering to your description; and I'll interview the mysterious stranger. By-

by, love!"

Vernon was not long in finding his way to the Crown, whose proprietor, the aforesaid Pratt, was well known to him, and one of his staunchest admirers. But there was evidently some mistake; either the stranger had given the wrong name of his hotel, or he had given the right name and Mrs. Vernon had forgotten it; for they had no visitor at the Crown at all answer-

ing to the description Dick gave.

Vernon stayed no longer than was necessary to assure himself of this, and, declining Mr. Pratt's warm invitation to refresh himself after his exertions, he left the hotel. As he stepped into the street the Archdeacon happened to pass with one of the Canons. He was explaining with much detail and evident satisfaction the exceptionally favourable circumstances under which he had recently bought a quantity of excellent old tawny port, and was stating his firm conviction, arrived at as the result of a long and unbroken experience, that port, so far from increasing gout, was actually beneficial to those having the misfortune to suffer from that painful malady. He interrupted himself as he caught sight of Vernon at the door of the Crown.

"Was that Vernon?"

"Yes, surely; I don't think we could

have been mistaken."

"What a scandalous thing for one of our lay - clerks to be seen coming out of a public-house on Sunday evening! I should not be surprised to hear that he had spent all his time there since service was over."

"Does he drink?"

"I have heard vague rumours to that effect; but it isn't fair to judge a man by mere gossip. Still, there may be something in it. Altogether, I hardly think he is a suitable man for us."

"He sings well—after a style."

"Exactly, after a style; but I think we are agreed the style is too sensational, and quite of the ad captandum

kind, eh?"

"There was a tremendous—congregation I was going to say—audience I ought to have said, this afternoon. There is no doubt he has introduced quite a new element into our services; it would be a great relief to us if he went."

"I think we might very fairly take notice of his having been seen by us coming out of the Crown this evening. I'll tell the Precentor to write to him about it."

The two dignitaries pursued their way. Before long Vernon was at home again. He told his wife that they had no visitor at the Crown answering to her descrip-The poor girl was vexed beyond measure: she blamed her unknown caller for not leaving his name, she blamed herself for not asking him. Still, the whole visit was so hurried, as she told Dick, that there was some excuse at least for her not having done at the time exactly what she afterwards saw she ought to have done. At Dick's request she described the interview afresh. She remembered now why he was in such a hurry. He had to go back to the hotel to write an important letter to go by that evening's post.

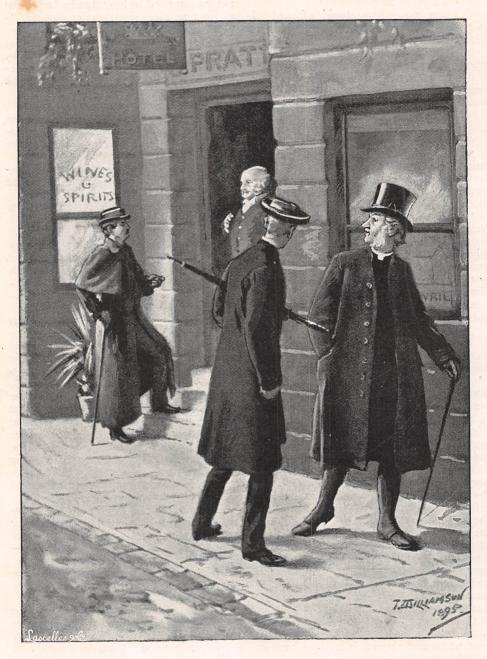
Vernon and his wife were still discussing the stranger's visit and its meaning and possible results—which Mrs. Vernon naturally saw in the rosiest of lights—when suddenly Mrs. Vernon exclaimed—

"Oh, Dick! I am so sorry: I believe he said the King's Head and not the

Crown after all!"

"You little duffer!" said Dick. "Going up by the 9.15, did he say? There's loads of time yet; I must see him this evening, of course. So here goes, once again. I don't suppose I shall be long, but if I am you will know what is keeping me."

Vernon set out again—this time to the King's Head, which was at the other end of the town. He met the good folk of St. Hilary on their way to Evensong at their parish churches; for the King's Head was at the top of the High Street, and the throng was great all along the street. At last he reached the King's Head. Yes;



"WHAT A SCANDALOUS THING FOR ONE OF OUR LAY-CLERKS TO BE SEEN COMING OUT OF A PUBLIC-HOUSE ON SUNDAY EVENING!"

such a gentleman as Mr. Vernon described had arrived at the hotel for lunch, had intended to go up to London by the 9.15, but had altered his plans and had left to catch the 6.27. If Mr. Vernon hurried, and if by chance the train was late, he

might just catch him. Just one thing more—his name? Lewis.

Dick ran to the station as hard as he could pelt, taking the back streets to avoid the crowd. But he was too late, by a couple of minutes. The train had been

punctual, and the unknown Mr. Lewis had no doubt been conveyed by it far away from the scene of his disturbing and un-

satisfactory visit.

The excitement of the afternoon's singing; the tearing about from one place to another; the final hurrying to catch the train—all combined to make Dick feel unwell. Now that the stimulus of the chase was withdrawn, the accumulated strain of hours made itself felt, and Dick was conscious of feeling faint. He went to the station refreshment - room and called for a little brandy and water. It quite revived him, and after he had sat down for a short time in the bar he returned home with his weary tale of a wild-goose chase. Poor little Mrs. Vernon! She was inconsolable.

"And only to think, Dick, if it had not been for my stupidity you would not have missed him! Don't be very angry with me! He came and went in a minute: there was no time to make sure of any-

thing—it was all so hurried!"

"All right, dear girl!" answered Dick, "it doesn't matter a bit! If your friend Mr. Lewis really wants to see me, he knows where to find me; and we are not so far out of the world—even at St. Hilary that a penny postage-stamp won't send a letter from any part of the United Kingdom."

One day, two days passed, but Vernon heard nothing. On the third day he was thunderstruck to receive a note which the Precentor handed him in the choir vestry. It was a communication from the Chapter. In that note Mr. Vernon was informed that the Chapter had heard from sources absolutely unimpeachable that he had been seen on the previous Sunday evening to leave the Crown Hotel, to enter the King's Head, and to be drinking at the refreshment bar of the railway station. It was true that the Chapter had heard a report of Mr. Vernon's indiscreet, if not intemperate, habits, but without attaching much, if any, importance to unsubstantiated rumour; but they could not ignore the evidence now before them, which went far to confirm what, apart from that evidence, might have been regarded as mere idle gossip. They had taken the earliest opportunity of conferring on the subject, and, considering that other circumstances were unsatisfactory, which Mr. Vernon was already aware, they had to inform him with much regret that they had no option but to suspend him from service in the cathedral choir

until he should receive further notice from the Precentor.

The Precentor was standing by while Vernon was reading the note.

"The whole thing is simply a huge mistake!" said Vernon. "I suppose, Sir, you know what is in this letter?

"Of course I do; and I am very sorry for

vou."

"But," said Dick angrily, "I am utterly surprised at people with any pretension to the name of gentlemen paying attention to the mere spiteful gossip of the place; and as for last Sunday evening, I can give a perfectly satisfactory account of my actions. I went to the Crown and to the King's Head to find a gentleman who had called on me when I was out, and had left a message for me to go and see him."

"What, at both hotels, Vernon?" "I went to the first by mistake."

"But that does not account for the incident at the station."

"There I did have a little brandy and

water, as I was not feeling well."

" A—h!"

"But because I had a thimbleful of brandy am I to be condemned and suspended off-hand?-"

"Well, Vernon, you had better tell me what you have to say in writing and I will lay it before the Chapter on Saturday: meanwhile, of course, I have only to see that their instructions are carried out.'

Dick was utterly cast down. It seemed bad enough last Saturday when he received the first letter; but here was the end of all things. Suspended, disgraced, not . allowed to offer any explanation of conduct perfectly innocent until after sentence pronounced—it was tyranny of the worst kind.

Of course he told his wife all. He had naturally wished to keep from her the fact of his having felt faint at the station; but now it must all come out. The poor little woman did all she could to console her husband. But what was to be done? Dick said he would never consent to plead or enter into any explanation before an authority that had prejudged him unheard. He talked about going to a lawyer and fighting the whole thing in a court of justice; but a lawyer—even the obtaining of justice-presupposes money; and he Among all his many admirers and flatterers in the town he had not one friend to whom he could go for advice and help, and be sure of getting both.
"Courage, dear boy!" said his wife,

through her tears, "the night will soon

pass!"

The next morning's post brought a letter from Mr. Lewis. The writer began by explaining that he had left St. Hilary on Sunday evening by an earlier train than he had at first intended, and apologising to Dick for an abruptness which he was afraid appeared like rudeness. He went on to say what pleasure Dick's singing had given him, that he was an old acquaintance of his father, and that if Dick could make it convenient to come up to town and see him at his house in St. John's Wood as soon as possible he should be very glad, as he had important business to communicate.

Dick had now no engagements to interfere with his going, and accordingly he

went to London.

Saturday came round again: the week of disappointment and sorrow was drawing to an end. Mrs. Vernon was sitting in front of the fire; she had been hushing and rocking the baby to sleep in her arms, thinking of Dick far away in the big city and wondering what would be the first news she would receive.

The postman! A letter from Dick!

"Darling girl,-Old Lewis is a brick; and, what is more, he is manager of the Ballad Concerts at St. Cosmo's Hall. He has offered me an engagement for the coming winter. Only think of it - in London! He speaks awfully nicely about the dear old dad, though it seems they disagreed about something in the old days. We shall come up to London at once. We shall live in some jolly little house in Hampstead or Highgate. were right, little woman, after all-as usual—when you said: 'The night will soon pass!' I am writing just this line to give you the good news. I shall come down by the evening train!"

That was a happy meeting, if ever there was happiness in this world.

It was not long before 10, Tapioca

Terrace was to let.

Now that Dick's future was more or less assured, he could take a less bitter view of the conduct of his former employers; and, consequently, he determined to write explaining the facts as they occurred on the Sunday evening, and requesting them to make him the honourable reparation to which he was entitled. The Chapter replied expressing their anxiety to do him justice, and regretting their undue haste in suspending him on evidence which they were glad to find was capable of another explanation than that which they had placed upon it. They went so far as to apologise to him for the pain and trouble they had caused him, and wished him success in his new career, which they could not help feeling would be more suitable to him.

When it became known in St. Hilary that Mr. Vernon was definitely engaged in London for the Ballad Concerts at St. Cosmo's Hall, it was astonishing what a large number of kind friends gathered round him all at once.

There is a pretty little house in Hampstead, now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, where the sun shines—even in December—brighter than it ever did at St. Hilary.

Old Mr. Vernon's words had come true. Before the winter was over, all London was ringing with the praises of the new Dick was at "the top of the tenor.

tree" !



MR. HENRY COXWELL AT TOTTENHAM.

""WHAT, is old Coxwell still alive!" people will exclaim when they begin to read your interview with me," said the grand old aëronaut to me as we pulled our chairs up to the fire after a substantial lunch, and set about filling our pipes.

"Very much alive, I should say, by the way you tackled that piece of beef just

now," I replied.

"Yet my butcher tells me my teeth are not so good as they used to be, when I complain that his meat is tough. They're a better set, I tell him, than I had when I seized the valve-rope in my teeth when we were over seven miles high, and Glaisher was lying insensible in the car of the 'Mammoth,'" and the old man chuckled on recalling his apt retort.

"By-the-bye, you were brought up as a

dentist, were you not?"

"Certainly; and I followed my profession for a number of years; in fact, after I took up ballooning as a regular business. I had made quite fifty ascents with one aëronaut and another—indeed, having from my boyhood always made a point of taking some part in every balloon ascent around London, even if it were only as a spectator—when my friends began to say, 'If you are so keen on ballooning to the neglect of dentistry, and incur the risk of the dangers of ascending as a passenger with no profit to your pocket,

why don't you get a balloon of your own and be your own captain?"

"Now do you think it is a good plan to let a boy follow his bent in the choice of

a profession?" I interpolated.

"Yes, when it is evidently a passion like that which possessed me from the first time I caught sight from our playground at Camberwell of Green's balloon ascending from the Surrey Zoological Gardens."

"And when did you yourself first ascend

in a balloon, Mr. Coxwell?"

"Nearly fifty-one years ago. Yes; it was in August 1844 when I ascended with Mr. Hampton from the White Conduit Gardens, Pentonville, and under the assumed name of 'Mr. Wells,' for fear that my patients might resent being attended by a 'balloonatic.' We only travelled twenty-five miles; but I shall never forget my first experience—even now, after having made more than a thousand ascents—of the enchantment of beholding the country spreading itself out like a carpet, and changing each second in form, hue, and dimensions in a manner quite indescribable."

"Of course, you must have had many

narrow squeaks?"

"A few," he replied, with a significant smile; "and very nearly the worst was when I ascended as a passenger along with Albert Smith and others in Gypson's

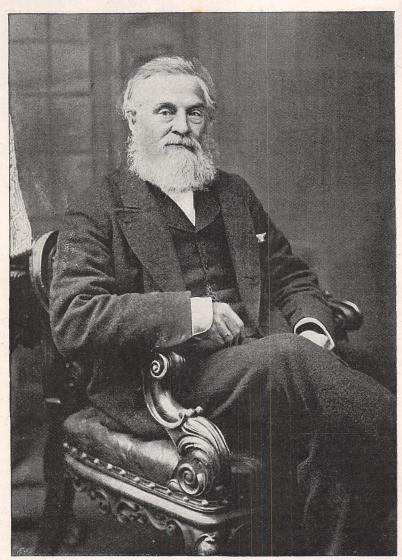


Photo by T. Wright, Barking Road, E.

MR. HENRY COXWELL.

balloon from Vauxhall. It was in 1847. The sky had been threatening for some time before the hour fixed for the ascent; but it was thought we might go up and discharge the sixty pounds' weight of fireworks in mid-air, and descend before the storm broke. So up we went. It was night-time, of course. I sat in the hoop. We got through the firework displayand very fine it was-all right at an altitude of about four thousand feet; but the loss of the weight of the pyrotechnics sent us up far higher, occasioning a rush of gas from the safety-valve, which at once suggested to me the necessity of relieving the pressure by opening the upper valve, but other counsels prevailed. Suddenly what I expected happened. The balloon burst. Naturally we began to fall like a stone, and undoubtedly we should all have heen killed had I not, in spite of remonstrance, cut the cord which connects the neck part of the balloon with the hoop. At once the loose silk flew upwards and became distended, converting the balloon into a kind of parachute, which acted so efficaciously that we descended in the Belgrave Road, with a terrible crash, it is true, but with whole bones. I believe it was this adventure, demonstrating the necessity of trusting to one's own resources in the face of danger, which induced me to follow my friends' advice, and start as an 'air-captain,' as the Germans express it, in a balloon acquired from Lieutenant Gale which I christened the 'Sylph.'"

"And what did you do with her?"

"After a few initial trips in England I took her to Brussels, to other towns in Belgium and Prussia, Hanover, Moravia, and Austria. I won't bore you with any reminiscences beyond the difficulties of obtaining gas, the fret caused by official 'red-tapeism" generally, and the sensational effect I seemed to create by descending a Jacob's rope-ladder from my car in order to light the fuse which would presently ignite the shells and fireworks suspended below, while the fact that the balloon was riddled on one occasion by bullets, on the suspicion that we were Danish spies, may interest you. Yet still another incident I remember, and that was the only ascent Mrs. Coxwell ever made. It was in Berlin in revolutionary times, when she generously sacrificed her inclinations in order to appease public feeling, which had been irritated by the official prohibition to allow me to demonstrate how a city could be bombarded from a balloon."

"And now you return to Merrie England, I'm sure?"

"You are quite right. In the autumn of 1851 we bade adieu to Germany, where we had spent on the whole a very good time. And what did I find? Well, Charles Green was getting feeble, and Gale was dead, killed in his ascent from Bordeaux. His patron, Goulston, shortly after shared the same fate. Although it was the year after the first great Exhibition I determined to make more ascents this year than had been made during the last three or four seasons. I carried out my resolve, and pursued the same course during the subsequent year, and, indeed. every year till my last public ascent, June 17, 1885, the eve of Waterloo day. This last occasion made the twenty-sixth annual gala meeting which I had attended with my balloon at York, where I have had the honour of taking up a Lord Curiously enough on this, my last ascent, the currents of air were such that the 'City of York' made a complete circuit of the city after which she was named, and seemed to symbolise the completion of the cycle of my own aëronautic career," said he, evidently regretfully.

"A balloon ascent has a great attraction for the people, I have always noticed," I

remarked presently.

"And so much so that they won't be disappointed. I remember once in particular that I was unexpectedly advertised to ascend from the Globe Gardens in the Mile End Road. The only balloon I had at home was not completely revarnished, so that it leaked, and so much so that it would have been impossible for me to have gone up. My only course was to fix up an effigy of myself in the car; and, as the balloon was let go, I slipped away out of sight enveloped in a cloak and a pair of false whiskers. An angry and incensed crowd is not too nice, I can tell you. I recollect at the Foresters' Fête at Leicester, in 1864, a story got about that I was palming off a smaller balloon than was my new balloon 'Britannia.' There were quite fifty thousand people present. Feeling was so high that they broke down every barrier, resisting the small body of police completely. I only just escaped with my life. As to my balloon, it was torn, and then burst. I may add, however, that a subscription was made, which pretty nearly compensated me."

"Of course, the most memorable event

in your life was——"

"The occasion of my ascent with Mr. Glaisher to the highest altitude ever yet attained. I was up even higher than he was, for I was in the hoop. But that's an old story, I am sick of talking about it."

"Never mind, as the children say, 'tell us it again."

"Well, then, a great meeting was held at Wolverhampton of the Committee of the British Association in 1862, where it was decided to make meteorological observations at as great an elevation as was possible. They wanted my balloon 'Mars,' but I demonstrated that its cubic capacity made it impossible to attain the end desired. After a good deal of argument, I offered to build a brand new balloon when I heard that Mr. Glaisher would accompany me. This balloon, 'The Mammoth,' made at Tottenham in 1862. It had a holding capacity of 93,000 cubic feet of gas. Mr. Glaisher and I made together many noteworthy ascents, some from the Crystal Palace, but the most remarkable was the record one from Wolverhampton on Sept. 5, 1862. We started at three minutes past one p.m. In thirty-seven minutes we were four miles high; the temperature was 8 deg. Ten minutes afterwards we were a mile higher, when the thermometer marked 34 deg. of frost. Shortly afterwards I found my breathing impeded. Mr. Glaisher could not see distinctly, and before long, when we were up 29,000 feet, he complained that his arms were powerless. Presently he seemed to collapse. I was in the hoop, and as I regarded him I thought at the moment that he had lain back to rest, but shortly I perceived that he was unconscious. I said 'Do try, now do!' endeavoured to approach him, but could not, for insensibility was stealing over me. I made an effort to pull the valve, but my hands were frost-bitten. Seizing the cord, however, with my teeth, and dipping my head two or three times, I liberated sufficient gas to make the balloon take a downward course. The instruments showed that we had ascended 37,000 feet, or over seven miles—i.e., much higher than the loftiest mountain in the world. We descended all right near Ludlow."

The more often I hear this adventure recounted the more remarkable it strikes

me. But to proceed.

"It was always a pleasure to go with Mr. Glaisher, as he had absolutely no fear from his very first ascent. So safe did he feel himself that on some occasions he took his little son. We had a risky time of it next year. We started from the Crystal Palace. In thirteen minutes we were 10,000 feet high, and an hour afterwards we had ascended 24,000 feet. Then we descended. When we got out of the clouds we found ourselves in sight of Beachy Head and close to the sea. Not a moment was to be lost. We both set to work with the idea of turning the balloon into the parachute form. We shot down like an arrow, but we just escaped the sea."

"What is the worst 'bump' you ever

got, Mr. Coxwell?"

"The one that put me on crutches. It was in this way. I took two young gentlemen, the Messrs. Pearson, of Lawton Hall, from Congleton in my balloon 'Mars'which, by the way, had escaped destruction by a fall of buildings at the Crystal Palace and the fire at the Camden Town goods station. We attempted to descend near Buxton. Misled by one of my passengers, who professed a local knowledge, I found myself amongst a region of loose stone walls. These could not hold my grapple. The result was that after charging three or four walls, the balloon was ripped up and the car was hurled to the ground filled with stones, which had fractured the skull of Mr. T. Pearson, broken Mr. A. Pearson's forearm, and had cut and bruised me from head to foot, and contused my right thigh badly. I was laid up for a long time. Indeed, my friends regarded me as a permanent invalid. I know my wife used quite cheerfully to remark, 'Well, Henry, you can't go up in those horrid balloons any more, that's certain.' But I did, for I made that high scientific ascent with Mr. Glaisher a year afterwards."

"Have you ever crossed over the Channel, Mr. Coxwell?" I asked as I

refilled my pipe.

"No; but I was prepared to do so, had the wind permitted. Mr. Murray, an artist on the Illustrated London News, with whom I had made more than one balloon voyage, informed me of Mr. (now Sir) William Ingram's great wish to make the transit from a point somewhere on the Sussex coast as a more daring feat than had been previously Accordingly I had everything ready at Lewes, while Sir William kept himself prepared to arrive whenever I should wire him. But the event never came off. I regretted that it was so more on Sir William's account, as I knew from his great interest in ballooning that he would be greatly disappointed. First, the wind was contrary, though Mr. Murray in an excess of zeal insisted on mistaking the points of the compass, and created

'ructions' in consequence; and secondly, news arrived that Colonel Burnaby had forestalled us by crossing from Dover, giving us therefore no kudos to gain."*

"What do you say as to the possibility of reaching the North Pole by balloons?"

"I was on one occasion approached on this subject," Mr. Coxwell replied as he set his smoking-cap more firmly on his head. "Commander Cheyne asked me if I could supply three balloons serviceable for employment during an Arctic summer. I replied that I could do so, but I declined the responsibility, and for other reasons I took my name off the committee."

"I believe you thoroughly believe in balloons as adjuncts to military operations?"

"Most certainly. For the last thirty years I have advocated their use. At the Crystal Palace, many years since, I gave an exhibition of their signalling capabilities by day and night. Their employment in reconnoitring is most important to my mind; and in the history of British arms they might have averted more than one disaster, while I am convinced that they become a most potent arm in dropping projectiles and explosives on besieged

"In 1863 I sufficiently stirred the military authorities as to permit me to give experiments at Aldershot and at Woolwich Arsenal with captive balloons. time a balloon corps was formed, but it was permitted to buy its experience by many failures, which might have been averted if professional instruction had been engaged. Goaded to action by the

Press, the Government did at length send balloons to the Soudan, but, alas! too late."

"I suppose you are so wedded to balloons that you look rather askance on flyingmachines?"

"Do you refer to Mr. Lilienthal's attempts? If so I should say that his are decidedly experiments which show an advance in aërial navigation. Indeed, if sufficient motive power could give sufficient animation to his wings and tail, he might soar instead of gliding downwards from off a hilltop. At present his is nothing more than a modified parachute."

"But suppose a machine were started and given a lift up, say on a railway line, and was furnished with great aëroplanes and screws, what then?"

"I should still maintain that when the impetus was exhausted the machine would fall for want of motive power. I gave my views in the Contemporary Magazine some time ago. The interesting contrivance of Mr. Thomas Moy, quite twenty years back, which met Mr. Fred Brearey's approval, introduced the employment of the tramway and aëroplane, so that the latest idea is not new. To solve the riddle of aërial flight, I believe we must discover some mechanical means, not cumbrous or rigid, some means by which the air must be struck by propellers working with more or less rapidity, similarly to the wings of a bird. At the same time, I do not despair of the air being ultimately navigated, and I should be one of the first to rejoice when the problem is solved, even if it should relegate balloons to the limbo of the Past."—T. Hanson Lewis.

^{*}About this period Mr. Alderman Deck, of Cambridge, was also disappointed as to a Channel trip.

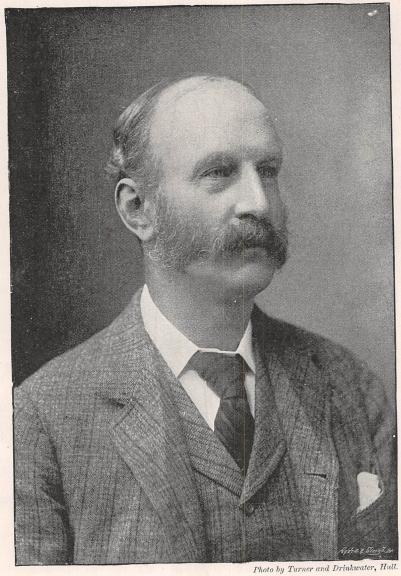


The maids to catch this cowslip ball:
But since these cowslips fading be,
Troth, leave the flowers, and maids





"Be tender, but beware,
She's frolicsome as fair."
FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON.



MR. C. H. WILSON, M.P.

THE MAN AND THE TOWN.

MR. C. H. WILSON, M.P., AND HULL.

N walking about the docks of Hull to which, it may be said, one is at once led by any of the main roads in the town—the observant stranger cannot but notice the large number of fine steamships with red funnels and green hulls. "They're Wilson's parrots," a bystander will probably reply, if inquiry is made of him, in tones indicating great surprise that anyone should need to be informed of so obvious a fact. For "Wilson's parrots" are the most important things from the bread - and - butter point of view in this great town, to which their steam voices tell a story of an increasing amount of work and wages. Mr. C. H. Wilson may have always been associated in your mind with the town, which used to be on the river Hull, and is now mostly on the Humber; but until you see the flags of the firm flying from innumerable mastheads you do not realise the true significance of their association. You then learn without astonishment that in one week every third ship due at the port has belonged to Messrs. Thomas Wilson and Sons, that at times 5000 men are employed in loading and unloading their vessels, and that in their offices close to the docks about 500 clerks are employed. And you are no longer surprised that Mr. C. H. Wilson, M.P., as head of this firm, should have obtained a position of personal supremacy even in a community of over 200,000 people.

There have been many famous shipowners in the long history of Hull. But to find a parallel to the position of the Wilsons in the nineteenth century we have to go back to the fourteenth century, when the family of the De la Poles were laying the foundations of their greatness by the ships which they sailed from Hull. The parallel is, indeed, rather a remarkable one. William de la Pole, like Thomas Wilson, started with one small ship, and both died, fairly wealthy for their time, leaving three sons, who were destined to become the largest private ship-owners of their generation. Richard, William, and John de la Pole

converted the wealth of their father into affluence beyond the dreams of his avarice by the success with which, in their wellbuilt and heavily armed vessels, they defied the privateers that were at that time the terror of English trade. David, Charles, and Arthur Wilson extended the power of their firm beyond the greatest ambition of its founder by the energy and skill with which they superseded the old sailingvessels by the new steam-ships. John de la Pole retired from the business at a comparatively early period, leaving his two brothers to reap the full reward of their enterprise. David Wilson gave up his partnership in 1867, leaving Charles and Arthur to reap the ever-increasing prosperity of the firm. Finally, one of the two brothers De la Pole found favour at the Court, and in his own splendid mansion entertained royalty. Truly must the Wilsons appear to the people of Hull as the De la Poles of the nineteenth century!

Opinion in Hull is by no means unanimous on the subject of the rise of the Wilsons. By some it is attributed to pluck, energy, shrewdness-to an exceptional combination, in fact, of the best business qualities; by others it is explained simply by sheer luck, the stars in their courses fighting for the ships which bore the Wilson colours. Truly destiny seems to have marked out the family as the De la Poles of the Hull of our own day. begin with, the late Thomas Wilson was able quite early in his career to amalgamate his business interests with what were sixty years ago two of the most influential ship-owners of the port. About forty years ago, when the Wilsons had just discovered for themselves the great possibilities of steam, they were threatened with the competition of the North of Europe Steam Navigation Company; but in some inscrutable way they were able to persuade the directors to hand over the working of the company's ships to their firm. In three years the company went into liquidation, owing to losses at other ports, and the Wilsons gained its Hull trade. Another



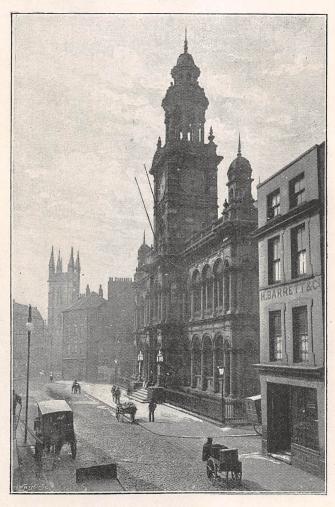
CORPORATION PIER, HULL.



WILBERFORCE MONUMENT AND DOCK OFFICES, HULL.

dangerous rival, Mr. Zachary Pearson, came to grief in consequence of the downfall of Messrs. Overend and Gurney. A few years ago Messrs. Wilson, Sons, and Co. were able to buy up the fleet and the trade of another old firm in Hull, and were thus left in undisputed leadership of the commerce of the port.

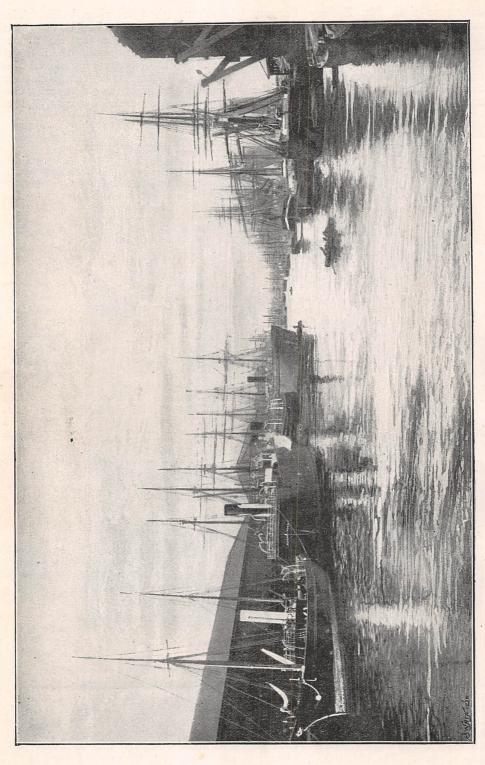
been established five years before. The Humber Dock was finished in 1809, and twenty years later the Junction Dock, which, as another result of a royal visit, was subsequently rechristened the "Prince's." These three docks, with their several basins, cause the oldest part of the town to be surrounded by water, and in



TOWN HALL, HULL.

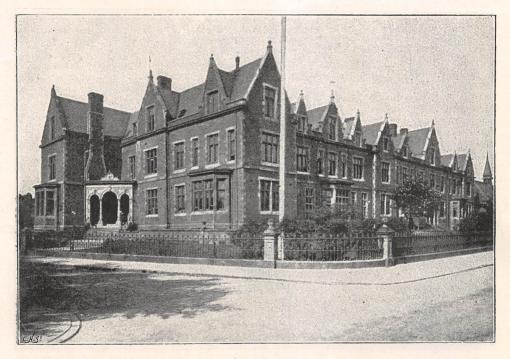
When Mr. C. H. Wilson entered his father's business Hull had five docks with a space of about fifty acres; it now has ten, with an area of nearly one hundred and fifty acres. These figures may be said to measure the commercial development of the town in which Mr. Wilson has taken so large a share. The oldest dock, which is now called the "Queen's," was opened in 1778, the Hull Dock Company having

referring to this part you will often hear people speak of it as "in the docks." On this island are Whitefriargate, still the principal street of Hull, and High Street, now given over entirely to trade, but at one time the abode of the wealthiest people of the town. Among the mansions still standing in this long narrow street by the waterside is that in which Wilberforce, the emancipator, was born. It is built in an



old Dutch style, with a tower in the centre, and has a fine pillared entrance-gate, now decorated, unhappily, with the names of the firms having offices within. Wilberforce House was originally the residence of Sir John Lister, a merchant prince of Hull in the time of Charles I., whom he entertained within its walls. It is rather a matter of reproach to Hull, I think, that such a fine old historic residence should be let out as offices, and, consequently, not to be seen by the public; yet the fine stone column close to Whitefriargate Bridge

still existing, apparently of the same period: one of them, having the sign of "The King's Head," was once the leading inn in the town. It is worth while struggling along the narrow street, through which heavy wagons and drays are constantly passing, to see these old dwellings, whose quaintness is greatly emphasised by the grain-elevators and other tall buildings which they now have for neighbours. The antiquarian could, in fact, spend many pleasant hours "within the Docks." Holy Trinity, now the cathedral church of Hull,



SEAMEN'S ORPHANS' HOME, SPRINGBANK, HULL.

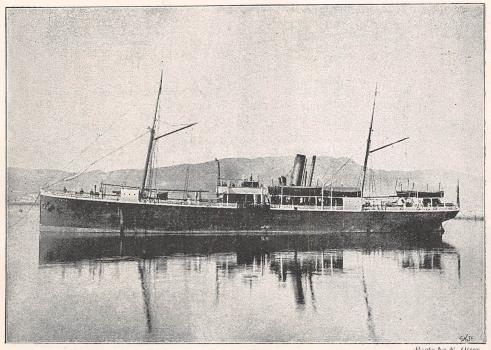
would suggest that the people of Hull are not indifferent to the memory of the statesman who represented them in Parliament for so many years. That was erected a good many years ago, however. It would be a fitting thing for the present generation of townsmen to place fresh flowers on Wilberforce's grave, so to speak, by putting his house in the trust and under the protection of the town.

Another old house in High Street is traditionally believed to have been the residence of some members of the De la Pole family — a long building, with overhanging storeys and curious wood-carvings. There are several other structures

and St. Mary's, the Trinity House, a number of hospitals or almshouses, and several other survivals of old Hull would be full of interest to him. One of these old streets, by-the-way, is called "The Land of Green Ginger," and the origin of this name is a standing puzzle to local students of ancient lore. According to one version, a German landgrave resided in a mansion at the end of this street, which at that time was a rustic lane. "Landgrave Ganger" came into use as a description of the walk to this dignitary's house, and in course of time it became "Land of Green Ginger"! Up to the present, Hull has had to content itself with this explanation.

One needs to make the acquaintance of the old town in order to fully realise the growth of Hull in the era of the Wilson line. This era might be said to begin with the opening of the Railway Dock in 1846, and the Victoria Dock four years later. The Railway Dock is almost entirely monopolised by vessels of the Wilson line. Messrs. Wilson's offices—a fine building of two storeys—are close to this dock, and a walk through them is suggestive both of the extensive business of the firm and of stewards calling for instructions, Customs' House emissaries obtaining official information, etc.

The Wilson fleet now numbers eightyfive vessels, varying in tonnage from 4604 to 487. About thirty have a tonnage of over 2000 apiece. The largest and newest vessels are employed in the rapidly developing trade with the United States, such as the Francisco (4604), the Buffalo (4431), and the Ohio (4100). These vessels are berthed in Hull's newest dock - the



Paoto by E. Olsen.

THE WILSON LINER "JUNO."

its admirable management. The two floors are divided into a number of compartments, each with its quota of busy clerks bearing the names of the numerous ports to which Messrs. Wilson's ships are sent. Hamburg, Gothenburg, Christiania, Copenhagen, and the Baltic ports are, of course, the most important centres of their trade. But the screech of "Wilson's parrots" are now heard more or less frequently in harbours as far from each other as New York and Melbourne, Odessa and Bombay, Venice and Buenos Ayres. Through these spacious rooms there is a constant stream of people inquirers as to routes, fares, etc., passengers about to embark, captains and

Alexandra—at the extreme east of the town. Walking from the Old Harbour you pass on the way the Victoria Docks, and the timbers and ponds of Earle's Shipbuilding Yards, where most of the Wilson vessels have been built. The width of the roadway, the space on which great industries are carried on, are in striking contrast with the crowding of buildings on the narrow area of the Old Town.

On the western side of the Old Town is the Albert Dock, which contains over twenty-four acres and cost a million sterling. It was opened by the Prince of Wales in 1869, after eight years had been spent in its construction. In so large a dock craft of various sizes and kinds are

always to be found, and the merchandise loaded and unloaded here comprises coal, One corner of the dock grain, and fish. is reserved for fishing-boats, which are thus brought close to the large wholesale fish-market and the ice-houses. fishing industry developed as the whaling Of the perilous expetrade declined. ditions to the northern seas which were a source of so much wealth in the early part of the century a few old seamen in Hull can still tell strange yarns, and a number of gateways in the old parts of the town made of whales' jawbones help to give veracity to their narratives.

Mr. C. H. Wilson, as one of the directors of the Hull Dock Company, has always taken the keenest interest in the improvement of the port, and it is largely owing to his great energy and powerful influence, I was told, that in the last quarter of a century so much has been accomplished. The offices of the company, in their fine site and splendid architecture, symbolise the part which it has played in the progress of the town. Erected twentyfive years on a triangular site close to Whitefriargate Bridge and in full view of the Oueen's and Prince's Docks and of several important thoroughfares, the building is still the finest of modern date in Hull.

If you leave the docks and the neighbourhood of the docks, making your way through the town to one of the three principal highways—which bear the names of Beverley, Holderness, and Anlaby Roads, and lead to its villadom and then to the country—there is little to remind you of Mr. C. H. Wilson's personality. He has not given Hull a park like Mr. Zachary Pearson nor a free library like Sir James Reckitt. His benevolence has been content to express itself in giving aid to existing institutions

rather than in devising and carrying out new projects for the welfare of some particular class or for the community as a Thus, in conjunction with his brother Arthur, Mr. Wilson undertook the cost of a new wing of the Seamen's and General Orphan Asylum at Spring Bank. To Holy Trinity he gave a mission-hall in Posterngate for the special use of seamen, and towards the cost of new churches and chapels generally he has made large contributions. But it is evident that the personal popularity which, in spite of the recent dock strike, renders his position as member of Parliament for West Hull absolutely unassailable, proceeds rather from appreciation of the vigour and power of his character and their value to the commercial interests of the town than from the extent or variety of his eleemosynary

The merchants of Hull no longer live in the town from which they derive their riches, and it is to be feared that, in this respect, the Wilsons-from the town's point of view—have set them a bad example. For many years Mr. C. H. Wilson resided in a modest house at Cottingham, the first station on the line from Hull to Scarborough. But in 1875, by which time the two brothers had in one year divided profits amounting to several hundred thousand pounds-Mr. Wilson purchased the historic Warter Priory estate, near Pocklington, from Lord Muncaster. As its name indicates, this old mansion was originally a monastery, and with its park of 300 acres it was long regarded as one of the finest ancestral residences in the East Riding. Mr. Wilson never wearies of coming to Hull in response to the calls of business, but to Warter Priory he always returns in search of pleasure and FREDERICK DOLMAN. repose.



HER THIN, NERVOUS HANDS HELD A ROLL OF MANUSCRIPT—
BUT IT COULD NOT KEEP THEM STILL.

See "And so the Story Ends."

"AND SO THE STORY ENDS."

By JACQUES DE BOYS.

But now no passion is left to tell, There comes no thrill from your hand's warm touch.

HEN—I am to understand—that you decline to help me any more?" She spoke in a low voice, hoping he would not detect the quiver in it, but to herself it was painfully audible. She was standing full in the light of the setting sun, her dark hair bathed in its golden gleams, her sweet mouth tremulous, her eyes full of fire—and tears; a tall, slight figure, clad in clinging folds of softest black. Her thin, nervous hands held a roll of manuscript—but it could not keep them still.

The man was standing with his back towards her; his arms folded, and his eyes staring fixedly—at nothing in particular. Yet the scene before him was beautiful: red-gold fir-stems, crowned with deepest green; purple heather and yellow gorse mingling with feathery bracken, and stretching far as the eye could reach, to the very feet of the deep-blue hills, behind which the ruddy sun was sinking to his rest. But he was not imaginative, and minds like his can only think of or see one thing at a time.

As he neither moved nor answered, she

repeated her question.

"Yes," came quietly, but distinctly from Then a silence fell. The woman heard only the sparrows quarrelling in the eaves, though the man was breathing heavily, in quick, short gasps. Neither moved—but the manuscript in her hands bore the marks of that silence to its dying

"Will you not tell me why-you have come to this—sudden resolve?" then, advanced a step, involuntarily; recollecting herself, retreated quickly.

"No," came from him at once.

She started as if a bullet had struck her. "You are courteous—but then, you probably consider yourself a privileged person? You should remember, though, you are my collaborator no longer." She spoke with a gentle effort at gaiety. He faced round as if he were on parade;

anyone seeing him would have taken him for what he was—a soldier.

"I beg your pardon." His voice was gentle and musical, though there was a curious hoarse tremor in it. "I have not your gift of language, and 'yes' and 'no' seemed to me-to meet the case best. I cannot explain further. I am sorry, but-I cannot help you any more. Will you be generous—and let me go?"

She met his gaze with an angry gleam in her grey eyes. He was the first to turn away; at least, he suddenly passed his hand before his eyes, as if the light in hers had blinded him. But their fire went quickly out, and a sad, resigned look came instead as she went up to him and laid a light hand on his sleeve. He started. She dropped her hand and sighed.

she said; "I think I see now. Forgive me, I have been very blind." He looked at her with a sort of vague alarm.

"It's the old story. I bore you! I am not surprised. I am only vexed with myself for not seeing it before. Men like you, with an interesting profession, grow weary of-mere commonplace intercourse and drudgery. What has been a pleasure to me and a gain has bored you to extinction." He winced and moved restlessly.

"Well, my friend, I cannot think how I shall get on without you; your practical knowledge of the world, your commonsense, and judgment have been an immense help to me." She smiled

bravely.

"Ah, well! I am not going to bore you with self-pity. It does not matter to anyone but myself, and I have had a very happy time"-extending both hands to him-"and-I am very grateful for all you have done. You believe that, don't you?"

"I don't see what there is to be grateful for, really. I always told you you were a bit sentimental, did I not?" He spoke in the tone one uses to a child—a child one But he did not take her hands, so they fell listlessly to her sides. Yet something in his tone pleased her. Wheels could be heard on the gravel, and a servant entering, announced "Captain Germaine's

"It is useless asking you to stop to dinner, then? Jack complains he never sees you now."

"I am afraid I can't wait: as it is, I shall scarcely get back in time for mess. Give Jack my love, and tell him he must come and spend a couple of days-Saturday till Monday-with me. He'll like Aldershot." There was an awkward pause; he had spoken rather nervously, and now he walked about restlessly, tugging furiously at the ends of his moustache, and turning very red the

"I—I want you—I mean I don't want you to think—the reason is what you

"What did I say? I really can't remember. I spoke hastily. You must forgive me."

"You said—it was because I was—bored. It's not that." Suddenly pulling up in front of her, and looking something like a wild animal at bay. "Can't you give a man credit for—some better reason?"

"I thought that a very good one; at any rate, it is generally a man's reason for escaping monotony, don't you think?"

"It may be-you know men well, no

doubt-but it was not my reason."

"No?" puckering her brows inquiringly. "Too busy, perhaps?" looking up with a smile, half pathetic, half humorous.

He caught the infection of the smile, but only for a moment, then he looked into her face almost sternly. "Have it that way if you like. I certainly am busy, but"-bluntly, and as if forced to speak against his will—"that is not my reason. I shall never tell you, but—I thought"—he said the next words so low, she scarcely heard them-"you might have known it."

"I don't see how. I am not good at conundrums. I will only ask one question.

Is it a good reason?"

"I think you would say so—if you knew

"Then," brightly, "I have nothing more to say. I have perfect reliance on your judgment."

"I wish you would not over-rate me. You will soon find out your mistake."

"Shall I? Well, I must not keep you-good-bye!" He held her proffered hand a moment without speaking, and then was gone. She watched him drive away, then thoughtfully took up the manuscript from a table, with a heavy

"I am afraid I worried him a good He looks ill—thin—and his hand was so cold too. He never said goodbye, either, but then he always is odd. How selfish I am! I daresay he has some family trouble that he can't talk about. I don't suppose it has anything to do with me at all. He always was a man of few words. That was why he wrote so wellhe always gave me the right word, so pat and terse. No! I shall never be able to write without him. My editors will soon detect a falling off. Well, I can but try, and fail. It was useless to tell him of this offer from the publishers. I did not want to hamper him when his mind was made up; but it is a splendid offer-almost a fortune for me. I wish they'd given me more time-it will be such a grind-all alone. It is fortunate I am so strong, nothing hurts me."

" Jack!" a faint, low voice breathed tremulously, but it was instantly heard.

"Yes, my darling, I am here. What is

it—a drink?"

And Jack Waring leant over the little white, wasted face, which looked so strangely small in its frame of white pillow and sheets. He held a glass to her parched lips, but she shook her head.

"No, not that-I want you to do some-

thing else-please."

"To the whole of my kingdom, dear one!"

"I want—to see Captain Germaine.

Do you think he would come?"

"Certainly. Why not? He came the other day to ask after you. He had been away—only just heard you were ill. I forgot to tell you: it was one of your bad days."

"Did he seem sorry?"

"I should rather think he did, when I told him what a near shave you had had. He's a queer chap-he doesn't waste much breath on words, but he looked as if he was going to cry. To tell the truth, I never thought he had so much feeling."

"Oh, I am glad! Do you know, Jack, I thought he would not care at all. As he said he wouldn't-I mean he couldn'thelp me with my writings any more."

Just like him—never did know his own

mind for two minutes together."

"I don't think it was that. You mustn't be hard on him. He is very reserved, and, I think, feels more than he says."

"He might do that and not feel a

feather's weight."

"Well, Jack, you needn't talk. You are not a man of many words either—and—yet, I suppose—you feel a little bit sorry for me, don't you?"

Jack's answer was a silent embrace. "Jack!"—the feeble voice breathed his name again.

"Well, dear."

"Am I going to get better?"
"Of course; why, you are better."

"Am I? I must have been very bad then, for I don't feel much better."

"Getting well is always harder work than getting ill, I fancy."

"Was I delirious?"

"Rather."

"Did I talk much nonsense?"

"Oh dear no! Only Greek—at least, it was to me. You were in such a state about your novel. Poor little girl! It was hard lines."

"Ah, that's what I want to see Captain Germaine about. I think he couldn't refuse to help me now. It was half-finished, you see, when I fell ill, and there is just another month to do it in." A pause. "Do you think I shall be well in a fortnight?"

"Well, no, dear, I should hardly think so—rheumatic fever and influenza together, bad things to shake off. You are not silly enough to think of finishing that thing

yourself, eh?"

"I suppose I mustn't, but oh, Jack, it would pay for all this illness! How I could be so wicked as to get ill, just as that bank

broke---"

"Hush, dear child, don't worry about it for God's sake, or you will never get well. Trust me—I'll soon make it up again. Now," he rose as he spoke, "you want me to get hold of Germaine, don't you? Well, I'll write to him at once, so don't you bother your poor little pate. He'll come right enough." He bent down, and put a cool hand on her hot brow. "Now, will my darling try to sleep a bit while I write? and then I will read to her."

"Oh, Jack, how good you are! I only wish you could write as well as you can nurse, and then I needn't bother him."

"I wish I could, dear, but you see even your incomparable husband is not quite perfect. It wouldn't do for the pair of us to be geniuses—sure to end in 'wigs on the green,' eh, dear old girl?"

"You will find her very much altered, I fear. I see her every day, and yet it is a shock to me. She is not getting on very fast either. She worries herself a lot over this unfinished story, which I believe caused her illness—she took no care of herself." Jack Waring said this, as he and Captain

Germaine stood talking in the now gloomy drawing-room, which the latter had never entered since that sunset glow had bathed him and her in its golden light. It had a forsaken look now. The rain was beating against the windows, and the fire was burning sluggishly. There were no flowers, only a few palms and ferns drooping and dying for lack of water. The chairs, tables, books, everything seemed pleading for the touch of a vanished hand. The piano, at which he and she had so often sung to the half somnolent Jack, was closed and the music put away—all but one tattered copy of Mendelssohn's "O wert thou in the cold blast!" which the housemaid evidently thought too torn to Germaine shivered and trouble about. drew a long breath before he managed to speak. "But Mrs. Waring is really better, is she not?"

"Oh, yes! she is better, but the heart is very weak—that confounded influenza on the top of the other illness is no joke. So I need not tell you, old fellow, not to let her tire herself talking."

"Do you think I'd better see her to-day? I'm a rough, blundering sort of chap, as you know, and I might make

matters worse."

"Not at all, my dear fellow, not at all! Her heart is set on seeing you; she wants you to do something about this blessed story—so promise anything, there's a

good fellow, only to pacify her."

"But I can't help her—that's just what I can't do. Do I look like a writing sort?" He drew himself up to his full height a little proudly as he spoke. "I can do sentry-go and that style of thing well enough, but that's about all! Why, she wrote it all herself; I was a sort of slang dictionary."

"I daresay; but you see the slang—soldier's slang—was just what you could give her, and I couldn't. She got great kudos for her men's talk, and she says it was all your doing. So come along—don't make any more bones about it. I declare you look as I should do—under fire!"

Captain Germaine bit his moustache, but said nothing more. His face had a set look, and his eyes shone rather fiercely, as with his heavy, measured steps he followed Jack Waring's lighter tread upstairs and down a dim corridor to Mrs. Waring's room. She was anxiously awaiting them, propped up with pillows, amid a pretty mass of white frills and pink eiderdown, which only enhanced the pallor of her face, just as the great black pupils obscured the grey of her beautiful eyes.

"Here is Captain Germaine, dear; he has obeyed orders, you see, with a soldier's promptitude." Jack spoke gaily as he led the way, followed slowly by Germaine, who, with crimsoned face, and even more than his usual awkwardness, came reluctantly forward. He had never in his life been in a woman's sick-room before, and his shyness was painfully visible to Mrs. Waring.

"It is very, very good of you to come!" she said as she held out a hand, smiling so brightly that the big shy man forgot his bigness and his shyness. Jack placed a

chair near the bed.

"Sit down, old fellow, and don't let her talk any more than you can help. I shall come for you in ten minutes," and with that he stole quietly from the room.

Germaine did as he was bid, holding the small thin hand in his for one brief moment only, but in that moment the touch of those hot, nerveless fingers sent a sharp pain pulsing through him. "How nice and cool your hands are!" she said, as she withdrew hers gently. "Mine are so hot now, not very nice to touch, I fear."

"But you are getting better, you will soon be all right again?" This he said, turning his head away, for he could not gaze unmoved on the small head, shorn of its dark coils, and the shrunken, worn

features.

"Nurse says every day I am to get up to-morrow, but when to-morrow comes I am lazy, and prefer lying still. Now, please, I don't want to talk about myself, though I want you to do something for me—something you said you'd never do. Isn't that like a woman?"

Once again that sweet low voice was pleading in his ear, and he was only a poor weak mortal, after all. Besides, he remembered what Jack had said, and—he saw what Jack, perhaps, did not see—the fatal writing on her brow. He had seen death too often to have any doubt. His mouth was so dry he could scarcely articulate; and that sharp thrill of pain went through him as he spoke. He hardly recognised his own voice. "I will do anything in the world for you," he said, and the passionate ring in his deep tones astonished him. She did not notice it. She lay with a strange calm in her eyes, for she felt sure he would help her now.

"Thank you," she said faintly. "I knew you would. I feel I am asking a great deal—but it is for Jack's sake now."

There was a pause. He sat, nervously sliding his signet ring up and down his

finger; an old trick, when deeply moved. But he never forgot the pattern of that wall-paper facing him, though often in the after days he could not recall her face.

"I have a story to finish by next month," she went on breathlessly, as if dreading "I've been paid half interruption. already. Perhaps you don't know we are not very well off now? Jack has lost all his savings. The bank broke, and, you see, I've been a terrible expense all these weeks." She stopped, panting. "That glass, please!" His hand shook so, he wondered how she drank. "Thank you. Don't be frightened; it's only weakness. Now—I want you, please—to finish that story for me. It's quite easy. I've sketched out the plot. Say 'Yes,' please." She was looking at him earnestly and pleadingly, he felt; but there was a strange mist before his eyes, and a string seemed tight across his throat. He rose precipitately and walked to the window. watched him feverishly. "Say 'Yes,' please," she pleaded. He turned; his eyes were red; he had rubbed his coatsleeve roughly over them.

"I would say 'Yes' if I could—you must know that; but I cannot write, indeed I cannot—at least, without you!"

"I will help you if—if—I get better. A month is a long time. Only say you will try, for Jack's sake."

"I will try. Will that content you?" His voice was hoarse, and his breath came

heavily. "Indeed it will! Give me your hand. And now—I fear you must go—I am so absurdly weak." She held his hand fast between hers. "Oh, how nice and cool your hand is!" Then she lay back and closed her eyes. He grew alarmed, and looked anxiously for a bell. "Don't goyet—I want to say something more. Don't tell Jack-it will do no good, but I-Iam not going to get any better. I read it in the doctor's face, and I heard the nurses talking. It's my heart, I feel it. Don't look like that—it is kind of you to mind-but-I want you-to take care of Jack-will you? He will need it, poor boy! I know you like me a little-

"A little! O God!" He had forgotten everything; he only knew that the woman he loved so hopelessly, so passionately, was speaking the truth—the awful, ghastly truth. All his self-control vanished, deserted him in this his direst need as he knelt and laid his head on the little burning hands, not knowing much, nor caring at all what he did. One great sob broke from him.

"Please—please—don't—Oh, don't—I cannot bear it—it hurts—" Her voice was faint and broken. At the sound reason resumed her sway. There fell a calm, like the centre of a cyclone. He rose, remorse sweeping over him, as his eyes fell upon her face, so full of sympathy and pain. All sympathy is pain.

"Forgive me; I am a selfish brute, but God knows I would have spared you this," he said hoarsely, his tongue cleaving to his mouth. "I—I was—off guard—for

once."

She did not answer, but she held out her hand. He took it, bent down, and touched it with his lips; then went on rapidly: "You know now why I could not tell you my reason. I hoped never to be base enough to tell you—but—can you

forgive me?"

She understood at last, but her strength was nearly spent. A hot flush dyed her cheek and brow, and her breath came fitfully. She could only whisper: "Forgive you? It—it is an honour—the greatest to me. I am not worthy. Oh! how I must have hurt you so often, not knowing!" She held out her hands. me," she said. He hesitated a momentall the blood seemed to leave his heart. At last he stooped and just touched her forehead with his lips, reverently, as one might kiss a dead mother. All passion had died within him. "Be good to my poor Jack. God bless you!" That was all. He remembered nothing more. It was all like a dream. Alone in his hut, he wondered how he got there.

All night he slept soundly, for he was strong and healthy, and not given to self-dissection. But when he woke and caught sight of a manuscript lying on his table, he felt like a man who has had a bad spill in the hunting-field, for he dimly remembered Jack putting it into

his hand.

Many days of routine went by. Thrice blessed routine!—"balm of hurt minds" by day, as sleep is by night. Germaine could work, for he loved his work; he could also sleep, as a tired dog sleeps, but he could not write a line. The days slipped into a week, the week into a fortnight, and yet he could not write. Short notes came from Jack Waring: "Better," or "Not so well." "She sends love, and hopes you are getting on with the story—hopes to be able to help you soon," etc.

O God! was ever a poor man thus tortured! Gladly would he give all he had—his health, his career—to save her

one pang or, he thought so, at any rate, to obey her last behest; but, alas! this was beyond his power—he could not write. Yet the plot was sketched out—there was a love scene, ay, and a parting, renunciation, death; surely he, like many men of his simple stamp, knew what it was to feel all this, and perhaps that was why he could not write it. When there is a holy of holies in a man's heart, it is always veiled. Many a weary hour had he sat, at night, with her dear manuscript before him, despair gnawing at his heart. Many a line had he written, only to blot it out, before the garish day should laugh him to scorn.

One night, nearly three weeks after that last farewell, he was sitting staring hopelessly at the paper, conscious that Time was pitiless, and that he must bestir himself now, or break his promise to the dying. At last his head dropped on his hands, and he groaned aloud, "O God!" He may have prayed—if every earnest wish is prayer. Then, tired out by a long fieldday, he dozed off and dreamed a dream. He was once more in that room—her room: he knew it by that curious wallpattern. She was lying just as he had last seen her, except that a radiant happiness shone on her face. He was sitting beside her at a table, writing, and she was dictating to him. It was all so easy now he was with her again: their ideas flowed in harmony, and they sparred over them as of old. He felt quite buoyant, for she looked so well, and she laughed gently when he told her that with her he was a Triton, and without her a minnow. Then, just as she was saying, "I told you I would help you" he awoke to find his lamp smelling horribly and his fire out. Instinctively he raised his hand to his shoulder, for in his dream he had felt her touch. It was long past midnight as, with a heavy sigh, he rose, lighted some candles, and extinguished his expiring lamp. Then he took up his pen. There was a set look on his face as he began to write, which changed to a fierce eagerness as the minutes sped on. Every now and then he would pause, close his eyes, and hold his hand to his shoulder for a brief moment. With feverish rapidity the pen scratched on, until, as the pale October dawn peeped in between his ill-drawn curtains, it lighted up "The End," scrawled in big letters across the last sheet.

With a murmured "Thank God! Thank God!" he tore off his clothes, and was sleeping dreamlessly when his servant roused him for parade.



SHE DID NOT ANSWER, BUT SHE HELD OUT HER HAND.

Before the month was out the story was in the hands of the publishers, and in due course the critics gave their verdict to a patient and credulous public. The writing was unequal, they said—the first two volumes showing a distinct falling off from the talented and lamented authoress's terse and epigrammatic style; but the last contained some of the finest passages she had ever written, her gift of mingled pathos and humournever having been more powerfully exhibited, etc.

And, as Ralph Germaine read page after page of more or less favourable criticism, in the solitude of his room, he heaved a heavy sigh, for he *knew*, and they did not.

It was the evening of Christmas Day. Ralph Germaine, mindful of his promise, had come to pass that day, with his friend Jack Waring. The two men had dined almost in silence, and were now sitting in the room that she would never brighten any more.

"I always sit here," Jack said. "It feels less lonely, somehow, though God knows," looking helplessly around, "it's lonely enough." Germaine did not answer. He was sitting staring at the fire, with his back to the piano, sliding his ring up and

down his finger.

"Germaine, I want to say something." Jack hesitated, and fumbled in his waist-coat-pocket, finally producing a cheque, which he held out to Germaine. "Look here, old fellow, I can't think of taking this. You finished the book, and we had been paid half already. The rest is yours." His voice grew husky. "We never thanked you, at least not in words; but—"

"Nonsense, man!" Germaine spoke roughly, pushing the cheque away. "You know I only did it for her, for you—in fact, I did not do it at all if it comes to that."

"Who did, then?"

"She — your wife — did." Germaine

spoke with reverent emphasis.

"My dear Germaine"—Jack looked bewildered—"I don't understand you." He paused, and then said hoarsely: "You know she was too ill to—"

"I know, dear old boy." Germaine turned and looked solemnly into his friend's eyes. "I know she died—was dead—the night I—I finished it. I know I never wrote one line until—she was—dead. You may believe me or not; I would tell no one else, because no one else would believe me." He rose and began pacing up and down the room. "But I

swear to you that it is my firm belief she came to me "—his voice sank—" and that she dictated every word. Don't you see what the critics say? It was she at her best. That very part I am supposed to have written (by you, and you only, thank God!). But I could not let you believe a lie. I couldn't write a line, and never shall again. She promised to help me—if she got better—and—" his voice broke. He resumed his seat and rested his head on his hands. Jack Waring sat silent.

"I can't help it if you don't believe it,"

Germaine said. "I do."

"My dear fellow," Jack said at last, "I cannot doubt that— Well, her last words were something about you. She died suddenly, after being apparently much better all day. She had been talking about you, said she was so sorry to give you so much trouble, but if she could only see you, she was sure you could do it. She died while I was reading your last letter aloud, in which you craved her help." Jack spoke quietly, and with effort. He had not been able to talk of those last sacred moments to anyone before.

"Then, surely, you see—"

"I own I do see a—that the first part of the book is not up to her old form. She said it was not. She missed your help."

"And the last part?"

"Well, I think that is." There was a silence. Then Jack said slowly: "Perhaps it may be as you say. We don't know anything, so why dogmatise? I certainly sit here, because I feel her here. She sat here always, and wrote at that desk." Both men looked mournfully at the closed escritoire, and seemed to see the slender, graceful form, in its habitual dark drapery, stooping over it. Germaine shivered a little as he rose. "Well, old fellow, it's getting late. I must get back to-night. Come to me as soon as you can. Aldershot air will do you a power of good."

"I will, I will; but not just yet—don't ask me just yet, there's a good fellow." Both were standing now, and Germaine fidgeted, as if he had something to say. Then he went as far as the door, and turned. His face worked, and he twirled his moustache with nervous rapidity. At last he laid a hand on Jack Waring's shoulder: "Old man, you ought to know something. You won't mind it now, perhaps. L—cared for her—"

perhaps. I—I—cared for her——"

Jack looked straight into his eyes.

Then he took his hand and wrung it

silently. Something rose in his throat.

He tried to speak, but could not.

"It was all right, you know," Germaine blurted out, colouring. "When I—found it out—I went."

"Yes, yes; but—did she know?"

"Not till the last—that day. I behaved like a brute, but——"

"Men aren't saints. She didn't think you a brute. I am glad you told her; it would hurt her less than thinking you unkind."

"Ah—h!" Germaine drew a long breath. "I had to risk that. I—Jack, old boy, she knew she was going, and—told me. That finished me."

"Yes, I see," Jack said, but he felt he

couldn't stand any more.

"Good night, old chap; come again soon. I—I am glad you told me. You won't mind if I talk a bit now and then—won't think me a bore?"

Something suspiciously like a tear shone in Ralph Germaine's eyes, but he pulled himself together as he wrung Jack's

hand.

"Not unless you send me that cheque—then I shall." And he was gone. Jack heard the front door slam, and the cart's wheels grate on the gravel as he flung himself into a chair—her chair—and covered his eyes. "God forgive me! I thought him a mean surly brute for leaving my poor darling in the lurch! Poor chap! Poor dear old chap!"



FROM THE MEMOIRS OF A MINISTER OF FRANCE.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

FARMING THE TAXES.

N the summer of the year 1608, determining to take up my abode, when not in Paris, at Villebon, where I had lately enlarged my property, I went thither from Rouen with my wife, to superintend the building and mark out certain plantations which I projected. As the heat that month was great, and the dust of the train annoying, I made each stage in the evening and on horseback, leaving my wife to proceed at her leisure. In this way I was able, by taking rough paths, to do in two or three hours a distance which her coaches had scarcely covered in a day; but on the third evening, intending to make a short cut by a ford on the Vaucouleurs, I found to my chagrin the advantage on the other side, the ford, when I reached it at sunset, proving impracticable. As there was every prospect, however, that the water would fall within a few hours, I determined not to retrace my steps, but to wait where I was until morning, and complete my journey to Houdan in the early hours.

There was a poor inn near the ford, a mere hovel of wood on a brick foundation, yet with two storeys. I made my way to this with Maignan and La Trape, who formed, with two grooms, my only attendance; but on coming near the house, and looking about with a curious eye, I remarked something which fixed my attention, and for a moment brought me to a This was the spectacle of three halt. horses, of fair quality, feeding in a field of growing corn, which was the only enclosure near the inn. They were trampling and spoiling more than they ate; and, supposing that they had strayed into the place, and the house showing no signs of life, I bade my grooms fetch them out. The sun was about setting, and I stood a moment watching the long shadows of the men as they plodded through the corn, and the attitudes of the horses as, with heads raised, they looked doubtfully at the newcomers.

Suddenly a man came round the corner

of the house, and seeing us, and what my men were doing, began to gesticulate violently, but without sound. The grooms saw him too, and stood; and he ran up to my stirrup, his face flushed and sullen.

"Do you want to see us all ruined?" he muttered. And he begged me to call my

men out of the corn.

"You are more likely to be ruined that way," I answered, looking down at him. "Why, man, is it the custom in your country to turn horses into the half-ripe corn?"

He shook his fist stealthily. forbid!" he said. "But the devil is within doors, and we must do his bidding."

"Ah!" I replied, my curiosity aroused,

"I should like to see him."

The boor shaded his eyes and looked at me sulkily from under his matted and tangled hair. "You are not of his company?" he said with suspicion.

"I hope not," I answered, smiling at his simplicity. "But your corn is your own. I will call the men out "-on which I made a sign to them to return. "Now," said, as I walked my horse slowly towards the house, while he tramped along beside me, "who is within?"

"M. Gringuet," he said, with another

stealthy gesture.
"Ah!" I said, "I am afraid that I am no wiser."

"The tax-gatherer."

"Oh! And those are his horses?" He nodded.

"Still, I do not see why they are in the corn."

"I have no hay." "But there is grass."

"Ay!" the innkeeper answered bitterly. "And he said that I might eat it. It was not good enough for his horses. They must have hay or corn; and if I had none, so much the worse for me."

Full of indignation, I made in my mind a note of M. Gringuet's name; but at the

moment I said no more, and we proceeded to the house, the exterior of which, though meagre, and even miserable, gave me an impression of neatness. From the inside, however, a hoarse, continuous noise was issuing, which resolved itself as we crossed great lump of salt that stood on the table at the woman's elbow, and seemed to be evidence of greater luxury—for the *gabelle* had not at that time been reduced—than I could easily associate with the place.

The roaring and blustering continuing

upstairs, I stood a moment in sheer astonishment. "Is that M. Gringuet?" I said at last.

The innkeeper nodded sullenly, while his wife stared at me. "But what is the matter with him?" I said.

"The gout. But for that he would have been gone these two days to collect at Le Mesnil."

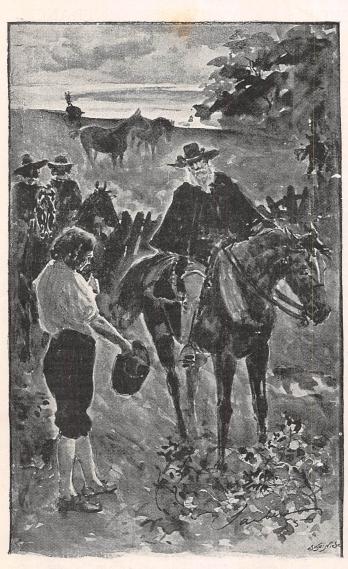
"Ah!" I answered, beginning to understand. "And the salt is for a bath for his feet, is it?"

The woman nodded. "Well," I said, as Maignan came in with my saddlebags and laid them on the floor, "he will swear still louder when he gets the bill, I should think."

"Bill?" the housewife answered bitterly, looking up again from "A taxher pots. gatherer's bill? Go to the dead man and ask for the price of his coffin; or to the babe for a nurse-fee! You will get paid as soon. A tax-gatherer's bill? Be thankful if he does not take the dish with the sop!"

She spoke plainly; yet I found a clearer proof of the slavery in which the man held

them in the perfect indifference with which they regarded my arrival—though a guest with two servants must have been a rarity in such a place—and the listless way in which they set about attending to my wants. Keenly remembering that not long before this my enemies had striven to prejudice me in the King's eyes by alleging that, though I filled his coffers, I was



"GOD FORBID!" HE SAID. "BUT THE DEVIL IS WITHIN DOORS."

the threshold into a man's voice. The speaker was out of sight, in an upper room, to which a ladder gave access, but his oaths, complaints, and imprecations almost shook the house. A middle-aged woman, scantily dressed, was busy on the hearth; but perhaps that which, next to the perpetual scolding that was going on above, most took my attention was a

grinding the poor into the dust - and even, by my exactions, provoking a rebellion-I was in no mood to look with an indulgent eye on those who furnished such calumnies with a show of reason. But it has never been my wont to act hastily; and while I stood in the middle of the kitchen, debating whether I should order the servants to fling the fellow out, and bid him appear before me at Villebon instead, or should have him brought up there and then, the man's coarse voice, which had never ceased to growl and snarl above us, rose on a sudden still Something fell on the floor louder. over our heads and rolled across it; and immediately a young girl, barefoot and short-skirted, scrambled hurriedly and blindly down the ladder and landed among us.

She was sobbing, and a little blood was flowing from a cut in her lip; and she trembled all over. At sight of the blood and her tears the woman seemed to be transported. Snatching up a saucepan, she sprang towards the ladder with a gesture of rage, and in a moment would have ascended if her husband had not followed and dragged her back. The girl also, as soon as she could speak, added her entreaties to his, while Maignan and La Trape looked sharply at me, as if they

expected a signal.

crying out for the salt-bath.

All this while the bully above continued his maledictions. "Send that slut back to me!" he roared. "Do you think that I am going to be left alone in this hole? Send her back, or-" and he added half-a-dozen oaths of a kind to make an honest man's blood boil. In the midst of this, however, and while the woman was still contending with her husband, he suddenly stopped and shrieked in anguish,

But the woman, whom her husband had only half pacified, shook her fist at the ceiling with a laugh of defiance. "Shriek; ay, you may shriek, you wretch!" she cried. "You must be waited on by my girl, must you—no older face will do for you-and you beat her? Your horses must eat corn, must they, while we eat grass? And we buy salt for you, and wheaten bread for you, and are beggars for you! For you, you thieving wretch, who tax the poor and let the rich go free; who-

"Silence, woman!" her husband cried, cutting her short, with a pale face. 'Hush, hush; he will hear you!"

But the woman was too far gone in rage to obey. "What! and is it not true?"

" Will she answered, her eyes glittering. he not to-morrow go to Le Mesnil and squeeze the poor? Ay, and will not Lescaut, the corndealer, and Philippon, the silk-merchant, come to him with bribes and go free? And de Fonvelle and de Curtin—they with a de, forsooth! plead their nobility, and grease his hands, and go free? Ay, and—"

"Silence, woman!" the man said again, looking apprehensively at me, and from me to my attendants, who were grinning broadly. "You do not know that this gentleman is not—"

"A tax-gatherer?" I said smiling. "No. But how long has your friend

upstairs been here?"

"Two days, Monsieur," she answered. wiping the perspiration from her brow, and speaking more quietly. "He is talking of sending on a deputy to Le Mesnil, but Heaven send he may recover,

and go from here himself!"

"Well," I answered, "at any rate, we have had enough of this noise. My servant shall go up and tell him that there is a gentleman here who cannot put up with a disturbance. Maignan," I continued, "see the man, and tell him that the inn is not his private house, and that he must groan more softly, but do not mention my name. And let him have his brine bath, or there will be no peace for anyone."

Maignan and La Trape, who knew me, and had counted on a very different order. stared at me, wondering at my easiness and complaisance, for there is a species of tyranny, unassociated with rank, that even the coarsest view with indignation. But the woman's statement, which, despite its wildness and her excitement, I saw no reason to doubt, had suggested to me a scheme of punishment more refined, and which might, at one and the same time, be of profit to the King's treasury and a lesson to Gringuet. To carry it through I had to submit to some inconvenience, and particularly to a night passed under the same roof with the rogue; but as the news that a traveller of consequence was come had the effect, aided by a few sharp words from Maignan, of lowering his tone, and forcing him to keep within bounds, I was able to endure this and overlook the occasional outbursts of spleen which his disease and pampered temper still drew from him.

His two men, who had been absent on an errand at the time of my arrival, presently returned, and were doubtless surprised to find a second company in

possession. They tried my attendants with a number of questions, but without success; while I, by listening while I had my supper, learned more of their master's habits and intentions than they supposed. They suspected nothing, and at daybreak we left them; and, the water having duly fallen in the night, we crossed the river without mishap, and for a league pursued our proper road. Then I halted, and dispatching the two grooms to Houdan with a letter for my wife, I took, myself, the road to Le Mesnil, which lies about

three leagues to the west.

At a little inn, a league short of Le Mesnil, I stopped, and instructing my two attendants in the parts they were to play, prepared, with the help of the seals, which never left Maignan's custody, the papers necessary to enable me to enact the rôle of Gringuet's deputy. Though I had been two or three times to Villebon, I had never been within two leagues of Le Mesnil, and had no reason to suppose that I should be recognised; but to lessen the probability of this I put on a plain suit belonging to Maignan, with a black-hilted sword, and no ornaments. I furthermore waited to enter the town until evening, so that my presence, being reported, might be taken for granted before I was seen.

In a larger place my scheme must have miscarried, but in this little town on the hill, looking over the plain of vineyards and cornfields, with inn, market-house, and church in the square, and on the fourth side the open battlements, whence the towers of Chartres could be seen on a clear day, I looked to have to do only with small men, and saw no reason why

it should fail.

Accordingly, riding up to the inn about sunset, I called, with an air, for the landlord. There were half-a-dozen loungers seated in a row on a bench before the door, and one of these went in to fetch him. When the host came out, with his apron twisted round his waist, I asked him if he had a room.

"Yes," he said, shading his eyes to

look at me, "I have."

"Very well," I answered pompously, considering that I had just such an audience as I desired—by which I mean one that, without being too critical, would spread the news. "I am M. Gringuet's deputy, and I am here with authority to collect and remit, receive and give receipts for, his Majesty's taxes, tolls, and dues, now or to be due and owing. Therefore, my friend, I will trouble you to show me to my room."

I thought that this announcement would impress him as much as I desired; but, to my surprise, he only stared at me. "Eh!" he exclaimed at last in a faltering tone, "M. Gringuet's deputy?"

"Yes," I said, dismounting somewhat impatiently; "he is ill with the gout and

cannot come."

"And you—are his deputy?"

"I have said so."

Still he did not move to do my bidding, but continued to rub his bald head and stare at me as if I fascinated him. "Well, I am—I mean—I think we are full," he stammered at last, with his eyes like saucers.

I replied, with some impatience, that he had just said that he had a room, adding that if I was not in it and comfortably settled before five minutes were up I would know the reason. I thought that this would settle the matter, whatever maggot had got into the man's head; and, in a way, it did so, for he begged my pardon hastily, and made way for me to enter, calling at the same time to a lad who was standing by to attend to the horses. But when we were inside the door, instead of showing me through the kitchen to my room, he muttered something and hurried away, leaving me to wonder what was amiss with him, and why the loungers outside, who had listened with all their ears to our conversation, had come in after us as far as they dared, and were regarding us with an odd mixture of suspicion and amusement.

The landlord remained long away, and seemed, from sounds that came to my ears, to be talking with someone in a distant room. At length, however, he returned, bearing a candle and followed by a serving-man. I asked him roughly why he had been so long, and began to rate him; but he took the words out of my mouth by his humility, and going before me through the kitchen—where his wife and two or three maids, who were about the fire, stopped to look at us, with the basting-spoons in their hands—he opened a door which led again into the

outer air.

"It is across the yard," he said apologetically, as he went before, and opening a second door, stood aside for us to enter. "But it is a good room, and, if you please, a fire shall be lighted. The shutters are closed," he continued, as we passed him, Maignan and La Trape carrying my baggage, "but they shall be opened. Hallo! Pierre! Pierre, there! Open these shut—"

On the word his voice rose—and broke; and in a moment the door, through which we had all passed unsuspectingly, fell to with a crash behind us. Before we could move we heard the bars drop across it. A little before, La Trape had taken a candle from someone's hand to light me the better; and therefore we were not in darkness. But the light this gave only served to impress on us what the falling bars and the rising sound of voices outside had already told us—that we were outwitted! We were prisoners.

The room in which we stood, looking foolishly at one another, was a great barnlike chamber, with small windows high in the unplastered walls. A long board set on trestles, and two or three stools placed round it—on the occasion, perhaps, of some recent festivity—had for a moment deceived us, and played the landlord's

In the first shock of the discovery, hearing the bars drop home, we stood gaping, and wondering what it meant. Maignan, with an oath, sprang to the door and tried it—fruitlessly.

I joined him more at my leisure, and raising my voice, asked angrily what this folly meant. "Open the door there! Do you hear, landlord?" I cried.

No one moved, though Maignan con-

tinued to rattle the door furiously.

"Do you hear?" I repeated, between anger and amazement at the fix in which we had placed ourselves. "Open!"

But although the murmur of voices outside the door grew louder, no one answered, and I had time to take in the full absurdity of the position; to measure the height of the windows with my eye and plumb the dark shadows under the rafters, where the feebler rays of our candle lost themselves; to appreciate, in a word, the extent of our predicament. Maignan was furious, La Trape vicious, while my own equanimity scarcely supported me against the thought that we should probably be where we were until the arrival of my people, whom I had directed my wife to send to Le Mesnil at noon next day. Their coming would free us, indeed, but at the cost of ridicule and laughter. Never was man worse placed.

Wincing at the thought, I bade Maignan be silent; and, drumming on the door myself, I called for the landlord. Someone who had been giving directions in a tone of great consequence ceased speaking, and came close to the door. After listening a moment, he struck it with his hand.

'Silence, rogues!" he cried. "Do you

hear? Silence there, unless you want your ears nailed to the post."

"Fool!" I answered. "Open the door instantly! Are you all mad here, that you shut up the King's servants in this way?"

"The King's servants!" he cried, jeering at us. "Where are they?"

"Here!" I answered, swallowing my rage as well as I might. "I am M. Gringuet's deputy, and if you do not this

"M. Gringuet's deputy! Ho! ho!" he said. "Why, you fool, M. Gringuet's deputy arrived two hours before you. You must get up a little earlier another time. They are poor tricksters who are too late for the fair. And now be silent, and it may save you a stripe or two to-morrow."

There are situations in which even the greatest find it hard to maintain their dignity, and this was one. I looked at Maignan and La Trape and they at me, and by the light of the lanthorn which the latter held I saw that they were smiling, doubtless at the dilemma in which we had innocently placed ourselves. But I found nothing to laugh at in the position, since the people outside might at any moment leave us where we were to fast until morning; and, after a moment's reflection, I called out to know who the speaker on the other side was.

"I am M. de Fonvelle," he answered. "Well, M. de Fonvelle," I replied, "I advise you to have a care what you do. I am M. Gringuet's deputy. The other man is an impostor."

He laughed.

"He has no papers," I cried.
"Oh, yes, he has!" he answered, mocking me. "M. Curtin has seen them, my fine fellow, and he is not one to pay money without warrant."

At this several laughed, and a quavering voice chimed in with: "Oh, yes, he has papers. I have seen them. Still, in a

"There!" M. Fonvelle cried, drowning the other's words. "Now are you satis-

fied—you in there?"

But M. Curtin had not done. "He has papers," he piped again in his thin voice. "Still, M. de Fonvelle, it is well to be cautious, and-"

"Tut, tut! it is all right."

"He has papers, but he has no authority!" I shouted.

"He has seals," Fonvelle answered.

"It is all right."

"It is all wrong!" I retorted. "Wrong, I say! Go to your man, and you will find him gone—gone with your money, M. Curtin."

Two or three laughed, but I heard the sound of feet hurrying away, and I guessed that Curtin had retired to satisfy himself. Nevertheless, the moment which followed was an anxious one, since, if my random shot missed, I knew that I should find myself in a worse position than before. But judging—from the fact that the deputy had not confronted us himself—that he was an impostor, to whom Gringuet's illness had suggested the scheme on which I had myself hit, I hoped for the best; and, to be sure, in a moment an outcry arose in the house and quickly spread. Of those at the door some cried to their fellows to hearken, while others hastened off to see. Yet still a little time elapsed, during which I burned with impatience; and then the crowd came trampling back, all wrangling and speaking at once.

At the door the chattering ceased, and, a hand being laid on the bar, in a moment the door was thrown open, and I walked out with what dignity I might. Outside, the scene which met my eyes might have been under other circumstances diverting. Before me stood the landlord of the inn. bowing with a light in each hand, as if the more he bent his backbone the more he must propitiate me; while a fat middleaged man at his elbow, whom I took to be Fonvelle, smiled feebly at me with a chapfallen expression. A little aside, Curtin. a shrivelled old fellow, was wringing his hands over his loss; and behind and round these, peeping over their shoulders and staring under their arms, clustered a curious crowd of busybodies, who, between amusement at the joke and awe of the great men, had much ado to control their merriment.

The host began to mutter apologies, but I cut him short. "I will talk to you tomorrow!" I said in a voice which made him shake in his shoes. "Now give me supper, lights, and a room—and hurry! For you, M. Fonvelle, you are an ass! And for the gentleman there who has filled the rogue's purse, he will do well another time to pay the King his dues!"

With that I left the two — Fonvelle purple with indignation, and Curtin with eyes and mouth agape and tears stayed and followed my host to his best room, Maignan and La Trape attending me with very grim faces. Here the landlord would have repeated his apologies, but my thoughts beginning to revert to the purpose which had brought me hither, I affected to

be offended, that, by keeping all at a distance, I might the more easily preserve my character.

I succeeded so well that though half the town, through which the news of my adventure had spread as fire spreads in tinder, were assembled outside the inn until a late hour, no one was admitted to see me: and when I made my appearance next morning in the market-place, and took my seat, with my two attendants, at a table by the corn-measures, this reserve had so far impressed the people that the smiles which greeted me scarcely exceeded those which commonly welcome a taxcollector. Some had paid, and, foreseeing the necessity of paying again, found little that was diverting in the jest. Others thought it no laughing matter to pay once, and a few had come as ill out of the adventure as I had. Under these circumstances, we quickly settled to work, no one entertaining the slightest suspicion; and La Trape, who could accommodate himself to anything, playing the part of clerk, I was presently receiving money and hearing excuses; the minute acquaintance of the routine of the finances which I had made it my business to acquire rendering the work easy to me.

We had not been long engaged, however, when Fonvelle put in an appearance, and, elbowing the peasants aside, begged to speak with me apart. I rose and stepped back with him two or three paces, on which he winked at me in a very knowing fashion. "I am M. de Fonvelle," he said. And he winked again.

"Ah!" I said.

"My name is not in your list."

"I find it there," I replied, raising a hand to my ear.

"Tut, tut! you do not understand," he muttered. "Has not Gringuet told you?" "What?" I said, pretending to be a

little deaf. "Has not-I shook my head.

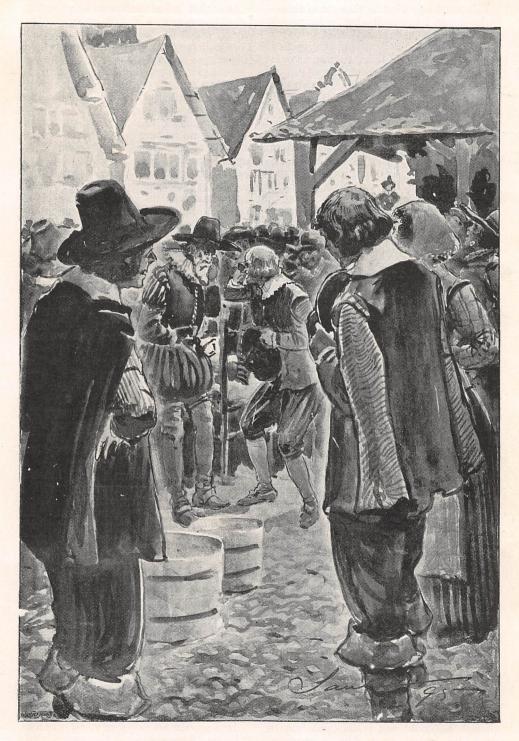
"Has not Gringuet told you?" he repeated, reddening with anger, and this time speaking, on compulsion, so loudly that the peasants could hear him.

I answered him in the same tone. "Yes," I said roundly; "he has told me, of course, that every year you give him two hundred livres to omit your name."

He glanced behind him with an oath. "Man, are you mad?" he gasped, his jaw falling. "They will hear you."

"Yes," I said loudly, "I mean them to

hear me."



"TAKE THE USUAL LITTLE GIFT?" HE SAID.

I do not know what he thought of this perhaps that I was mad—but he staggered back from me and looked wildly round. Finding everyone laughing, he looked again at me, but still failed to understand; on which, with another oath, he turned on his heel, and forcing his way through the grinning crowd, was out of sight in a

I was about to return to my seat, when a pursy, pale-faced man, with small eyes and a heavy jowl, whom I had before noticed, pushed his way through the line, and came to me. Though his neighbours were all laughing, he was sober, and in a moment I understood why.

"I am very deaf," he said in a whisper. "My name, Monsieur, is Philippon. I am

I made a sign to him that I could not hear.

"I am the silk-merchant," he continued pretty audibly, but with a suspicious glance behind him. "Probably you have-

Again I signed to him that I could not

hear.

"You have heard of me?"

"From M. Gringuet?" I said very

"Yes," he answered in a similar tone, for, aware that deaf persons cannot hear their own voices, and are seldom able to judge how loudly they are speaking, I had led him to this. "And I suppose that you will do as he did?

"How?" I asked. "In what way?"

He touched his pocket with a stealthy gesture, unseen by the people behind him. Again I made a sign as if I could not hear.

"Take the usual little gift?" he said, finding himself compelled to speak.

"I cannot hear a word," I bellowed. By this time the crowd were shaking with laughter.

"Accept the usual gift?" he said, his fat, pale face perspiring, and his little pig's eyes regarding me balefully.

"And let you pay one quarter?" I said.

"Yes," he answered.

But this, and the simplicity with which he said it, drew so loud a roar of laughter from the crowd as penetrated even to his dulled senses. Turning abruptly, as if a bee had stung him, he found the place convulsed with merriment; and perceiving in an instant that I had played upon him, though he could not understand how or why, he glared about him a moment, muttered something which I could not catch, and staggered away with the gait of a drunken man.

After this it was useless to suppose that I could amuse myself with others. crowd, which had never dreamed of such a tax-collector, and could scarcely believe either eyes or ears, hesitated to come forward even to pay; and I was considering what I should do next, when a commotion in one corner of the square drew my eyes to that quarter. I looked and saw at first only Curtin. Then, the crowd dividing and making way for him, I perceived that he had the real Gringuet with him-Gringuet, who rode through the market with an air of grim majesty, with one foot in a huge slipper and eyes glaring with ill-temper.

Doubtless Curtin, going to him on the chance of hearing something of the rogue who had cheated him, had apprised the tax-collector of the whole matter; for on seeing me in my chair of state, he merely grinned in a vicious way, and cried to the nearest not to let me escape. "We have lost one rogue, but we will hang the other," he said. And while the townsfolk stood dumbfounded round us, he slipped with a groan from his horse, and bade his two servants seize me.

"And do you," he called to the host, "see that you help, my man! You have harboured him, and you shall pay for it if he escapes."

With that he hopped a step nearer; and then, not dreaming of resistance, sank with another groan - for his foot was immensely swollen by the journey-into the chair from which I had risen.

A glance showed me that, if I would not be drawn into an unseemly brawl, I must act; and meeting Maignan's eager eye fixed upon my face, I nodded. In a second he seized the unsuspecting Gringuet by the neck, snatched him up from the chair, and flung him half-a-dozen paces away. "Lie there," he cried, "you insolent rascal! Who told you to sit before your betters?"

The violence of the action and Maignan's heat were such that the nearest drew back affrighted; and even Gringuet's servents recoiled, while the market people gasped with astonishment. But I knew that the respite would last a moment only, "Arrest that man, and I stood forward. I said, pointing to the collector, who was grovelling on the ground, nursing his foot and shrieking foul threats at us.

In a second my two men stood over him. "In the King's name," La Trape cried;

"let no man interfere."

"Raise him up," I continued, "and set him before me; and Curtin also, and Fonvelle, and Philippon, and Lescaut, the

corn-dealer, if he is here."

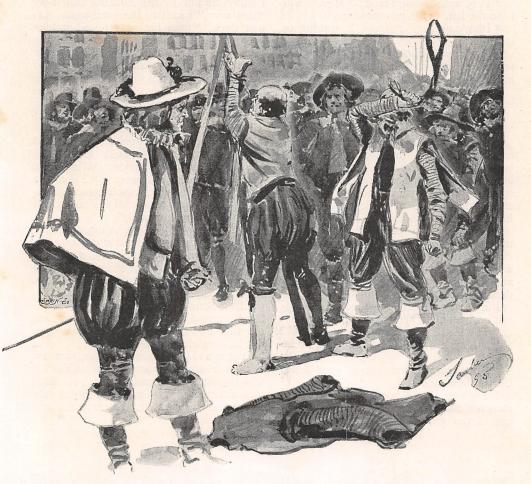
I spoke boldly, but I felt some misgiving. So mighty, however, is the habit of command, that the crowd, far from resisting, thrust forward the men I named. Still, I could not count on this obedience, and it was with pleasure that I saw at this moment, as I looked over the heads of the

me the truth. How much does each of these knaves give you to cheat the King and your master? Curtin first. How much does he give you?" "My Lord," he answered, pale and

"My Lord," he answered, pale and shaking, yet with a mutinous gleam in his eyes, "I have a right to know first before

whom I stand."

"Enough," I thundered, "that it is



BUT IN A MOMENT HE WAS OVERCOME, HAULED AWAY, AND TIED UP.

crowd, a body of horsemen entering the square. They halted an instant, looking at the unusual concourse; while the townsfolk, interrupted in the middle of the drama, knew not which way to stare. Then Boisrueil, seeing me, and that I was holding some sort of court, spurred his horse through the press, and saluted me.

"Let half-a-dozen of your varlets dismount and guard these men," I said; "and do you, you rogue," I continued, addressing Gringuet, "answer me, and tell

before one who has the right to question you! Answer me, villain, and be quick. What is the sum of Curtin's bribe?"

He stood white and mute.

"Fonvelle's?"

Still he stood silent, glaring with the devil in his eyes; while the other men whimpered and protested their innocence, and the crowd stared as if they could never see enough.

"Philippon's?"

"I take no bribes," he muttered.

"Lescaut's?"

"Not a denier."

"Liar!" I exclaimed. "Liar! who devour widows' houses and poor men's corn!-who grind the weak and say it is the King; and let the rich go free. Answer me, and answer the truth. How much do these men give you?"

"Nothing," he said defiantly.

"Very well," I answered; "then I will have the list. It is in your shoe."

"I have no list," he said, beginning to

tremble.

"It is in your shoe," I repeated, pointing to his gouty foot, "Maignan, off with his shoe, and look in it."

Disregarding his shrieks of pain, they tore it off and looked in it. There was no list.

"Off with his stocking," I said roundly.

"It is there."

He flung himself down at that, cursing and protesting by turns. But I remembered the trampled corn and the girl's bleeding face, and I was inexorable. stocking was drawn off, not too tenderly, and turned inside out. Still no list was found.

"He has it," I persisted. "We have tried the shoe and we have tried the stocking, now we must try the foot. Fetch a stirrup-leather, and do you hold him, and let one of the grooms give him a dozen on that foot."

But at that he gave way; he flung himself on his knees, screaming for mercy.

"The list!" I said.

"I have no list! I have none!" he wailed.

"Then give it me out of your head.

Curtin, how much?"

He glanced at the man I named and shivered, and for a moment was silent. But one of the grooms approaching with the stirrup-leather, he found his voice. "Forty crowns," he muttered.

"Fonvelle?"

"The same."

I made him confess also the sums which he had received from Lescaut and Philippon, and then the names of seven others who had been in the habit of bribing him. Satisfied that he had so far told the truth, I bade him put on his stocking and shoe. "And now," I said to Boisrueil when this was done, "take him to the whippingpost there, and tie him up; and see that each man of the eleven gives him a stripe for every crown with which he has bribed him—and good ones, or I will have them tied up in his place. Do you hear, you rascals?" I continued to the trembling culprits. "Off, and do your duty, or I will have your backs bare!"

But the wretch, as cowardly as he had been cruel, flung himself down and crawled, sobbing and crying, to my feet. I had no mercy, however. "Take him away," I said. "It is such men as these give kings a bad name. Take him away,

and see you flay him well."

He sprang up then, forgetting his gout, and made a frantic attempt to But in a moment he was overescape. come, hauled away, and tied up; and though I did not wait to see the sentence carried out, but entered the inn, the shrill screams he uttered under the punishment reached me even there, and satisfied me that Fonvelle and his followers were not holding their hands.

It is a sad reflection, however, that for one such sinner brought to justice ten who commit the same crimes go free, and flourishing on iniquity, bring the King's service and his officers into evil

repute.



HOME AGAIN.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.



A PAGE FROM A VICAR'S HISTORY.

By FLORENCE HENNIKER.

E stroked the head of his dog, and said good-humouredly who stood by, "Would you like to hear Oscar sing?"

"Oh, please!" cried the little girl,

round-eyed with delight.

"Now, old boy, you've got to sing us a song!"

In a sweet tenor voice, bearing but little trace of age, the Reverend Charles Biddulph hummed a few bars of "Auld Lang Syne."

Curly black Oscar pricked up his ears, opened his wide jaws, caught the right note, and raised a plaintive howl, to the

unbounded joy of the child.

"What a concert!" said another person at the front door. And a tall young man came through the house into the light which shone from the vicarage kitchen, towards the group there, blinking his eyes and laughing.

"Why, Algy! You are a late visitor!"

"I know. And I've come to supper with you instead of eating a solitary dinner at home. Let's have one of your excellent broiled bones, Mrs. Morris."

The new visitor had a very pleasant and courteous manner. The cook smiled at

him and curtsied.

"Thank you, my lord; I'll see what I can do."

"Good-night, Kitty," said the clergyman to the child.

"Good - night, Sir; good-night, your lordship." She gave a little dip and

turned to leave the kitchen.

The young man who had just arrived laid his hand on the small girl's shoulder. "Here's half-a-crown, Kitty, to buy a doll with." Lord Kynoch was evidently in a very good temper.

"Now, Algy," said the Vicar, as they went towards the front room, "I suppose

you have something to tell me."

"How the dickens do you guess that?" "My dear boy, from your manner. You are smiling all over your face. Yes—and actually blushing!"

The elder man threw his arm round the shoulders of the younger.

"I have suspected something for a little while," he said. "Ever since you were at

Monte Carlo, in fact."

Lord Kynoch seated himself in an armchair in the study, under the rays of the Vicar's lamp. Seen in the bright light he was less prepossessing than he had appeared in the hall. His complexion was unhealthy, with a certain redness round his eyes and nose; his fair hair was thin and lustreless; his hand shook a good deal as he adjusted the lamp-shade, which his elbow had displaced. The Vicar looked at him for one moment sharply out of his dark eyes. Then he sighed.

"You are not looking very well to-

night, Algy."

The young man moved restlessly in his

"Oh, it's nothing. I'm rather jumpy, that's all. I sat up so late all last week.

"I thought so."

"And of course I'm excited about what I've to tell you. You see"—and the young man rose and took the Vicar's firm hand in his own trembling one—"you're my very best and truest friend, and I don't know how you'll take it."

"I want you to be very happy, Algy."

"Well, so I am. I know-although, of course, you're in favour of a celibate clergy and all that—you want a man like me to marry. And that's what I'm about to do!"

"I am rejoiced," said the Vicar. "Who

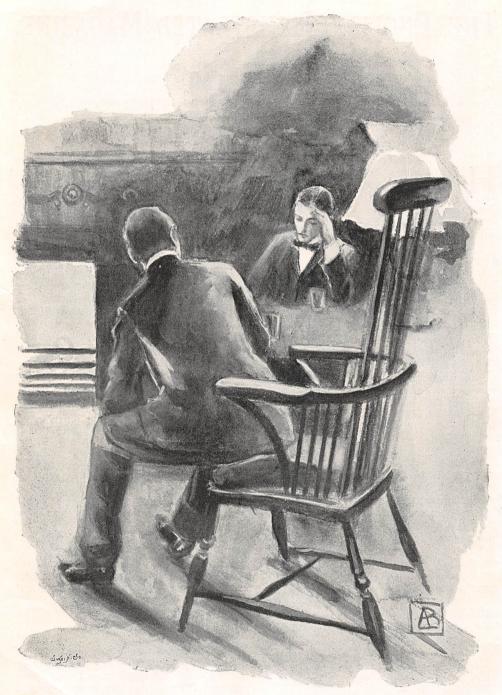
is she, Algy?"

"Well, that's just it, you know." Kynoch's hand now shook more than ever. "My relations—and it's just like their d—d interference—I beg your pardon; I mean they don't seem to take any interest in me except when they want to annoy. They don't approve at all."

The Vicar looked inquiringly at his

friend.

"You're not a Pharisee; you're not narrow," blurted out the young man. "So I'll tell you there were some stories about



"YOU ARE NOT LOOKING VERY WELL TO-NIGHT, ALGY."

her years ago, and she's older than me—a good bit. She's always lived abroad, so really it's nobody's business here but mine."

want you, Algy, to marry someone who-well—I'm not going to preach. You know your temptation, and you've been giving way again, I see. I wanted you to "I don't know that it is; but I did marry someone who'd help you."

"So she will, because I care for her

desperately."

And poor Kynoch's face became almost transfigured. "She's beautiful and clever, and she likes me. And if that's not enough, I'd like to know what, in God's name, is?" His voice shook painfully.
"Have you known her long?"

"Not so very. Only abroad. She's not been in London for years and years. What does it matter whether she's forty or not, if she looks young? I don't care a hang!"

He hit the table violently with his

clenched fist.

"Come in to supper," said the Vicar gently. "You shall tell me more

presently."

The two men seated themselves at a small round table. Kynoch looked rather forlornly round the room.

"I say, couldn't you let me have a

whisky-and-soda?"

"I'm afraid you must put up with my light claret this evening. And now, what is the lady's name? You are a sort of son to me, Algy, you know; ever since I gave you lessons all those years ago, when you were a funny little chap in a kilt; and so she must be a daughter."

"Thank you; upon my soul, you are a good friend. Her name is Madame

de Morel. She's a widow."

"And when will the wedding be?"

"Well-she's not sure about that-I suppose because she thinks my relations don't want her. She won't exactly promise me, you know. But she is sure to—I hope quite soon. She's coming here, with a connection of hers as chaperon, on a visit next week."

At eleven o'clock Lord Kynoch walked home through the broad park towards his house. Arrived there, he unlocked a case of bottles, drank half a tumbler of whisky, and went to sleep, still dressed, in a large arm-chair.

II.

About a week after Kynoch's visit, the Vicar was returning from the house of a parishioner, now lying seriously ill in a distant farmstead. Although frosty, the air was so still that Mr. Biddulph did not quicken his pace as the evening drew on.

A round scarlet November sun peered at him with a face that seemed half friendly, half mocking. The undulating fields, and a shining stream visible here and there as it crossed them, were dashed with crimson. The red glare caught, too,

an edge of the pyramidal spire of the small church, of Norman date, standing some two hundred yards away. One solitary and giant yew waved protecting arms round the massive tower, rising but little above the roof. Ivy grew luxuriantly over the deep-recessed doorway. The evening light became momentarily rosier and more glowing, glorifying the grey stones and the curves of the outspreading boughs. Mr. Biddulph watched the sunset, as he had often done for some twenty springs and autumns—from this same tranquil spot; when the roses were blooming over the silent graves, and when the icicles hung upon the mouldings of the windows, and the birds left forlorn and tiny footprints on the snow-covered roof. Oscar came and leant his head against his master's knee. Lost in thought the Vicar stood; the panorama in front of his eyes growing sublimer as he gazed. Low upon the horizon was a deep flaming gulf, which might have been the waters turned into blood by the prophet of old. Higher spread a sea of tenderest blue, shading into primrose, with a boundary of swarthy clouds that to the Vicar's poetical fancy seemed a belt of perilous cliffs. And right in the middle of the melting yellow ocean shone one tiny star, like a solitary beacon seeming to light the clouds now moving as ships across the trackless expanse. The red glow illumined Mr. Biddulph's fine head and thoughtful eyes. It was the face of a man who had suffered and struggled. and found something of peace, if not exactly joy; a type oftener seen perhaps in an Italian ascetic than in an Anglican clergyman. Closely cropped iron - grey hair, and cheeks very much sunken, lent character to the sensitive, delicately cut lips and dark eyes deeply set.

Just below the hill from which he was gazing was a hawthorn tree, with bare brown twigs drooping beneath the weight of a myriad crimson berries, now shining in the evening light like clusters of coral. This beautiful tree had evidently also attracted the admiration of a lady in the road below the slope of the hill. For she stood still, looking up at the branches, the sunset lustre turning her fair hair to dazzling gold. She was a tall woman, richly dressed, with a quantity of soft grey fur round her neck, and wearing a hat adorned with the same trimming.

"Ah!" thought the Vicar.
ust be Madame de Morel. "That Algy said she was to arrive yesterday." He observed that she was graceful and slender as a girl, though possibly she might have been over forty. "I will go and introduce myself to her, as I am a sort of father and guardian to her future husband. Yes, I certainly think I may."

He strode quickly forward. The lady heard his step ringing on the frosty road,

and turned her head.

The Vicar stopped suddenly and breathed hard, moved a foot's pace onward, and

paused again, as if enfeebled.

The lady grew very white beneath two patches of unchangeable red on either cheek. But she walked straight towards the Vicar, her hands outstretched.

"Oh, my God! Charles!"

And he said, drawing near, and taking the hands in his own, which had suddenly grown icily cold—

"Is it you—really you?"

* * *

Mr. Biddulph and Madame de Morel did not return straight to the village. Near the tree with its load of berries a side lane branched off—a solitary way where deep ruts were frozen into hard little banks round the ice patches. The red was dying away in the western sky: the church now looked a mere dark silhouette in the midst of a dun landscape.

The woman was the first to speak.
"I wondered what had become of you—
whether you were dead or——"

"I only wish to God I were!"

The lines round the Vicar's face had become profound furrows, and his mouth was contorted into an expression of pain and unrest strangely foreign to his face and to his usually devotional

repose.

"Let me try to collect my thoughts a little, Adelaide," he continued, in a strange hoarse voice. "After—after you went away-ah! do you remember the anniversary was last week? — I stayed and worked on in London as well as I could. It chanced that one Sunday a lady was in my church who had had a very sad and suffering life. Something I said in my sermon came home to her. She asked to see me in the vestry, and confided in me. She had been married to a brutal and drunken husband, and there were other troubles. She told me that she was now alone with her little boy, and that the living at her place was vacant. She made but little doubt that I could have it, if I would take it, for she knew something about the work we had organised in London. I was sick at heart in the old place—in the house where you and I had been, Adelaide-worn out, disheartened, ill. Briefly, I came away, here, to this

quiet village. Lady Kynoch always remained a very true and good friend to me, and she never inquired into the details of my past. I taught her boy Algy, and soon began to love him as my own child. Poor fellow! he has made a sad disaster of his life in some ways, but I cannot think him altogether responsible. Much of his temptation-you know what this is!-is doubtless an inherited one. He has such good impulses, and in spite of his failings he is a true gentleman at heart. What what"—and the Vicar turned his dark eyes upon his companion—"is to become of him, as well as of you and me? I haven't been able yet to grasp all that this meeting means—the present agony of it, the future misery and despair of it."

He lowered his voice and his face was

bent upon the ground.

Madame de Morel gazed furtively at him, at the noble outlines of his profile, the tortured expression in his mouth. They had reached the end of the lane, where a path branched across the fields towards the Hall.

"What can I do?" she said in imploring and forlorn accents. "You know I began this innocently. It seemed a relaxation, a relief, Charles. Of course, I did not mean to let it go far. I dare say you won't believe me?"

A vision of poor Kynoch's transfigured face as he had told the Vicar of his love

flashed across the latter's mind.

She continued—"I suppose you—you knew, you heard, and guessed something of what my life has been - what it gradually became after I left you? But you don't know all the wretchedness and iniquity of it. I couldn't tell you—a clergyman, a man whose life is spent in prayer and meditation and doing good. I grew to care only for money and luxury and the lowest side of things. I went all over the world—no, don't wince; I am not going to say much more to hurt you. Then my fate brought me to Monte Carlo. I met Lord Kynoch, and he liked me in a different way, somehow, from the others. He believed in me. He seemed to see me as I was when I was a girl, before I began that cursed existence away from you. He offered me real affection. I did feel sometimes that I had no right to accept it; but then, again, I knew that he had been wild, that he still drank, and I thought I could be of more use to him than a woman who had seen less of the rough side of life. So I could not bring myself to dismiss him. For the same reason, when he proposed to me, I could not say no all at once; and,

having passed as a widow, it was difficult to explain to him that you were probably living. So I allowed things to drift on. You know the rest. And now—and

Large tears gathered in her eyes, and fell upon the grey fur round her neck.

"I don't reproach you," said the Vicar

"I couldn't—I couldn't ask you to take me back!" she moaned. Her tears began to choke her. "Me—me in a country vicarage! Me, the wife of a clergyman like you! It is an impossibility, even if

you wished it."

He lifted his eyes, shining with unshed tears. He was thinking of her as she had looked twenty years ago, when her head had rested on his shoulder, and her arms had been flung around his neck. Now the night and the day, the dawn and the twilight, the stars and the dim lights twinkling in the distant village, were not

farther apart than they two.

At last he took her shaking hand in his. "Adelaide, my poor little girl." It was the old kind voice that she had not heard since she was young, and he had loved her so blindly. "I don't want you to go away fancying that I have one hard thought of you. Those have all gone long ago. Every day I have prayed for you, my wife, as I used to do when we were together, and you cared just a little for me. Whether you were living or dead I thought my prayers might still, perhaps, not be all useless; but I don't think that I ever hoped or wished to see you face to face here—not till "-his voice sank to a whisper-"our hearts have been purified by this suffering and our bodies gathered to the dust. If you came under my roof it could not be as a wife. And the story of your past would be whispered about and be ever dogging you and haunting you. I must say good-bye to you, little girl-till the old things have passed away and we begin a new existence elsewhere—one quite unlike this!" He had dropped, unconsciously, into his former way of speaking to her—the gentle caressing accents that sounded like curious echoes of a dead past.

"Good-bye!" she said, her lips quiver-Then she added: "And Algy?" "He must not know. It is cruel for

him. Poor Algy!"

"I will say I have thought over his proposal of marriage again and the unwisdom of it—or, better still, I will go when he is out shooting to-morrow, and write to him from London."

The Vicar groaned. It was torture to him to think of Kynoch's pain.

"And it seemed the beginning of much better days for him," he said below his

The earth was lying in shadow now. The distant church clock struck, and more lights appeared over the fields in the Hall windows. Silently the pair retraced their steps down the road, which was growing every moment harder and stiffer in the frost. Adelaide shrank from crossing the dusky pastures alone, and the Vicar felt that they could not be seen together with such traces of emotion in their faces. They reached the high road again. Once more he took her hand.

"God help you, poor little girl," he said. And she looked the while so unlike a girl, so old and haggard, standing in a patch of wan light from one disconsolate oil lamp, that seemed rather to increase than illuminate the gloom around them.

"You have been very good to me, Charles," she whispered. They were quite alone in the still, cold country Two or three labourers were walking away from them a long way in

"Will you kiss me just once?" she said, and then shrank away from him as if terrified.

He bent down and touched her forehead with his lips, and she felt his tears falling on her face as he gave her that one last kiss.

"Is the Vicar at home?"

The question was asked in a hoarse, broken voice, and the questioner, hardly waiting for a reply, forced his way past

the servant into the study.

The clergyman rose from his writingtable, turned round, and confronted Kynoch. The faces of both were pale and haggard, as if neither of them had slept. There were red rims round Algy's eyes, and his mouth twitched convulsively. It was evident from his aspect that he was not entirely sober, and he seemed to find a great difficulty in forming his words. The result was that he uttered them at last very loudly and slowly, and in husky tones.

"She has gone away! . . . without a word of good-bye, leaving me just this!"

The young man put a note into the Vicar's hand. Then, without warning, he sat down and broke into passionate weeping, terrible to see.

"What—what the devil—I ask you—



AT LAST HE TOOK HER SHAKING HAND IN HIS. "ADELAIDE, MY FOOR LITTLE GIRL."

does she mean? We were going to be so—so happy! I know I had a little too much of that champagne—infernal strong stuff it is—last night. But she's seen me like that before. She writes, you see—why in God's name don't you read it, instead of staring at me? I don't want your pity, I tell you! I'm for action—I must take a strong line, do something, go for her—bring her back—fetch her. . . ."

The pitiable contrast between his violent words and his weak shaken frame struck the Vicar painfully. But the latter scarcely knew as yet how to answer him. And poor Kynoch went on raving the while and shedding tears, swearing, walking round and round the little room,

appealing, imploring.

Mr. Biddulph tried to quiet him. "We will think it over, Algy."

"What the — is the use of your thinking? Little interest people like you seem to take, when things don't affect themselves!"

Mr. Biddulph had become ashy white.

"I'll tell you what," said Kynoch, sinking into a large chair and changing his tone. "You can do something for me! You're accustomed to preach and give advice. You shall go to London and see her, and tell her she must come back! I'm going to reform, I won't take a single glass of spirits. Upon my soul I won't, if she comes back, I swear it to you!" He laid his hand imploringly upon the Vicar's shoulder. "You'll do this? you'll help me?"

Mr. Biddulph trembled.

"I am afraid—I very much fear—I can-

not take steps-"

Then Kynoch broke out into a torrent of violent and profane words, for which, to do him justice, he was but partially responsible just then. He shook the Vicar by the shoulder, clenched his fist, then turned suddenly, banged the door,

and strode away out of the house.

That same evening, like another transgressor of old, he, too, poor fellow, came to himself again, and retraced his steps towards the Vicarage. Mr. Biddulph was out, the maid said. "He has gone to see a woman who is dying, right over there." And she vaguely pointed towards the chalky outline of the distant downs. Poor Kynoch was bitterly disappointed; he was by this time heartily ashamed of himself, and he thereupon sat down in the clergyman's study and wrote him a note, in very shaky characters—

"My dear Vicar,—I spoke to you like a blackguard this afternoon. Can you ever

forgive me? You have been so good to me all through my wretched life, a life which has disappointed you and everybody else who had any hopes for me. It's too late now to amend, I fear, but I want you to believe I am more sorry than I can ever tell you in words, for my rudeness. I behaved like an absolute cad. As to the other matter—I am simply heart-broken. I will come again to-morrow evening and ask your advice once more.—Ever yours, "ALGY."

The following afternoon, Mr. Biddulph, who had forgiven his former pupil long before he found and read his letter, was preparing to walk up to the Hall, when a groom with a horror-stricken face, appeared

t the door.

"What is it?" said the Vicar anxiously.
"Bad news, Sir. His Lordship was driving that there new mare of his with the nasty temper towards Crofton Hill. She took fright near the level crossing and smashed up the trap, Sir; and Thomas, he's knocked silly, and his Lordship..."

The Vicar felt his heart stand still.

"They 've carried his Lordship up to the Hall, Sir. That's why I've come. He do look awful bad, they tell me."

"Is he insensible?" Mr. Biddulph spoke in a curiously calm voice, like a

man who talks in his sleep.

"Oh yes, Sir! They've sent for Dr. Barnes, and I expect he's there by now. I've got a dog-cart, Sir, if you'll come

along with me at once."

When the Vicar's eye fell upon the bruised face and battered form of his young friend he knew that there could be little or no doubt of the issue of this day's misfortune. If Lord Kynoch had lived on, said the doctor, there would be paralysis of the lower extremities. But the other injuries were so severe that it was a mercy to think, perhaps, that such a fate could not be his. For a slow dragging space the Vicar watched by the dying man, patient as a father, tender as a woman who mourns by her child's bedside. Two or three hours or so before the end came Algy spoke to him.

"I've got one wish, Vicar."

"Yes, my boy?"

"I want to see *her*, if I could, just to tell her I forgive, and understand. She was quite right to give up such a brute as me!"

"Hush, hush! don't talk. It will hurt you so, my dear."

"Can you send for her?"

The Vicar trembled a little. "I could—

if you wished it very much," he said, after a moment's pause.

"Telegraph," whispered Algy.

And a message was flashed to London. In about forty minutes' time the answer to it came - not from Madame de Morel—from a doctor in London.

"Grieved to say was called in to attend Madame de Morel this morning. She was suffering from severe headache last night, and took chloroform upstairs with her. Unfortunately, stopper came out of bottle. She was found insensible, and I discovered

life to be already extinct."

The Vicar felt a sudden faintness seize him. There was brandy by Kynoch's bedside. Half unconsciously, he drank some of it. For one moment, in his new and desperate agony, he half-wished that the sick man's eyes would never open again to inquire the result of the message. Then he buried his haggard face in his hands, and, after a few seconds of torturing conflict, lifted it. Then it bore a changed expression, sweet and spiritual. He was much calmer now. God knew best, after all, he That truth seemed to him surer than ever before.

Then Algy looked up at him.

"Will she come?"

"Yes; she will." The clergyman spoke with conviction. "Shut your eyes, dear,

and try to sleep till then.

The Vicar went across the room to the writing-table, and wrote another message. So the weary agonising minutes dragged on. Algy moved his head restlessly. The clergyman came up to the bedside.

"She may be too late," said Kynoch.
"But if it's true what you say about Heaven, and all that-will she-will shebelong to me there perhaps, as I'm so

sorry?

A spasm of pain passed over Charles Biddulph's face, and a feeling of revolt through his heart. Could he bear to give her up, even in some other new state of Was she not his own wife still, whom, God help him, he loved, and had loved, and still must and would love through all the eternities? He knelt down by the bedside.

"Algy, can you attend if I say one short prayer?"

"I only want her," said the dying man. "Tell me, is it true that she and I will be together in Heaven? If I thought that, perhaps I might pray."

The Vicar bowed his head.

"You will see her, I believe, Algy, in a state of existence where there will be no more misunderstandings, no cruel fare-

wells, my dear, no pain.'

Kynoch became very quiet. Once Mr. Biddulph saw his lips move. He stooped to catch the words. They seemed to him to sound like "Together ... no pain. ..."

IV.

There were people who wondered at the self-control and calm bearing of the Vicar of Sedgebrook when he read the funeral service to a crowded congregation standing solemnly by the great yew-trees. Women sobbed, the men brushed their eyes with their coat-sleeves as two coffins were lowered side by side into the dark vault where so many of the bones of poor Kynoch's ancestors already lay. On one brass plate was inscribed the name-

"Algernon, eighth Viscount Kynoch." On the other, "Adelaide de Morel." So she had come back to him again.

As the last group left the churchyard the agent's wife said to her husband-

"John, all this has made me feel quite To think of those two who were to have been married, and so happy! could Mr. Biddulph possibly be able to stand up and read without crying?"

"People sometimes feel most who don't

"True, and he does look awfully thin in the face. I don't fancy either, John, that his hair was so white when we saw him a week ago."

"I don't think it was."

Then the pair turned homewards. And meanwhile a solitary man dressed in black, his hand resting on his dog's head, stood at the Vicarage window, looking blankly out at the now deserted graveyard. "So this is the end, Oscar!" he said.

When the spring came—other and new faces and figures flitted through the Hall corridors, over the green tennis-lawns, and down the village street. Algy Kynoch was fast becoming only a memory to everybody but one lonely old friend. Men in London said—

"Yes, poor chap—nobody could go on at that rate. I've seen him drink six or seven whiskies-and-sodas in an after-noon."

And others echoed: "Yes, he was a perfect wreck! Odd story about the Frenchwoman, too, whom he was to have married. It really was a mercy, perhaps, that he didn't live to make such a fool of himself. She would have kept poor old Algy

alive though, if it's true what one heard of her!"

Mr. Biddulph and Oscar, who was growing very old and feeble in his movements, lived on quite alone together, as before. The new people at the Hall, Algy's cousins, voted the Vicar's sermons and conversation dull.

"And he's really rather a depressing person, dear," said one of the girls to a friend. "I suppose he thinks us all too noisy, and our jokes vulgar, for he hardly spoke twice when he came to dine last night. I don't believe—though, of course, he does his duty by the poor, and they're very fond of him, I hear—that he cares for any company but his own and that of his old dog."

Perhaps this last remark had a good deal of truth in it. When a man has given all his love and most of his thoughts to just two people for twenty years and more, and these objects are suddenly snatched away by some deadly blow, as bitter as unforeseen, it is unlikely that he will form new ties, especially if he happens to have already passed five decades of life.

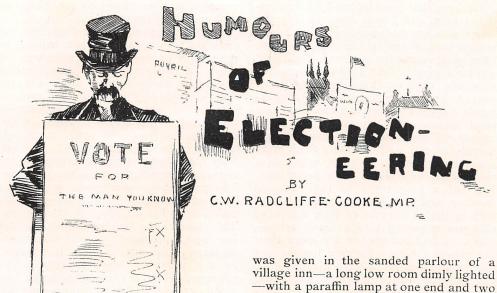
The Vicar works on still and waits. And no one guesses the while how much of his heart lies buried with the two who lie side by side under the shadow of the great yew-trees that he sees so plainly from his windows. A weak and dissolute man, a sinful, passionate woman, resting so near him and yet so far, in a last dreamless sleep.





Why canst thou not, as others do,
Look on me with unwounding eyes?
And yet look sweet, but yet not so;
Smile, but not in killing wise:
Arm not thy graces to confound;
Only look, but do not wound.

Why should mine eyes see more in you
Than they can see in all the rest?
For I can others' beauties view,
And not find my heart opprest.
O! be as others are to me,
Or let me be more to thee.



HAVE been asked to write a short article on the Humours of Electioneering; now the humorous side of electioneering is perhaps less apparent to a candidate for Parliament than to those who support him on the platform and in his The candidate is usually too canvass. busy and sometimes too exhausted to bear in mind the ludicrous incidents which from time to time occur during a contested election. Still, all who take part in public life must have now and then amusing experiences, so I will try and recall a few that have happened to me in a political career of not inconsiderable duration.

Rural audiences are now much more enlightened, and consequently much easier to address, than they were fifteen years or so ago. When the Constitutional Union -now merged with the United Club-was formed in 1880, one main object of the association was to supply lecturers to visit districts where, through the apathy of those who should have been the leading members of the Conservative party, the principles of that party had never been adequately laid before the rural electors. As I was an active agent in founding the society, so was I among the first to be told off to deliver a series of addresses in places where a Conservative speaker was something of a rarity. My first address

candles placed on the table at which I was to stand. A neighbouring farmer had promised to preside, but at the last moment pleaded illness, of a diplomatic character as I was subsequently led to think, and the village carpenter somewhat reluctantly took his place. I had to wait some time for my audience, but at length from twenty to thirty men, mostly, I should judge, farm labourers, slouched in by twos and threes, and with much shuffling of hobnailed boots settled themselves as if they were half ashamed of being seen there on the benches round the wall, while the habitues of the inn took possession of the chairs by the fire. My chairman was commendably brief, and I began a speech which, for all the interest it excited, might have been uttered in Greek. Nothing is so trying to an inexperienced speaker-and such I then wasas dead silence, and I suppose my embarrassment was noticed by the carpenter. intervened with the well-meant suggestion that perhaps the gentleman would like a drop of something to drink, and if so would he give it a name. named whisky and water, which was promptly brought by a servant girl. In my confusion I did not observe that she had placed two tumblers on the tableone of whisky and one of water-and hastily taking up the nearest I swallowed half its contents, which turned out to be raw spirit of a peculiarly fiery blend. Of course a fit of choking followed, which

raised a hearty laugh at my expense. This mishap, however, broke the ice. The affair from that moment took a conversational turn, and I was soon on friendly terms with my audience, by whom I was invited after speaking for about half an hour to sit round the fire with them and smoke a pipe. That I had not created a wholly unfavourable impression was proved by my receiving shortly afterwards a special request to address another rural audience in a part of the same county. I was told that it was a rough neighbourhood, and if I had a thick stick I should do well to bring it with me, a piece of advice which I took for a joke. We had a long drive to the place of meeting, and arriving late were greeted with marks of impatience by a crowd of villagers crammed into a small schoolroom. I had not spoken for more than five minutes before the row began. the back of the room were a number of youths, who, throwing peas, nuts, and other small missiles at the platform, soon caused such an uproar that not a word I said could be heard except by the occupants of the front seats. Finding that the interruption was mainly caused by the youths on the back benches, I addressed myself to the men nearest me, and asked them whether they had come there to hear me or the boys. If the boys, I and my friends would leave the platform; but if, whatever their political views might be, they were willing to listen to me, then I asked them to turn the boys out. men seemed to think this a sensible suggestion, for they immediately adopted it, and, as soon as the authors of the disturbance were removed, listened to what I had to say with close attention. When I had finished, one of the men, after a courteous and kindly reference to myself, proceeded in a forcible speech to demolish my arguments, and ended by proposing a vote of confidence in Mr. Gladstone, which was carried by a large majority. Although political opponents, they were not unfriendly, for several of them when the meeting broke up volunteered to form a bodyguard to the carriage—a not unnecessary precaution, for it was pitch dark, and we had not gone many yards before the youths who had been expelled assailed us with a shower of stones. However, with the exception of some trifling bruises and the loss of a hat, we reached the carriage in safety. At a bend in the road another volley of stones was directed against us.

One hit the driver and several the carriage, but fortunately the horses were not touched, and breaking into a canter soon took us out of harm's way.

Riotous meetings at elections are not common nowadays, except when, as sometimes happens, such gatherings are taken advantage of by organized bodies of thieves for their own ends. On one occasion, indeed, I presided over a meeting held in a schoolroom underneath Methodist chapel which had been called in support of the Conservative candidate, who was a personal friend of mine. Two local ladies much interested in the cause accompanied me on the platform. The proceedings throughout were of a lively character, and free fighting was the order, or rather disorder, of the evening. The elder of the two ladies pluckily kept her seat, prepared as she afterwards declared to defend the chair, if attacked, at the point of her umbrella. younger, when the meeting broke up, could not be found. Diligent search was made, in vain, and we were about to leave without her, thinking she had gone home, when one of the deacons recollected that at the height of the tumult a lady had sought refuge in the vestry, and had been locked up there. The key was turned, and our friend emerged, more frightened than hurt. With the exception of the stone-throwing incident, I never experienced any personal harm at political meetings, and cannot therefore in this respect put myself on a par with a gentleman from Ireland who, to enhance his claim to the post of secretary to a Conservative association, stated to the committee of selection, of whom I was one, that in Dublin "he had many times sacrificed his life for the cause." I have indeed suffered in property, if not in person, to a limited extent. Some years ago I was wired for to assist at a bye election in a large town in the Midlands. As generally happens on such occasions, more platform assistance was asked for than was needed, and I was sent off to speak at some ward meetings. At the first of them, although as the hour was early the attendance was thin, I was much struck with the excellent spirit of those who were there. content with giving us an enthusiastic reception, a number of young men insisted on shaking us warmly by the hand, and pressed so closely round us as we left the hall, chanting at the same time the refrain of a popular political song, that with difficulty could we make our way to the carriage. As we drove off I remarked to my companion, a son of the candidate, how gratifying it was to note the interest the young took in the cause, seeing that the future of the country depended on the rising generation. His reply startled me. "Confound the rising generation!" he

detectives on the trail of the thieves. Mine was a cheap silver watch bought some years before to replace a gold one of which I had been robbed in a crowd on Ludgate Hill, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales returning thanks for his recovery from illness, but my companion's was a valuable chronometer, the gift of a relative, and prized on that account.



"CONFOUND THE RISING GENERATION!" HE SAID, FUMBLING IN HIS POCKET.

said, fumbling in his pocket: "they have taken my watch. How about yours?" I looked down: watch and chain were both gone. These young politicians whose enthusiasm had so roused my admiration were swell mobsmen from Birmingham. We drove straight to the police station, and, finding that no train for Birmingham left for two hours, set

How the matter was managed I do not know, but as a fact this gentleman on payment of a considerable sum subsequently recovered his watch. At supper that night the robbery was the subject of conversation, and the Conservative candidate, a very wealthy man, turning to me said, "Don't trouble about your watch: you've lost it helping me, and I will get

you another to-morrow." In the excitement of the election, which he won, I assumed that he forgot the matter; but some years after, when I had also been elected a member of Parliament, I found myself seated next to this very gentleman. In a jocular tone I reminded him of the watch incident. "I remember it perfectly," he said, "and I have a watch put away in a drawer for you somewhere. I'll look for it." My old friend has long since gone over to the majority, and the watch I suppose still remains in the drawer.

Of course odd mishaps occur to one at times. For instance, I was to speak at an evening meeting in a country town, and had been invited to dine first at the house of two elderly ladies who lived in the When dressing neighbourhood. dinner, I discovered to my dismay that my servant had omitted to pack up my waistcoat. What was to be done? There were no gentlemen in the family of whom I could borrow, so I applied to the butler -a stout elderly man. Fortunately he had a spare waistcoat, which, though not indeed a match for my clothes, would pass muster, but it was miles too big. The guests had arrived, and the dinner My dilemma had become was ready. known to the servants, and a sympathetic housemaid knocked at the door, and producing some pins deftly took in a large pleat at the back of the waistcoat and made me fairly presentable. Dinner over, we drove to the meeting, where I was to make the principal speech. The platform was raised several steps above the general level of the room, and the speakers stood almost at its edge. I had spoken for about ten minutes, and was warming to my work—the subject, so far as I recollect, admitted of energetic treatment—when I felt one pin give way, then after a short interval another, and so on, until at length I appeared in all the capacious bulk of the true owner of the garment. The general body of the audience did not seem to perceive the transformation I had undergone, but I noticed some tittering among the ladies in front, and one gentleman observed to me afterwards that public speaking evidently agreed with me, for that when I sat down I was twice the man I was when I rose.

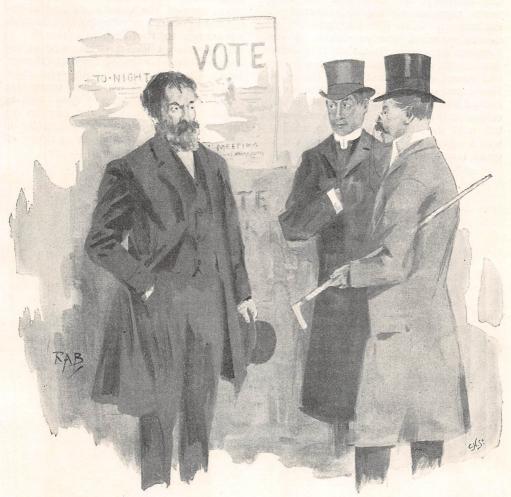
Occasionally doubtful compliments are paid one. Some years ago my friend Mr. Byron Reed, then one of the members for Bradford, asked me to take his place and speak at a large gathering of the Primrose

League in the North of England, where he has long established a reputation as a powerful platform orator. Breaking the journey from London at York, I arrived at my destination pretty early on the day of the demonstration. My host, who had given the use of his grounds for the occasion, and his family were too much engaged to pay me attention, but a neighbouring clergyman, who also came early, showed me round the place, and put me up to several matters of local interest with which it was desirable that the chief speaker should be acquainted. It is a trying ordeal at the best of times to fill the position of stop-gap in place of a deservedly popular favourite, and this good cleric did not dispel the nervousness I felt by descanting at length on the charms as a public speaker of Mr. Byron Reed, of whom he was evidently an enthusiastic admirer, and on the disappointment to the assembly which his absence would occasion. However, he took some comfort in the reflection that Mr. Reed was a man of sense, and would be certain not to send an utter duffer to represent him. When the meeting was over, and I was leaving the tent, my clerical friend was waiting for me. "There is a working-man who wants to speak to you," said he, and he took me off a little distance to where the gentleman in question was standing. He was a big burly north-countryman, who could have taken Byron Reed up in one hand and me in the other and held us both at arm's length with scarcely an effort. gentleman wasted no words. Gripping my right hand in his as with an iron vice, he said, "Mon, I should like to hear thee in a chāpel," and that was all. manner and the warmth and strength of his salutation, I took his aspiration for a compliment, but he may have implied that my speech was as dull as a sermon. any rate, if my discourse on that day would be considered to be suitable for delivery in a chapel, the worshippers must be treated to some strange examples of pulpit oratory in that district.

It is not often that I write out a speech, much less learn one off by heart, but I did so once, with the result, as it happened, of grievously offending some leading Conservatives who supported me on the platform. I had been asked to give an address to the members of a Conservative association in a fashionable town in the Midlands. In order to save myself trouble I wrote out my speech, and when

I had completed it found that, what with reading it over in the course of composition, I knew it by heart sufficiently to be able, with the aid of a cue or two on half a sheet of notepaper, to dispense with the manuscript. But I took the latter with me for the benefit of the reporters, and as I passed by the table at which they were seated on my way to the platform

speech at one meeting, took the opportunity of earning an extra fee by reporting the speakers at the other meeting as well. Now my chairman was an influential man in the neighbourhood, and was well supported by several notabilities of more or less repute. These gentlemen had prepared neat speeches, the chairman was really eloquent in his introductory



"MON, I SHOULD LIKE TO HEAR THEE IN A CHAPEL."

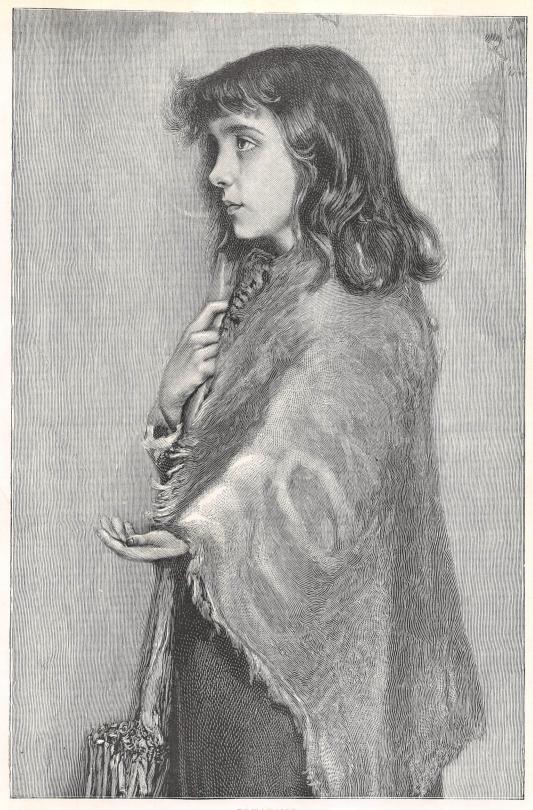
I threw the written speech upon it and said, "You need not trouble to report me, gentlemen: you will find my address there." They thanked me profusely, and in a few minutes left the room in a body. It appeared that a temperance meeting was held on the same evening in another part of the town, and the reporters, having secured the principal No. 143. August, 1895.

remarks, and the movers and seconders of resolutions performed their parts with marked effect, consequently great was their disgust, I was afterwards told, when, on opening the leading local paper, they found an admirable résumé of my address, and nothing else but a string of names.

Talking of local celebrities and matters of local interest, I may give a word of

caution founded on my own experience. One always likes on going to a strange place to speak to be put au courant with local affairs and local feeling, not merely in order to avoid treading on people's toes, but also that one may, to use a music-hall term, bring in with effect a topical allusion or two. Some years ago I was to speak at a Conservative meeting in support of a gentleman, whom I will call Brown-Jones, who had for many years represented the constituency in Parliament. Now I had a fixed impression in my mind, how or whence derived I cannot now remember, that this elderly gentleman, whom I had never seen before, had served with distinction in the Royal Navy, and was actually an admiral on the retired list. So, thought I, a little local colour at the outset of my speech would tell well with the audience, to whom I was a complete stranger, and put me on good terms with them. Consequently I began by expressing the great gratification I felt at being privileged to speak on behalf of their old and tried representative. Admiral Brown-Jones. An ominous silence welcomed this exordium-a silence which should have warned me that, to use a not inappropriate metaphor in this connection, I was on the wrong But I perversely stuck to my point. "Gentlemen," I continued, "the presence in the House of Commons of naval men of the experience and ability of your honoured member is of incalculable advantage to the British nation." this juncture I felt a violent tug at my coat-tails, and turning round faced Brown-Jones himself, who, fuming with rage, exclaimed in a whisper that every one could hear, "What are you talking about? I never was in the navy in my life!" I fumbled out of my blunder in some fashion, but the edge was taken off my speech from that moment.





PLEADING.
BY EDWARD PATREY.

TALES OF THE THAMES.

MARYGOLD.

By MAX PEMBERTON.

which lies below Harts Wood Hill, it was plain to me that the Honourable Humphrey was not in his bed. Such a tow-row and a din I had not heard in Ye Daisy Belle these six months and more. Twenty carpenters might well have been at work in the one cabin of that rotting old tub which was his home. No mock seaman upon a variety stage ever roared a more discordant song than the Honourable one then treated himself to. The aureola of light before his windows

was worthy of a regatta.

Midnight was struck upon the clocks at Pangbourne as I rowed past the islands. A warming westerly wind had scattered the mists and conjured up a little ocean of bubbling waves. The woods took the shape of castles and strongholds set upon black hills; the wash of the water over the sedge grasses was a dirge, very mournful and lonely to hear. I had not looked to find company upon the Thames at such an hour, least of all the company of the Honourable one. Rare was the day when he could afford a candle against the dark; rare the occasion when he had not fuddled away his wits with any drink that he could get long before ten o'clock struck. But here he was at midnight hammering away like a blacksmith at his business; and so well possessed of his senses that he could remember the whole of a stanza.

In my astonishment at the discovery, I had let the skiff drift, and now she had run into a dark pool lying very black beneath the great chestnut-tree at the head of the reach. It was some minutes' work with the right scull to get her to the stream again; and when I had pulled up to Ye Daisy Belle the miscellaneous entertainment of music and wood-chopping was no longer to be heard. But all the blinds of the house-boat—for so it must be styled—were drawn up; and the Honourable one was plainly to be seen. I observed then that he had begged or borrowed, probably from the cottagers on

the opposite shore, no less than four tin paraffin lamps; and with these to light him he was fairly occupied in the decoration of his saloon. Here and there upon the walls he had nailed a few of his own sketches-pretty suggestions of genius that were never more than suggestions. From the rail above his windows, a pair of vellow muslin curtains, woefully creased in the hanging, fluttered upon the freshening breeze. His dozen of crack-backed books, which lay usually face down upon the floor, were now dusted and set upon a rack. There was a great bunch of buttercups upon the table; another bunch of marsh marigold which he was then arranging in an old pewter pot brought down by him years ago from Oxford, as I knew. And as if all these things were not strange enough, his own attire was sufficiently ludicrous to serve a clown at a fair. For he wore nothing else than an old tattered dressing-gown and the relics of an opera-hat which had survived the epoch of his respectability.

"Boat ahoy!"

He knew me at the first hail, and came running out upon his gangway, wearing no socks, but only a pair of heelless carpet slippers."

"Jack," said he, "is that you?"

"My own self," said I.

"The very man I wanted," cried he, running back to the cabin. "I've a present to make you. Catch that."

He threw something heavy into my skiff, and it hit me on the leg. When I had finished the whole of the expression thus drawn from me, I found that it was a bottle of Scotch whisky.

"Did you catch it?" he asked, appearing at the window again a moment

rater.

"With my shin," said I, "but what

the---

"Look out, there's another coming," he went on, "two, three, four—one green Chartreuse and one cognac. Have you got it all aboard?"



"MY OWN SELF," SAID I

"Humphrey," said I, unable to make anything out of it, "you've been-

"Exactly," said he, "I haven't touched a spoonful since six o'clock. I've been Surprise you, eh? Well, being sober. come aboard and look round. Man, I'm

just a born carpenter."

Late as it was, I pulled the gig up to his steps and made fast the painter. There was such a strange suggestion of suppressed excitement about the always mysterious Humphrey that I determined to probe the matter there and then. And I had not been in his tiny saloon a minute when he told me the whole of it.

"Jack," said he, "do you remember

Marygold?"

"What, the tow-haired girl in the 'fit-

up' company?"

"Yes; but I don't call it that myself.

I'll show you her picture."

He led the way to the tiniest of little bed-rooms wherein a single candle was The whole place had been burning. scoured until its boards were as white as paper; the sheets upon the bed were new and of fine linen; a pretty pair of muslin curtains hung down from the windows; there was a big jar of purple orchis set upon the washstand. But the chief ornament of the apartment was a sketch in crayons of the lady I had styled the "tow-haired girl in the fit-up company." It was the first complete thing of Humphrey Duncan's I had ever seen. All else had been genius in drink. But the art of this was not to be denied. It was plain to a layman like myself. A work to call exclamations from critics—a work in which soul was to be read, the whole soul of a man breathed out in beauteous thoughts of shape and colour. And now it was hung in a dark wood frame over the little bed, and the eyes of the man were fixed upon it in surpassing love.

"Is it like her?" he asked, when some

minutes had passed without a word.

"It is like what she might have been," said I, for the thing was almost an absurd

"I don't agree to that," said he, and

there was some anger in his voice.

"But it's obvious, my dear fellow," said I; "the woman never had those eyes."

"Jack," said he, suddenly becoming very serious, "don't speak of her like that. I'm going to marry her to-morrow."

Any comment upon my lips stood dumb. If he had told me that he was going to hang himself, he could not have surprised me more. Even the soft note in his own voice was pitiable to hear. I knew then

in his tipsy musings he had conjured up from a very slut of the theatre this ideal of purity and of grace; had made of a white face and a yellow wisp of hair this ethereal creature, who now looked down upon him from his canvas. And to-morrow night he would carry home the real to share this dismal cabin, this mite of a house-boat where alone he had a pillow for his head or a crust to eat. No effort of folly could have devised an enterprise more grotesque.

"Come," said he, still holding up the candle for me to see the face, "aren't you

going to congratulate me?"

"To congratulate you—why I never thought of that, but, of course——"
"You don't," said he; "well, I'll do

what I can with the other thing."

He set down the light brusquely, and led the way back to his sitting-room, still full of the flowers for which he had been finding vases. I thought that he brushed some of these out of his way rather roughly; but he was only looking for his pipe, and when he had lighted it he sat in his one basket armchair and smoked furiously.

"Jack," said he, when I had watched him for some minutes, "you don't understand me. It would be odd if you did. What am I, in Heaven's name? Is there any poor devil on God's earth more

lonely?"

I did not like to ask him whose fault that was, and presently he went on with it.

"Very well, then; seeing no man cares the snap of his fingers for me, why should I care the snap of my fingers for any man? Is that logic or is it not?"

"It's quite unanswerable," said I.

"Of course it is. You must know yourself what a good woman may be to any man. And why not to me?"

I felt a little shudder ripple upon me when he spoke of a "good woman," but

I held my tongue.

"Why not to me," he rambled on, with the wandering thoughts of the dipsomaniac. "God knows, there's little here to keep any man from himself! When she comes, Jack, it will be different."

"Let's hope it will, old man."

"My bit will go farther with no slate at The Willows against me," he continued, "and if I can finish a picture or two, we'll do very well. I've made a good beginning to-night, you must admit."

"Capital! I sha'n't be able to walk

for three days."

"And this time it's business. You don't suppose I'd break my word to her." "She has your word, then?"

"Well, not exactly that. She never asked it, you see. But I'm giving it her in intention, which is the same thing. That's why I threw the liquor overboard."

"And you really meant what you said

about to-morrow?"

"Meant it? Good God, I meant it

you 'll soon know it. It's astonishing what a woman can do in a place with a few yards of ribbon and a handful of flowers. I saw her room up at The Swan the other day, and it was a picture. A neater little thing does not breathe. Oh, it's horrible to think of the life she's led with those



"IS IT LIKE HER?" HE ASKED.

with all my heart and soul! You may come to the church, if you like."

"Thanks, but I'm booked to fish the

Kennet."

"Well, lend me your gig anyway; there's no seat in my dinghy. I should like her to find things a bit smart, Jack. I'm not much of a tidy man myself, and there isn't much here to please any woman. Still, I've done something, and I'll do more before morning. And when she's here

ranting cads about her all day. Thank God, that will be done with to-morrow."

"Does she like the idea of having her home in a house-boat?" I ventured to ask.

He laughed merrily.

"That's what I've got to ask her," he said. "You see, she thinks I'm staying up at the hotel in Goring. I've kept the old ship as a surprise for her. But she knows I'm a poor man; I wouldn't hide that from her, Jack."

"And she doesn't mind the prospect of living on a hundred a year?"

He looked a little pained.

"I don't put it to her quite like that. You must admit that I can make a few hundreds if I take to work seriously; and, of course, I shall do that now. There will be something to work for, and I must look ahead and think of the day when there may be more than two people to provide for here. Eh, old man, these things will happen."

"Of course they will. You're right to be prudent. But it's all very sudden, Humphrey. I didn't know you'd met her

more than half-a-dozen times.'

"Ah, there you're wrong. I was down with her pretty well a fortnight at Aldershot, and after that at Hastings. We saw a good deal of each other in the winter. She's a good girl, that I know, and I shall be a better man when I'm married to her."

I did not dare, in answer to this earnest assurance, to tell him that I had my doubts; and after I had sat awhile listening to all his excited hopes, I remembered that it must be one o'clock, and rose to go. His last word was to remind me that he would want my gig at ten o'clock, the wedding being appointed for half-past ten at Whitchurch; and with that I rowed off to my own house-boat, then lying above Pangbourne. There was a heavy white mist now steaming in the reach, and the whole weight of the night seemed to lie cold upon the river, so that I was very glad to get into the cabin and to the supper which my man had not forgotten to spread upon the table. And when I had lighted my pipe, and had settled in the chair, I fell again to thinking of the Honourable Humphrey.

Humphrey Duncan his whole name was. The second son of Lord Yardley, the man's life had been a record of waste since the day they sent him down from Merton for persistent drunkenness. When London had done with him, and there was not a Jew remaining from whom he could get a five-pound note, his friends came together for that which they called a final settlement of his case. They agreed to allow him one hundred pounds a year if he would submit to perpetual exile from town and all those old haunts wherein he had cut such a sorry figure. Since his thirtieth year-and that was thirty-six months ago-he had lived alone upon the miserable barge-like house-boat which he called Ye Daisy Belle. There, no man or woman came near him. Save for myself and such company as he found at the neighbouring inns, he was utterly alone. The solitude and the shame of his position added fire to his craving. A pleasant, big-hearted, by no means uncultured man when sober, he was now a confirmed dipsomaniac. Nothing but absolute confinement could have drawn him from the gulf into which he had plunged. An optimist would have given him a couple of years of life; a pessimist three months. And this was the man who was about to throw in his lot with a tow-haired chorus girl, and to begin life anew under the

inspiration of her painted face.

From any point of view, this wild idea of Humphrey's seemed little less than a tragedy. The man had one foot in the grave; he was the victim of a mania which was in itself a disease and not a vice. What money he was possessed of sufficed barely for his own wants. It was horrible to contemplate the moment when he would carry home this chit of a girl to add to his burdens. That she would save him from himself was not to be thought of. day for such a redemption was long Nor did I deceive myself with the hope that she was the kind of creature who could bring the smallest influence to bear upon any man. The more I thought of it, in fact, the more I pitied him. He was going to his death quick enough as it was; it was appalling to remember that a child of his might come to that desperate heritage of weakness and mania. resolution to leave the drink alone could be nothing less than a farce. I had heard him take it a dozen times in a month. It heralded his Christmas debauch; it was the strength of his midsummer madness. And he had never to my knowledge held to it three days together. What hope, then, could there be for him under conditions of deeper poverty and new responsibilities?

These thoughts and others kept me from my bed that night. At four o'clock, when the sun rose, I was still smoking in my cabin. The picture of the lonely man working there to make his poor boat gay haunted me. With all his follies and repulsive weaknesses, there was in him that which men love in their friends. Hung about as he was with the dead branches of searching vices and wrecked hopes, a certain sap of nobility and of goodheartedness yet flowed in his veins. His fine figure and clear-cut face, still to be called handsome, unquestionably intellectual, only added to the pity of it. The exacting ideal he had conjured up out of the very dull reality of the theatre spoke

of that tenderness and respect with which he had treated all women. I had never shut my eyes to the fact that I felt a sincere friendship for him; but what to do to help him in this, the last crisis of his life as it must be, I knew no more than the dead.

At a quarter past four o'clock, finding no answer to the enigma, I went upstairs and lay down in a steamer-chair. A warm westerly breeze had come up again with the sun, and the sweetness of the morning was exhilarating beyond experience. light airs brought delicious perfumes on their breath; the field against which my ship was moored was ablaze with marshmarigold; countiess dusky purple snake'sheads gave colour to the waving grasses of The very solitude, the the backwater. lap of the little waves in the pool, the first warmth of a May sun, the note of birds in the near woods, the sport of the rising chub, the deserted towing-path, the shuttered cottages—all these helped to that sense of perfect rest which is the best of the river's unnumbered gifts. But the thought of the man yonder and of his tragedy kept me from sleep. I found myself saying, this thing must not be; I began to wonder what his plight would be a week, a month hence. Would his friends continue to pay him the pittance under these new conditions? How long would his Marygold suffer the hardships of her home? What would become of him when she went back to her old occupations? And yet, was it business of mine? Prudence answered, "No."

As I sat upon the roof of my ship, I could see Ye Daisy Belle moored up there where the river bends towards the islands. Smoke rising from the tin chimney of the kitchen told me that Humphrey was still awake. I beheld him presently carrying pots of ferns to the roof, and busy in his endeavour to mend the tattered awning. The flimsy curtains with which he had decorated his saloon now streamed out straight in the breeze. The man himself had put on an old Merton coat and white flannels. I was glad to see his activity, and to remember that all the drink he had aboard was safe in my own gig. would be sober at any rate upon his wedding-day.

When I had watched him thus a little while, and had concluded that he must go on as he would for anything I could do, the strong air of morning got the better of me, and I slept in the chair. Humphrey himself eventually awoke me somewhere about the hour of half-past five. He

had sculled himself down in his dinghy, and now hailed me with a strength of voice above the ordinary.

"Jack, ahoy! You lazy old beggar,

get up, or I'll shy a boot at you."

I rubbed my eyes and asked him what he wanted.

"Are you forgetting it's my weddingday," said he, "and you asleep when you should be wishing me luck? Look at the sunrise; isn't it beautiful? Jack, I feel

twenty again."

He sprang upon the ladder and came up to me. His face was flushed and his eyes were very bright. I saw that he had changed his dress again, and wore the only black coat he had possessed for five years. A buttonhole of rosebuds helped him to smartness; but his patent leather boots were woefully seedy, and his shirt-cuffs were frayed beyond concealment.

"Old man," said he, when he had come up to me, "I haven't slept a wink all night for thinking of Marygold. I can't believe it's true that she's coming to me even now. That's the way of it. Life has cheated me pretty often; but if it cheats me to-day, my God, I shall go mad! You can't know what that girl is to me; I tremble when I touch her hands. I don't believe there's been a minute for a month past when I haven't seen her face near mine. It seems to be another world to think of her."

He went on in the same excited strain for some time, then suddenly reminded me of my promise to lend him the gig.

"I wouldn't fancy bringing her home in that dirty old tub, you see," said he, "and you can think that I'd like to put the best side on things to-day. She's coming over from Oxford by the nine fifteen, and we shall have a bit of a breakfast at the Elephant after. Her company was playing at Oxford last night, and she's bringing over half-a-dozen of her friends to see her They're not the kind of men you and I like, but that can't be helped to-day. I shall take care that she keeps out of their way after this. It's pretty bad to remember that she was ever with such a lot, but what can you say? A girl can't starve, and she's no people. It will be different when we're together. she likes the old place, we'll soon make it what it should be. If you'll let me have the gig now, I could smarten it up with a few flowers against her coming. I'm sure you'll do this for me, Jack."

I told him that he might have the gig, and he hurried away to decorate her. He was so wound up that his hand shook while he fixed the stretcher; and it was then that I remembered the present he had made me overnight. The liquor still lay where he had tossed it, and I called out to him to hand it up to me.

"You'd better make a sort of bailiff of that," said I; "I'm rather jealous of my

presents."

"Quite right," he cried; "I shall be

the better without it."

With this he handed the stuff up to me,

"You see," he went on, "she might be ill. It would be cruel, don't you think, Jack, to have nothing about?"

"I-I never thought of that."

"Then I'll take it. Good luck to you, old man. When I see you again, she'll be my wife."

He rowed away rapidly, leaving me with unspoken words upon my lips. It was not until he was out of hail that the whole of the responsibility I had taken upon myself



A BLATANT CAD WAS HAMMERING AT THE CABIN DOOR WITH A STICK.

bottle by bottle, until there remained but one of cognac, of which the cork had been drawn. A glass of the spirit had been drunk, perhaps, and when he observed this, he paused.

"Don't you think I ought to have a little brandy in the house?" he asked.

His question struck upon my ear like a strange suggestion. I had only to command and he would leave the brandy with me. For a moment a whole freshet of reasoning rushed upon my brain. But I remained dumb.

began to be a burden. Had I done well to let him go? Was there any happiness for him with this woman? Would marriage help him? Again, I reasoned as I had reasoned during the night; again, the answer was the same. I could only mutter, "God help him," and go to my bed!

At twelve o'clock, my man knocked upon my bed-room door, and told me that strange things were happening at *Ye Daisy Belle*.

"There's two boat-loads of theatricals gone up the river, Sir," said he, "and now they're calling for Mister Duncan. I rather fancy he don't hear 'em, Sir."

I jumped from my bunk and began to dress. "Is there a lady with the party, Robert?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"I didn't see any of that kind," he replied; "there's a woman in red—"

I interrupted him sharply. "And Mr. Duncan?"

"Don't ask me that, Sir; you may guess how he is."

A few minutes later, I sculled to Ye Daisy

Belle in Humphrey's dinghy. Half-a-dozen skiffs were drifting around the wretched hulk. In one of them the woman named Marygold was screeching coarse abuse with all her lungs. A blatant cad, in a long grey overcoat and a low hat, was hammering at the cabin door with a stick. Three more of the same order were swelling the chorus and consoling the girl. But the Honourable Humphrey lay insensible upon his sofa.

I turned the gang away with threats of the police, and then put the man to bed. Nor was the burden of my responsibility any longer a heavy one.





THE DRINKING-FOUNTAIN.—By W. C. T. Dobson, R.A. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Graves, Pall Mall, S.W.



MOORLAND THE ARCADIAN DONKEY BY GRANT ALLEN

N the slope by the mountain-ashes, where the ridge curves downward into the combe with the plantation of young larch-trees, I met Peter Rashleigh leading his donkey — Arcades ambo. "Jenny looks fat enough, Peter," I said with a nod as I passed on the narrow footpath; "and yet there isn't much grass up here for her to feed upon." "Lard bless your soul, Sir," Peter answered with an expansive smile, "grass ain't what she wants. It don't noways agree with her. She's all the better with bracken and furzen-tops." Furzen-tops is good, like mobled queen. And I believe he was right. too. Jenny's ancestors from all time have been unaccustomed to rich meadow-feeding, and when their descendants nowadays are turned out into a field of clover they overeat themselves at once, and suffer agonies of mind from the unexpected repletion.

All the dwellers on our moor in like manner are poor relations, so to speak, as the horse is to the donkey. They are losers in the struggle for life, yet not quite hopeless losers; creatures that have adapted themselves to the worst positions, which more favoured and successful races could not endure for a moment. The naked Fuegian picks up a living somehow among snow and ice on barren rocks, where a well-clad European would starve and freeze, finding nothing to subsist upon. Just so on the moor; heather, furze, and bracken eke out a precarious livelihood on the sandy soil where grasses and garden flowers die

out at once, unless we artificially enrich the earth for them with leaf-mould from the bottoms and good manure from the farmyards.

More than that, you may take it as a general rule that where grass will grow there is no chance for heather. Not that the heather doesn't like rich soil, and flourish in it amazingly—when it can get it. If you sow it in garden borders, and keep it well weeded, it will thrive apace as it never throve in its poor native loam, among the stones and rubble. But the weeding is the secret of its success under such conditions. It isn't that the heather won't grow in rich soil, any more than that beggars can't live on pheasant; but grasses and dandelions, daisies and clovers, can easily give it points in such spots, and beat it. In a very few weeks you will find the

lowland plants have grown tall and lush, while the poor distanced heather has been overtopped and crowded out by its sturdier competitors. That is the reason why waterside irises or Alpine gentians will grow in garden beds under quite different circumstances from those under which we find them in the state of nature; the whole secret lies in the fact that we restrict competition. Cultivation means merely digging out the native herbs, and keeping them out, once ousted, in favour of other plants which we choose to protect against all their rivals. In rich lowland soils the grasses and other soft succulent herbs outgrow such tough shrubs as ling and Scotch heather. But in the povertystricken loam of the uplands, the grasses and garden weeds find no food to batten upon; and there the heather, to the manner born, gets at last a fair field and no favour. It is adapted to the moors as the camel is to the desert; both have been driven to accommodate themselves to a wretched and thirsty environment; but both have made a virtue of necessity, and risen to the occasion with commendable

Everything about the heather shows long-continued adaptation to arid conditions. Its stems are wiry; its leaves are small, very dry, uninviting as foodstuffs,

in every way as to defy evaporation. Rain sinks so rapidly through the sandy soil the plant inhabits that it does its best to economise every drop, just as we human inhabitants of the moorland economise it by constructing big tanks for the storage of the rain-water that falls on our rooftrees. Warping winds sweep ever across the wold with parching effect; so the heather makes its foliage small, square, and thickly covered by a hard epidermis as a protection against undue or excessive dryness. It aims at being drought-proof. Its purple bells, in like manner, instead of being soft and fleshy, as is the case with the corollas of meadow-blossoms like the corn-poppy, or woodland flowers like the wild hyacinth, are hard and dry, so as to waste no water; dainty waxen petals like those of the dog-rose or the cherry-blossom

would wilt and wither at once before the

harsh, dry blasts that career unchecked

over the open moorland. Yet the heatherbells, though quite dead and papery to the

touch, are brilliantly coloured to attract

the upland bees, and form such wide

patches of purple and pink as you can

nowhere match among the largely wind-

fertilised herbage of the too grass-green

curled under at the edge, and so arranged

water - meadows. Upland conditions, indeed, always produce rich flowers: the most beautiful flora in Europe is that of the Alps, just below the snow-line; it has been developed by the stray Alpine moths and butterflies. Larger masses of colour are needed to attract these free-flying insects than serve to catch the eyes of the more business-like and regular bees who go their rounds in lowland districts.

Is not the donkey himself a product of somewhat similar conditions? Oriental in his origin, he seems to be merely the modern representative of those ancestral horses which did not succeed in the struggle for existence. Every intermediate stage has now been discovered between the true horses with their flowing tails and silky coats, and the true donkeys with their tufted tails and shaggy hair, the middle terms being chiefly found in the northern plains of Asia. Now, our horses, I take it, are the descendants of those original horse-and-donkey-like creatures which took to the grassy meadows, and so waxed fat and kicked, and developed exceedingly; while our donkeys, I imagine, are the poor, patient offspring of those less lucky brothers or cousins which were pushed by degrees into the deserts and arid hills, and there grew accustomed to a very sparse diet of the essentially prickly and thorny shrubs which always inhabit such spots, just as gorse and heather inhabit our British uplands. That is why the donkey thrives so excellently to this day on thistles and nettle-tops: they represent the ancestral food of his kind for many generations. Certainly, at the present time, wherever we find horses wild it is in broad, grass-clad plains or steppes or pampas; wherever we find donkeys or donkey-like animals wild, it is among desert or half-desert rocks and on arid hillsides. It would seem as though the horse was in the last resort a donkey grown big and strong by dint of good living and free space to roam over; while the donkey, on the other hand, is in the last resort a horse grown small and ill-proportioned through want of good food and insufficient elbow-room. It is noteworthy that in small islands like the Shetlands small breeds of horses are developed in adaptation to the environment; though, the food being still good pasture in a well-watered country, they retain in most respects their horse-like aspect. But a vengeance o' Jenny's case! I have wandered far afield from Peter Rashleigh's donkey, to have got so soon into evolutionary biology!

A LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE.

It isn't often a man can stand at his own drawing - room window and be the interested spectator at a combat of wild beasts, where one antagonist not only conquers, but also fairly devours the other! Yet such Roman sport I have just this moment been unlucky enough to witness. Unlucky enough, I say, because the victor did not first kill and then eat his victim, as any combatant with a spark

poor unsuspicious annelid, feeling the joy of spring stir in his sluggish veins, comes to the surface for a moment in search of those fallen leaves which form the staple of his blameless vegetarian diet. No mole shakes the earth; the sod is fresh and moist; here seems a propitious moment for an above-ground excursion. So the earthworm pokes out his head and peers around him inquiringly; peers, I venture to say, blind beast though he be,



HE WRIGGLES AND SQUIRMS, BUT ALL IN VAIN.

of chivalry in his nature would have done, but slowly chewed him up alive before my eyes, with no more consideration for the feelings of the vanquished than if the unfortunate creature had been a vegetable. I don't mean to pretend it was tiger versus cobra. The assailant was a thrush, the defender an earthworm. Now, thrushes, we all know, are sweet songsters when they have dined. Has not George Meredith hymned them, as Shelley the skylark? But if you want to see the poetry taken clean out of a thrush, just watch him as he catches and devours an earthworm! The

because his method of feeling his way and exploring by touch is so human and inquisitive. But embodied Fate is on the watch, silent, keen-eyed, immovable; and no sooner does that slimy soul poke his nose above the ground than the thrush is upon him, quick and deadly as lightning. In one second the creature feels himself seized by one of his scaly rings, held fast in an iron vice, and slowly chewed piecemeal with the utmost deliberation. He wriggles and squirms, but all in vain; the thrush munches calmly on, now with this side of his bill, now that, drawing the worm ring by ring

from the soil to which he desperately clings, and enjoying him as he goes with

most evident gusto.

Both are intruders here. When first we came to our hill-top there were no thrushes and no earthworms, no housemartins and no sparrows. But the building of one simple red-tiled cottage set up endless changes in the fauna and flora. A whole revolution was inaugurated over a realm of three acres. The house-martins were the first to come; they settled in before us. Ancestral instinct has taught them to know well that where a house is built there will be eaves to nest under, and people will inhabit it, who throw about meat and fruit, which attract the flies; and flies are the natural diet of house-martins. The sparrows came next; but the thrushes loitered longer. And the manner of their

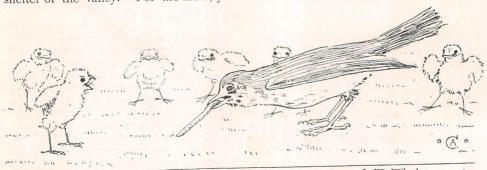
coming was after this fashion. The powers that be had decided on a tennis-lawn. Previously nothing but heather and gorse spread over the hilltop; that is the native vegetation of this light sandstone upland. But in order to have tennis you must needs have a sward; so, much against the grain, we grubbed up wild heath enough to make a court, and sowed it for a tennis-lawn. Grass cannot grow, however, on such poor light soil as suits heather best, so we imported a few cartloads of mould and manure from a farm in the valley. With the mould came worms, who, finding a fair field, began to be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth with laudable rapidity. Few or no earthworms live in the shallow sand of the open moor; and, though a mole or two can just eke out a precarious living here and there in the softer and grassier hollows—I see their mounds every day as I cross the common—worms were not nearly abundant enough to tempt the epicurean and greedy thrushes from the shelter of the valley. For the mole, you

see, goes out hunting underground on the trail of the earth-worm; but the thrush must needs depend upon the few stray stragglers which come to the surface

morning and evening. No sooner had worms begun to make castings on the lawn, however, than some Columbus thrush discovered a new world was opened to him. He and his mate took formal possession of the patch of green, which they hold as their own, using it regularly as a private huntingground. Every other tennis-lawn in the neighbourhood similarly supports its pair of thrushes, as (according to the poet) every rood of ground in England once "maintained its man." One of our neighbours has three lawns, terraced off in steps, and each has been annexed by a particular thrush family, which holds it stoutly against all comers. It is a curious sight in spring, when the nestlings are young, to see the parent birds going carefully over the ground—surveying it in squares, as it were, the cock a little in front, the hen hopping after him at some distance on one side, and making sure that not an inch of the superficial area remains unhunted. They eat many snails, too, breaking the shells against big stones; and they hunt for slugs now and then in the moist ditch by the roadway. the nestlings are unfledged the industry of the elder birds is ceaseless; for they lay in early spring, and have to rear their young while food is still far from cheap or abundant. And, oh! but it is a gruesome sight to see them teaching the young idea of their kind how to tackle a worm-how to drag him from his burrow, ring after ring, as he struggles, to chop him up and mangle him till resistance and escape are absolutely hopeless, and then to devour him piecemeal. But in autumn the fierce

heart of the carnivore softens; worms being

then scarce, he condescends to berries.



· TEACHING · THE · YOUNG · IDEA

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF A MINISTER OF FRANCE.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

KING. THE CAT AND THE

T was in the spring of the year 1609 that at the King's instance I had a suite of apartments fitted up for him at the Arsenal, that he might visit me whenever it pleased him, without putting my family to inconvenience; in another place will be found an account of the six thousand crowns a year which he was so obliging as to allow me for this purpose. He honoured me by using these rooms, which consisted of a hall, a chamber, a wardrobe, and a closet, two or three times in the course of that year, availing himself of my attendants and cook; and the free opportunities of consulting me on the Great Undertaking which this plan afforded led me to hope that notwithstanding the envy of my detractors, he would continue to adopt it. That he did not do so, nor ever visited me after the close of that year, was due not so much to the lamentable event, soon to be related, which within a few months deprived France of her greatest sovereign, as to a strange matter that attended his last stay with me. I have since had cause to think that this did not receive at the time as much attention as it deserved; and have even imagined that had I groped a little deeper into the mystery I might have found a clue to the future as well as the past, and averted one more, and the last, danger from my beloved master. But Providence would not have it so; a slight indisposition under which I was suffering at the time rendered me less able, both in mind and body, the result being that Henry, who was always averse to the publication of these ominous episodes, and held that being known they bred the like in mischievous minds, had his way, the case ending in no more than the punishment of a careless rascal.

On the occasion of this last visit—the third, I think, that he paid me—the King, who had been staying at Chantilly, came to me from Lusarche, where he lay the intervening night. My coaches went to

meet him at the gates a little before noon, but he did not immediately arrive, and being at leisure and having assured myself that the dinner of twelve covers, which he had directed to be ready, was in course of preparation, I went with my wife to inspect his rooms and satisfy myself that every-

thing was in order.

They were in charge of La Trape, a man of address and intelligence, whom I have had cause to mention more than once in the course of these memoirs. He met me at the door and conducted us through the rooms with an air of satisfaction; nor could I find the slightest fault, until my wife, looking about her with a woman's eye for minute things, paused by the bed in the chamber, and directed my attention to something on the floor.

She stooped over it. "What is this?" she asked.

e asked. "Has something been—"
"Upset here?" I said, looking also. There was a little pool of white liquid on the floor beside the bed.

La Trape uttered an exclamation of annoyance, and explained that he had not seen it before; that it had not been there five minutes earlier; and that he did not know how it came to be there now.

"What is it?" I said, looking about for some pitcher that might have overflowed,

but finding none. "Is it milk?"

"I don't know, your Excellency," he answered. "But it shall be removed at once."

"See that it is," I said. "Are the boughs in the fireplace fresh?" For the weather was still warm, and we had not lit a fire.

"Yes, your Excellency—quite fresh." "Well, see to that, and remove it," I said, pointing to the mess. "It looks ill."

And with that the matter passed from my mind—the more completely as I heard at that moment the sound of the King's approach, and went into the courtyard to receive him. He brought with him

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Roquelaure, De Vic, Erard the engineer, and some others, but none whom he did not know I should be glad to receive. He dined well, and after dinner amused himself with seeing the young men ride at the ring, and even rode a course himself with his usual skill; that being, if I remember rightly, the last occasion on which I ever saw him take a lance. Before supper he walked for a time in the hall with Sillery, for whom he had sent; and after supper, pronouncing himself tired, he dismissed all, and retired with me to his chamber. Here we had some talk on a subject that I greatly dreaded—I mean his infatuation for Madame de Condé; but about eleven o'clock he yawned, and, after thanking me for a reception which he said was quite to his mind, he bade me go to bed.

I was halfway to the door when he called me back. "Why, Grand Master," he said, pointing to the little table by the head of the bed on which his night drinks stood, "you might be going to drown me. Do you expect me to drink all these in the

night?"

"I think that there is only your posset, Sire," I said, "and the lemon-water which you generally drink."

"And two or three other things?"

"Perhaps they have given your Majesty some of the Arbois wine that you were good enough to-

"Tut-tut!" he said, lifting the cover of one of the cups. "This is not wine. It

may be a milk-posset."

"Yes, Sire; very likely," I said drowsily. "But it is not!" he answered, when he had smelled it. "It is plain milk! Come, my friend," he continued, looking drolly at me, "have you turned leech, or I babe in arms that you put such strong liquors before me? However, to show you that I have some childish tastes left, and am not so depraved as you have been trying to make me out for the last hour—I will drink your health in it. It would serve you right if I made you pledge me in the same liquor!"

The cup was at his lips when I sprang forward, and, heedless of ceremony, caught his arm. "Pardon, Sire!" I cried in sudden agitation. "If that is milk I gave no order that it should be placed here, and I know nothing of its origin. I beg that you will not drink it until I have made

some inquiry."

"They have all been tasted?" he asked, still holding the cup in his hand with the lid raised, but looking at it gravely.

"They should have been," I answered. "But La Trape, whom I made answerable for that, is outside. I will go and question him. If you will wait, Sire, a moment-

"No," Henry said. "Have him here." I gave the order to the pages who were waiting outside, and in a moment La Trape appeared, looking startled and uncomfortable. Naturally, his first glance was given to the King, who had taken his seat on the edge of the bed, but still held the cup in his hand. After asking the King's permission, I said, "What drinks did you place on the table here,

He looked more uncomfortable at this; but he answered boldly enough that he had served a posset, some lemon-water,

and some milk.

"But orders were given only for the

lemon-water and the posset," I said.
"True, your Excellency," he answered. "But when I went to the pantry hatch to see the under-butler carry up the tray, I found that the milk was on the tray, and I supposed that you had given another order."

"Possibly Madame de Sully," the King said, looking at me, "gave the order to

add it?"

"She would not presume to do so, Sire," I answered sternly. "Nor do I in the least understand the matter. But at one thing we can easily arrive. tasted all of these, man?"

La Trape said he had.

"You drank a quantity, a substantial quantity of each—according to the orders given to you?" I persisted.

"Yes, your Excellency."
But I caught a guilty look in his eyes, and in a gust of rage I cried out that he lied. "The truth!" I thundered, in a terrible voice. "The truth, you villain! you did not taste all?"

"I did, your Excellency; as God is above, I did!" he answered. But he had grown pale, and he looked at the King in

a terrified way. "You did?"

"Yes!"

Yet I did not believe him, and I was about to give him the lie again, when the King intervened. "Quite so," he said to La Trape with a smile. "You drank, my good fellow, of the posset and the lemonwater, and you tasted the milk, but you did not drink of it. Is not that the whole truth?"

"Yes, Sire," he whimpered, breaking down. "But I-I gave some to a cat."

"And the cat is no worse?"

"No, Sire."

"There, Grand Master," the King said, turning to me, "that is the truth, I think. What do you say to it?"

"That the rest is simple," I answered, "He did not drink it before; but he will drink it

now. Sire."

The King, sitting on the bed: laughedandlooked at La Trape, as if his good-nature almost led him to interpose. But after a moment's hesitation he thought better of it, and handed me the cup. "Very well," he said; "he is your man. Have your way with him. After all, he should have drunk it."

"He shall drink it now, or be broken on the wheel!" I said. "Do you hear, you?" I continued, turning to him in a white heat of rage at the thought of his negligence, and the price it might have "Take cost me. it, and beware that you do not drop or spill it. For I swear that that shall not save you."

He took the cup with a pale face, and hands that shook so much that he needed both to support the vessel. He hesitated, too. so long that, had I not possessed the best of reasons for believing in his fidelity, I should have suspected him of more than negligence. The

shadow of his tall figure seemed to waver on the tapestry behind him; and with a little imagination I might have thought that the lights in the room had sunk. The soft whispering of the pages outside could be heard, and a stifled laugh; but inside

there was not a sound. He carried the cup to his lips; then he lowered it again.

I took a step forward.

He recoiled a pace, his face ghastly.
"Patience, Excellency," he said hoarsely.
"I shall drink it;

but I want to speak first."

"Speak!" the King answered.

"If there is death in it, I take God to witness that I know nothing, and knew nothing. There is some witch's work here; it is not the first time that I have come across this devil's milk to-day. But I take God to witness I know nothing! Now it is here I will drink it, and-

He did not finish the sentence, but drawing a deep breath, raised the cup to his lips. I saw the apple in his throat rise and fall with the effort he made to swallow, but he drank so slowly that it seemed to me that he would never drain the cup. Nor did he, for when he had swallowed, as far as I could judge from the tilting of the cup, about half of the milk, Henry rose suddenly and, seizing it, took it from him with his own hand.

"That will do," the Kingsaid. "Do you feel ill?"

La Trape drew a trembling hand

across his brow, on which the sweat stood in beads; but instead of answering he remained silent, gazing fixedly before him. We waited and watched, and at length, when I should think three minutes had elapsed, he changed his position for one



HE TOOK THE CUP WITH A PALE FACE, AND HANDS THAT SHOOK SO MUCH THAT HE NEEDED BOTH TO SUPPORT THE VESSEL.

of greater ease, and I saw his face relax. The unnatural pallor faded, and the open lips closed. A minute later he spoke.

"I feel nothing, Sire," he said.

The King looked at me drolly. take five minutes more," he said. "Go and stare at Judith there, cutting off the head of Holofernes"-for that was the story of the tapestry—"and come when I call you."

La Trape went to the other end of the chamber. "Well," the King said, inviting me by a sign to sit down beside him, "is it a comedy or a tragedy, my friend? Or, tell me, what was it he meant when he said

that about the other milk?"

I explained, the matter seeming so trivial now that I came to tell it—though it had doubtless contributed much to La Trape's fright—that I had to apologise.

"Still, it is odd," the King said. "These drinks were not here at that time, of

course?"

"No, Sire; they have been brought up

within the hour."

"Well, your butler must explain it." And with that he raised his voice and called La Trape back, who came, looking red and sheepish.

"Not dead yet?" the King said.

"No, Sire." "Nor ill?" "No, Sire."

"Then begone. Or stay!" Henry con-"Throw the rest of this stuff into the fireplace. It may be harmless, but I have no mind to drink it by mis-

La Trape emptied the cup among the green boughs that filled the hearth, and hastened to withdraw. It seemed to be too late to make further inquiries that night; so after listening to two or three explanations which the King hazarded, but which had all too fanciful an air in my

eyes, I took my leave and retired.

Whether, however, the scene had raised too violent a commotion in my mind, or I was already sickening for the illness I have mentioned, I found it impossible to sleep, and spent the greater part of the night in a fever of fears and forebodings. responsibility which the King's presence cast upon me lay so heavily upon my waking mind that I could not lie; and long before the King's usual hour of rising I was at his door inquiring how he did. No one knew, for the page whose turn it was to sleep at his feet had not come out; but while I stood questioning, the King's voice was heard, bidding me enter. I went in, and found him sitting up with a haggard face, which told me, before he spoke, that he had slept little better than I had. The shutters were thrown wide open, and the cold morning light poured into the room with an effect rather sombre than bright; the huge figures on the tapestry looming huger from a drab and melancholy background, and the chamber presenting all those features of disorder that in a sleeping-room lie hid at night, only to show themselves in a more vivid shape in the morning.

The King sent his page out, and bade me sit by him. "I have had a bad night," he said, with a shudder. "Grand Master, I doubt that astrologer was right, and I shall never see Germany, nor carry out my

designs."

Seeing the state in which he was, I could think of nothing better than to rally him, and even laugh at him. "You think so now, Sire," I said. "It is the cold hour. By and by, when you have broken your fast, you will think differently."

"But, it may be, less correctly," he answered; and as he sat looking before him with gloomy eyes, he heaved a deep sigh. "My friend," he said mournfully, "I want to live, and I am going to die.
"Of what?" I asked gaily.

"I do not know; but I dreamed last night that a house fell on me in the Rue de la Ferronerie, and I cannot help thinking that I shall die in that way."

"Very well," I said. "It is well to

know that."

He asked me peevishly what I meant. "Only," I explained, "that, in that case, as your Majesty need never pass through that street, you have it in your hands to live for ever."

"Perhaps it may not happen there—in

that very street," he answered.

"And perhaps it may not happen yet," I rejoined. And then, more seriously, "Come, Sire," I continued, "why this sudden weakness? I have known you face death a hundred times."

"But not after such a dream as I had last night," he said, with a grimace; yet I could see that he was already comforted. "I thought that I was passing along that street in my coach, and on a sudden, between St. Innocent's Church and the notary's—there is a notary's there?"

"Yes, Sire," I said, somewhat surprised. "I heard a great roar, and something struck me down, and I found myself pinned to the ground in darkness, with my mouth full of dust, and an immense beam on my chest. I lay for a time in agony, fighting for breath, and then my brain seemed to burst in my head, and I awoke."

"I have had such a dream, Sire," I said drily.

"Last night?"

"No," I said, "not last night."

He saw what I meant, and laughed; and being by this time quite himself, left that and passed to discussing the strange affair of La Trape and the milk. "Have you found, as yet, who was good enough to supply it?" he asked.

"No, Sire," I answered. "But I will see La Trape, and as soon as I have learned anything your Majesty shall know it."

"I suppose he is not far off now," he suggested. "Send for him. Ten to one he will have made inquiries, and it will amuse us."

I went to the door and, opening it a trifle, bade the page who waited send La Trape. He passed on the message to a crowd of sleepy attendants, and quickly, but not before I had gone back to the King's bedside, La Trape entered.

Having my eyes turned the other way, I did not at once remark anything. But the King did; and his look of astonishment, no less than the exclamation which accompanied it, arrested my attention. "St. Gris, man!" he cried. "What is the matter? Speak!"

La Trape, who had stopped just within the door, made an effort to do so, but no sound passed his lips; while his pallor and the fixed glare of his eyes filled me with the worst apprehensions. It was impossible to look at him and not share his fright, and I stepped forward and cried out to him to speak. "Answer the King, man," I said. "What is it?"

He made an effort, and with a ghastly grimace, "The cat is dead!" he said.

For a moment we were all silent. Then I looked at the King, and he at me, with gloomy meaning in our eyes. He was the first to speak. "The cat to which you gave the milk?" he said.

"Yes, Sire," La Trape answered in a voice that seemed to come from his heart.

"But still, courage!" the King cried. "Courage, man! A dose that would kill a cat may not kill a man. Do you feel ill?"

"Oh, yes, Sire," La Trape moaned.

"What do you feel?"

"I have a trembling in all my limbs, and ah—ah! my God, I am a dead man! I have a burning here—a pain like hot coals in my vitals!" And, leaning against the wall, the unfortunate man clasped his arms round his body and bent himself up and down in a paroxysm of suffering.

"A doctor! a doctor!" Henry cried, thrusting one leg out of bed. "Send for Du Laurens!" Then, as I went to the door to do so, "Can you be sick, man?" he asked. "Try!"

"No, no; it is impossible!"

"But try, try! When did this cat die?" "It is outside," La Trape groaned. He could say no more.

I had opened the door by this time, and found the attendants, whom the man's cries had alarmed, in a cluster round it. Silencing them sternly, I bade one go for M. du Laurens, the King's physician, while another brought me the cat that was dead.

The page who had spent the night in the King's chamber fetched it. I told him to bring it in, and ordering the others to let the doctor pass when he arrived. I closed the door upon their curiosity, and went back to the King. He had left his bed and was standing near La Trape, endeavouring to hearten him; now telling him to tickle his throat with a feather, and now watching his sufferings in silence, with a face of gloom and despondency that sufficiently betrayed his reflections. At sight of the page, however, carrying the dead cat, he turned briskly, and we both examined the beast which, already rigid, with staring eyes and uncovered teeth, was not a sight to cheer anyone, much less the stricken man. La Trape, however, seemed to be scarcely aware of its presence. He had sunk upon a chest which stood against the wall, and, with his body strangely twisted, was muttering prayers while he rocked himself to and fro unceasingly.

"It's stiff," the King said in a low voice. "It has been dead some hours."

"Since midnight," I muttered.

"Pardon, Sire," the page who was holding the cat said, "I saw it after midnight. It was alive then."

"You saw it!" I exclaimed. "How?

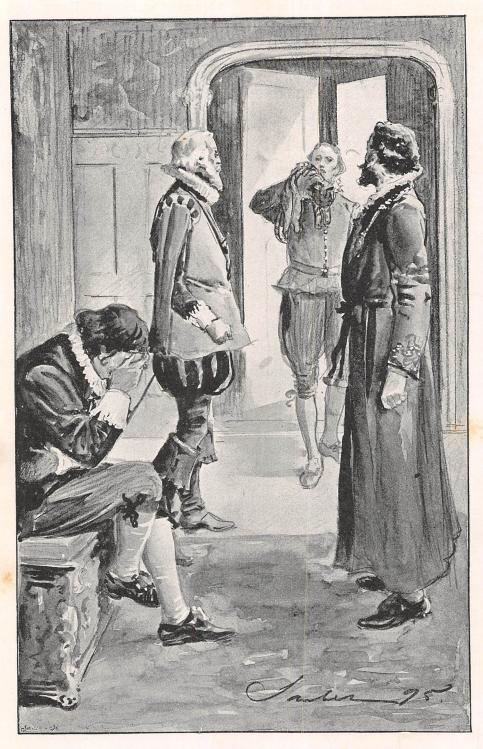
Where?"

"Here, your Excellency," the boy answered, quailing a little. "What? In this room?"

"Yes, Excellency. I heard a noise about—I think about two o'clock—and his Majesty breathing very heavily. It was a noise like a cat spitting. It frightened me, and I rose from my pallet and went round the bed. I was just in time to see the cat jump down."
"From the bed?"

"Yes, your Excellency. From Majesty's chest, I think."

"And you are sure that it was this cat?"



AT SIGHT OF THE PAGE, HOWEVER, CARRYING THE DEAD CAT, HE TURNED BRISKLY.

"Yes, Sire; for as soon as it was on the floor it began to writhe and roll and bite itself, with all its fur on end, like a mad cat. Then it flew to the door and tried to get out, and again began to spit furiously. I thought that it would awaken the King, and I let it out."

"And then the King did awake?"

"He was just awakening, your

Excellency."

"Well, Sire," I said, smiling, "this accounts, I think, for your dream of the house that fell and the beam that lay on

your chest."

It would have been difficult to say whether at this the King looked more foolish or more relieved. Whichever the sentiment he entertained, however, it was quickly cut short by a lamentable cry that drove the blood from our cheeks. La Trape was in another paroxysm. "Oh, the poor man!" Henry cried.

"I suppose that the cat came in unseen," I said, "with him last night, and then

stayed in the room?"

"Doubtless."

"And was seized with a paroxysm here?" "Such as he has now!" Henry answered, for La Trape had fallen to the "Such as he has now!" he repeated, his eyes flaming, his face pale. "Oh, my friends, this is too much. Those who do these things are devils, not men. Where is Du Laurens? Where is the doctor? He will perish before our eyes."

"Patience, Sire," I said.

come,"

"But in the meantime the man dies."

"No, no," I said, going to La Trape, and touching his hand. "Yet he is very cold." And turning, I sent the page to hasten the doctor. Then I begged the King to allow me to have the man conveyed into another room. "His sufferings distress you, Sire, and you do him no good," I said.

"No, he shall not go!" he answered. "Ventre Saint Gris! Man, he is dying for me! He is dying in my place. He shall

die here."

Still ill satisfied, I was about to press him further when La Trape raised his voice and feebly asked for me. A page who had taken the other's place was supporting his head, and two or three of my gentlemen, who had come in unbidden, were looking on with scared faces. I went to the poor fellow's side, and asked what I could do

"I am dying!" he muttered, turning up his eyes. "The doctor! the doctor!"

I feared that he was passing, but I bade him have courage. "In a moment he will be here," I said; while the King in distraction sent messenger on messenger.

"He will come too late," the sinking

man answered. "Excellency!"

"Yes, my good fellow," I said, stooping

that I might hear him the better.

"I took ten pistoles yesterday from a man to get him a scullion's place; and there is none vacant."

"It is forgiven," I said, to soothe him. "And your Excellency's favourite hound, Diane," he gasped. "She had three puppies, not two. I sold the other."

"Well, it is forgiven, my friend. It is

forgiven. Be easy," I said kindly.

"Ah, I have been a villain," he groaned. "I have lived loosely. Only last night I kissed the butler's wench, and—"

"Be easy, be easy," I said. "Here is the doctor. He will save you yet."

And I made way for M. du Laurens, who, having saluted the King, knelt down by the sick man and felt his pulse, while we all stood round, looking down on the two with grave faces. It seemed to me that the man's eyes were growing dim, and I had little hope. The King was the first to break the silence. "You have hope," he said. "You can save him?"

"Pardon, Sire, a moment," the physician answered, rising from his knees. "Where

is the cat?"

Someone brought it; and M. du Laurens, after looking at it, said curtly, "It has been

La Trape uttered a groan of despair.

"At what hour did it take the milk?"

the physician asked.

"A little before ten last evening," I said, seeing that La Trape was too far gone for speech.

"Ah! And the man?"

"An hour later."

Du Laurens shook his head, and was preparing to lay down the cat, which he had taken in his hands, when some appearance led him to examine it again, and more closely. "Why, what is this?" he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise, as he took the body to the window. "There is a large swelling under its chin."

No one answered.

"Give me a pair of scissors," he continued; and then, after a minute, when they had been handed to him, and he had removed the fur, "Ha!" he said gravely, "this is not so simple as I thought. The cat has been poisoned, but by a prick with some sharp instrument."

The King uttered an exclamation of

incredulity. "But it drank the milk," he

said. "Some milk that-

"Pardon, Sire," Du Laurens answered positively. "A draught of milk, however drugged, does not produce an external swelling with a small blue puncture in the

"What does?" the King asked, with

something like a sneer.

"Ah, that is the question," the physician answered. "A ring, perhaps, with a poison-chamber and a hollow dart."

"But there is no question of that here," I said. "Let us be clear. Do you say that the cat did not die of the milk?"

"I see no proof that it did," he answered. "And many things to show that it died of poison administered by puncture."

"But then," I answered in no little confusion of thought, "what of La

Trape?"

He turned, and with him all eyes, to the unfortunate equerry, who still lay seemingly moribund, with his head propped on some cushions. M. du Laurens advanced to him and again felt his pulse, an operation which appeared to bring a slight tinge of colour to the fading cheeks. "How much milk did he drink?" the physician asked after a pause.

"More than half a pint," I answered.

"And what besides?"

"A quantity of the King's posset and a little lemonade."

"And for supper? What did you have?" the leech continued, addressing

himself to his patient.

"I had some wine," he answered feebly. "And a little Frontignac with the butler; and some honey-mead that the gipsywench gave me."

"The gipsy-wench?"

"The butler's girl of whom I spoke."

M. du Laurens rose slowly to his feet, and, to my amazement, dealt the prostrate man a hearty kick; bidding him at the same time to rise. "Get up, fool! Get up!" he continued harshly, yet with a ring of triumph in his voice; "all you have got is the colic, and it is no more than you deserve. Get up, I say, and beg his Majesty's pardon!"

"But," the King remonstrated in a tone

of anger, "the man is dying!"

"He is no more dying than you are, Sire," the other answered. "Or, if he is, it is of fright. There, he can stand as well as you or I!"

And to be sure, as he spoke, La Trape scrambled to his feet, and with a mien between shame and doubt stood staring at us, the very picture of a simpleton. It was no wonder that his jaw fell, and his impudent face burned; for the room shook with such a roar of laughter—at first low, and then as the King joined in it, swelling louder and louder—as few of us had ever heard. Though I was not a little mortified by the way in which we had deceived ourselves, I could not help joining in the laugh, particularly as the more closely we reviewed the scene in which we had taken part, the more absurd seemed the jest. It was long before silence could be obtained; but at length Henry, quite exhausted by the violence of his mirth, held up his hand. I seized the opportunity.
"Why, you rascal!" I said, addressing

La Trape—who did not know which way to look—"where are the ten crowns of which you defrauded the scullion?"

"To be sure," the King said, going off into another roar. "And the third

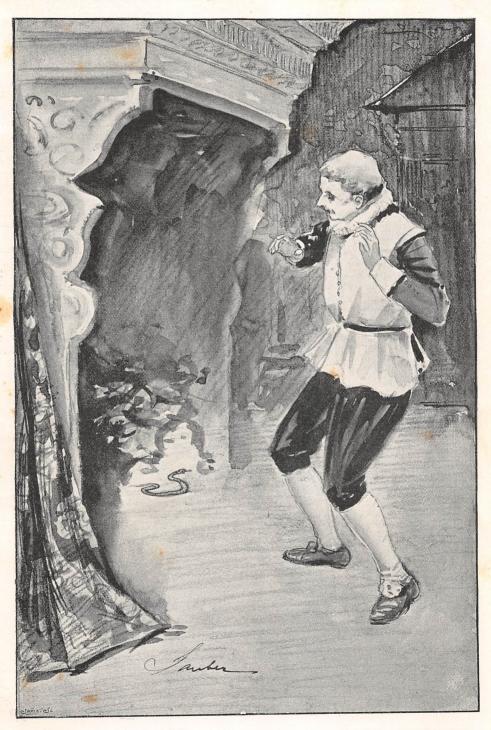
puppy?"

"Yes," I said, "you scoundrel! And the third puppy?"

"Ay, and the gipsy girl?" the King continued. "The butler's wench-what of her? And of your evil living? Begone, begone, rascal!" he continued, falling into a fresh paroxysm. "Or will you kill us in earnest. Would nothing else do for you but to die in my chamber? Begone!"

I took this as a hint to clear the room, not only of La Trape himself but of all; and presently only I and Du Laurens remained with the King. It then appeared that there was still a mystery, and one which it behoved us to clear up; inasmuch as Du Laurens took the cat's death very seriously, insisting that it had died of poison administered in a most sinister fashion, and one that could not fail to recall to our minds the Borgian Popes. It needed no more than this to direct my suspicions to the Florentines who swarmed about the Queen, and against whom the King had let drop so many threats. But the indisposition which excitement had for a time kept at bay began to return upon me, and I was presently glad to drop the subject and retire to my own apartments, leaving the King to dress.

Consequently, I was not with him when the strange discovery which followed was made. In the ordinary course of dressing, one of the servants going to the fireplace to throw away a piece of waste linen, thought that he heard a rat stir among the boughs. He moved them, and in a moment a small snake crawled out, hissing and darting out its tongue. It was killed,



AND IN A MOMENT A SMALL SNAKE CRAWLED OUT, HISSING AND DARTING OUT ITS TONGUE.

and then it at once occurred to the King that he had the secret of the cat's death. He came to me hot-foot with the news, and found me with Du Laurens, who was

in the act of ordering me to bed.

I confess that I heard the story almost with apathy, so ill was I. Not so the physician. After examining the snake, which by the King's orders had been brought for my inspection, he pronounced that it was not of French origin. "It has escaped from some snake-charmer," he said.

The King seemed to be incredulous.

"I assure you that I speak the truth, Sire," Du Laurens persisted.

"But how then did it come in my

room?"

"That is what I should like to know, Sire," the physician answered severely; "and yet I think that I can guess. It was put there, I fancy, by the person who sent up the milk to your chamber."

"Why do you say so?" Henry asked.

"Because, Sire, all snakes are inordi-

nately fond of milk."

"Ah!" the King said slowly, with a change of countenance and a shudder which he could not repress; "and there was milk on the floor in the morning."

"Yes, Sire; on the floor and beside the

head of your bed."

But at this stage I was attacked by a fit of illness so severe that I had to break in on the discussion and beg the King to withdraw. The sickness increased on me during the day, and by noon I was prostrate, neither taking interest in anything nor allowing others, who began to fear for my life, to divert their attention.

After twenty-four hours I began to mend, but still several days elapsed before I was able to devote myself to business, and then I found that, the master-mind being absent, and the King, as always, lukewarm in the pursuit, nothing had been done to detect and punish the criminal.

I could not rest easy, however, with so abominable a suspicion attaching to my house, and as soon as I could bend my mind to the matter I began an inquiry. At the first stage, however, I came to an impasse: the butler, who had long been in my service, cleared himself without difficulty, but a few questions discovered the fact that a person who had been in his department on the evening in question was now to seek, having, indeed, dis-appeared from that time. This was the gipsy-girl whom La Trape had mentioned, and whose presence in my household seemed to need the more elucidation the farther I pushed the inquiry. In the end I had the butler punished, but though my agents sought the girl through Paris, and even traced her to Meaux, she was never discovered.

The affair, at the King's instance, was not made public; nevertheless, it gave him so strong a distaste for the Arsenal that he did not again visit me nor use the rooms I had prepared. That later, when the first impression wore off, he would have done so, is probable; but, alas! within a few months the malice of his enemies prevailed over my utmost precautions, and robbed me of the best of masters—strangely enough, as all the world now knows, at the corner of that very Rue de la Feronnerie which he had seen in his dream.

THE MAN AND THE TOWN.

MR. GEORGE PALMER, J.P., AND READING.

T is doubtless an excellent sentiment which has caused the people of Reading to raise a statue of Mr. George Palmer while he is still living in their midst. But even when Mr. Palmer is no more, they will surely never need a statue to remind them of what he was, for the town—as it is to-day—is his best memorial. The pioneer of its most important industry, a leader in its local government, its representative in the House of Commons, Mr. Palmer has for fifty years occupied a position in Reading such as has scarcely a parallel in any other town. every citizen of Reading must feel that his career has had its influence upon his own, and there are few passengers by the Great Western Railway who do not think of his name as the tall, smokeless factories of the biscuit-town come in view.

Mr. Palmer first set foot in Reading in 1841. It was then a town of some 16,000 inhabitants, having many trades and preeminence in none. Its ancient fame for woollen manufacture had long since departed, and in place thereof it had to obtain its livelihood by means of a congeries of small industries, such as sail-cloth, shoestrings, hat-bands, and pins. The late Mr. Thomas Huntley had recently added to the number the making of biscuits, and it was to take a partnership in this business that Mr. Palmer left his native village of Long Sutton, in Somersetshire, where highly respected Quaker family his There was only had long resided. one biscuit then made on a wholesale scale for general consumption, and it was to this that the old proverb "As hard as a captain's biscuit" referred. The young man-Mr. Palmer was only twentythree when his name was linked with that of Mr. Huntley—went to Reading imbued with the idea that the commercial possibilities of the biscuit did not begin and end with the hard and unpalatable kind which was then produced there. In the course of a short time he introduced half-a-dozen other varieties, all of which were eagerly purchased by a surprised public. With the introduction of free trade in wheat in 1846 a new era for Messrs. Huntley and Palmer began, and with the many different kinds of biscuits that could then be produced much more cheaply than the old "captain's biscuit"which was always sold at a penny—the business of the firm underwent an expansion such as neither partner could have anticipated five years before. order to cope with the enormous demand which had sprung up, new machinery had to be invented, regarding which Mr. Palmer had many a long consultation with engineers, whom he got to carry out in steel and iron the ingenious ideas he had formed for himself. It is to the use of this machinery that the Reading biscuit business owes much of its success, and to-day there are many people who would be only too glad to learn some of its secrets. In 1857 Mr. Huntley died, and the rapidly developing business was left entirely in the hands of his junior partner. But under Mr. Palmer's vigorous direction, assisted by two brothers, whom at this juncture he took into partnership, it flourished and prospered even more exceedingly, and with it the fortunes of the Berkshire capital.

In 1891 Mr. George Palmer celebrated his business jubilee. In the census of that year Reading was returned as a town of 60,000 inhabitants, more than a tenth of this number being employed in the biscuit - factories. And on that jubilee day, three years ago last November, Mr. Palmer could congratulate himself upon, the fact that in the creation of the new Reading, of which these figures spoke, the best features of the old had been conserved. The growth of a great industry has involved at Reading none of those sacrifices of pleasantness and cleanliness by which it has been too often accompanied. Messrs. Huntley and Palmer's works give forth no soot-carrying smoke to blacken bricks and mortar and blight the beauty of leaf and flower. Reading is to-day as pleasant, clean, and picturesque a town as it was when it sheltered not a

quarter of the present population.



Photo by Russell, Baker Street.

MR. GEORGE PALMER.

Every visitor, indeed, to these works leaves with the impression that of all industries carried on under the modern factory system that of biscuit-making must be the freest from hygienic and æsthetic During the last twenty objections. years, too, these visitors have been distinguished as well as numerous. entering, through a broad archway in King Street, the offices of the firm, I am shown several massive volumes of the visitors' book, and turning over its leaves for a while in the great packing-rooms, where some hundreds of the nimble fingers of young girls are employed simply in sorting and boxing wafers and cracknels, rusks and gingerbreads, or some of the four hundred other dainty shapes and forms into which flour is converted at Reading.

The biscuit-works, with such accessories as carpenters' shops and engineers' foundries, occupy more space than the eve can take in from any available point

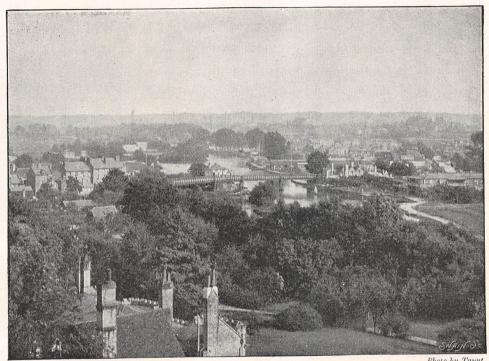


Photo by Taunt.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF READING.

I come across such names as Lord Tennyson and Thomas Carlyle, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge. One of the most recent volumes has a particularly brilliant group of signatures, including that of George Meredith, who in the column headed "Profession or Occupation," wrote "literature"; and Henry Irving, who neglected to describe Both gentlemen, I learned, went over the works during the time they were on a visit to Mr. Palmer at Reading. I doubt not they spent an interesting hour or so wandering through the "mills" and the bakeries, inspecting the great ovens and cauldrons, and stopping of view. You pass from one building to another across bridges which have been placed over various branches of the river Kennet. Built thus, the factories gain much in picturesque appearance andwhat is much more to the utilitarian purpose — exceptional convenience as regards the conveyance of goods by water, but they have consequently suffered a good deal on several occasions from floods. But in choosing the site of a factory which was to accommodate only fifty workpeople, Mr. Thomas Huntley, in 1837, could never have imagined in his wildest dreams the huge buildings that now occupy the greater part of the dry ground between the railway and King Street. With the former they have, of course, long been placed in direct communication, and biscuits now begin their journeys to all parts of the world in

inquiry at Reading. Nor has Mr. Palmer been less energetic in advancing similar objects throughout the town generally. From the first year of his coming to it he was one of its most active and public-

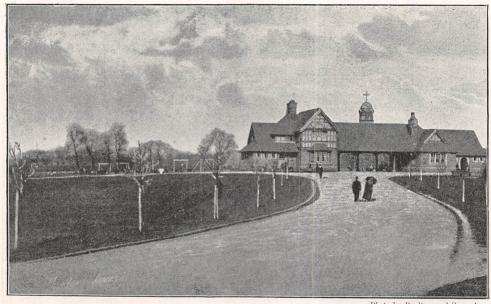


Photo by Poulton and Sons, Lee.

PALMER PARK, READING.

railway-trucks that are brought right into the packing-rooms.

Extensive as the works are, the processes to be seen in them are much the same throughout—the mixing by mechanical power of the various ingredients contained in biscuits, the cutting them and stamping them with the name of the firm and the name which has been given to them, the baking by gradually passing them through long stone ovens, then the sorting and packing. One or two departments, however, have their distinctive features. That devoted to the wedding-cake, for example, where the design and its execution is a work of art in which several men of exceptional skill are engaged. In another room a number of girls with an artistic eye are employed in decorating cakes and biscuits by means of long tubes filled with icing or sugar.

To anyone acquainted with Mr. George Palmer it goes without saying that the reading-rooms and dining-rooms, social, athletic, and benefit clubs, and other things designed to promote the comfort and happiness of the biscuit-workers form one of the most interesting subjects of

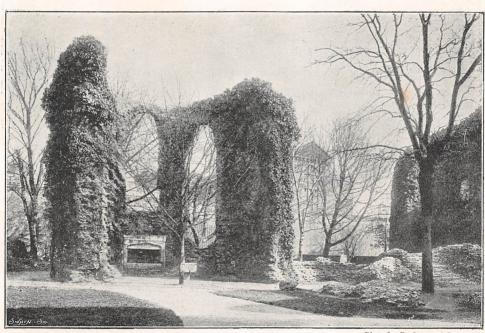
spirited citizens, and business never claimed—or, at any rate, never obtained the whole of his time. One of the first things he did in the town of his adoption was to join the Mechanics' Literary and Scientific Institute—one of a number which came into existence early in the century under the inspiration of Lord Brougham's movement—where he was soon regarded as an enthusiast in the cause of education. His attention was next directed to the elementary schools of the town, which, with the help of several others, he was able both to increase and improve. Nor did the claims of a rapidly growing business prevent him offering his services to his fellow-citizens of the Town Council, which so promptly appreciated them that in 1857 he was elected Mayor. In later years Mr. Palmer was able to give an even larger portion of his time to public work, because of the relief afforded to him in the cares of business by three sons and three nephews, all of whom were carefully trained with this purpose in view. He was Vice - Chairman of Reading's first School Board, and in 1878 was elected as

one of its two members of Parliament. Mr. Palmer would probably have entered the House of Commons at an earlier date were it not for disinclination to spend a considerable part of the year away from home. Mr. Palmer voluntarily ended his Parliamentary life in 1885, when by the Redistribution Act the town was deprived of one of its seats. There can be little doubt that Reading would not have fallen that year to the Conservative party had Mr. Palmer again offered himself for re-election. At any rate, with Mr. Palmer's eldest son as their candidate in 1892, the Liberals had little difficulty in recapturing the seat.

One cannot go far in Reading without hearing of Mr. Palmer's good deeds. The Palmer Park is one of the first things which the stranger is taken to see. It is an open space of about fifty acres on the eastern outskirts of the town, presented to the Corporation by Mr. Palmer in recognition of the fact that it was there that most bricks and mortar had been used as the result of the growth of the biscuit industry.

the honorary freedom of the borough; a great procession passed through the streets to the park in his honour; and the statue in Broad Street was unveiled, which, with that of the Queen in the market-place, is one of the principal features of Reading to-day. It has taken its place in local annals as the George Palmer day. On the following evening Mr. Palmer was entertained at dinner by all the leading men of the town as its first honorary freeman. Some years before this he had more than doubled the size of a recreation ground on the banks of the Thames, which the Corporation, in its enlightenment, purchased about the middle of the century, making it twentysix acres instead of twelve.

It is on the King's Meadows, as the ground is called, that the cricket and football clubs of Palmer's works play their matches. With other citizens of Reading, Mr. Palmer has shown an equal regard for the recreation of the people in defending against the claims of the Crown and private persons the common rights in what is known far and wide as "The



RUINS OF READING ABBEY.

Photo by Poulton and Sons, Lee.

Furnished with a fine pavilion and tastefully laid out at his expense, the park was opened on the day Mr. Palmer celebrated his business jubilee—Nov. 4, 1891. On the same occasion he was presented with

Forbury." This open space was described in one of the earliest pages of the Corporation records—Reading was incorporated in the reign of Queen Elizabeth—as "The Berie," which is supposed to be

a corruption of "bury" or "burg," i.e., a fortified place, and on this supposition has been founded the thesis that it was the

site of early Saxon Reading.

Whatever it was originally, "The Forbury" is now situated right in the centre of the town, an exceedingly convenient and pleasant breathing space for Reading folk. In the middle of the paths and flower-beds has been erected the colossal cast-iron statue of an angry lion, which is the memorial of the people of the county to the 300 officers and men of the Berkshire Regiment who lost their lives at

as the abode of kings, the meeting-place of Parliament, and an interesting theatre in the great rebellious movements of 1642 and 1688.

Although proud of its ancient history, Reading is by no means wanting in the "modern spirit." Among the smaller municipalities there are few more active and enterprising, and the new Town Hall and the adjacent buildings bear witness to the civic feeling of its inhabitants. In 1875 the sum of £10,000 was spent upon municipal offices, and £60,000 upon a building which serves the varied purposes

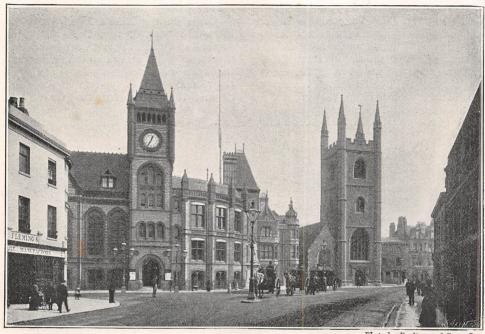


Photo by Poulton and Sons, Lee.

MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, READING.

the disastrous battle of Maiwand during our last Afghan War. It was the work of Mr. George Simonds, the sculptor of the Palmer statue, and a Reading man, from 1884 to 1886. From the hillock near this monument can be enjoyed a good view of the Thames scenery, and walking past a pretty fountain and some rustic seats, one finds the ruins of the famous abbey with the foundation of which by Henry I. began the history of the town. These ivy-grown walls and moss-covered stones still give Reading an old-world air which pleasantly contrasts with its rising commercial importance. It moreover brings to mind the not unimportant part which the town has played in the national annals

of a town hall, public library, and readingroom, museum and schools of science and art. The Corporation contributed £10,000 towards this expenditure, and provided the site; the rest was raised by public subscription, the list being headed by large sums from Mr. George Palmer and his brother, Mr. William Isaac Palmer. This gentleman was the pioneer of the public library movement in Reading, and in recognition of the fact his portrait hangs in the central reading - room. In the Council Chamber, by the way, the portrait of Mr. George Palmer has recently been added to those of other worthies of the town, including Talfourd, the judge, who was its representative

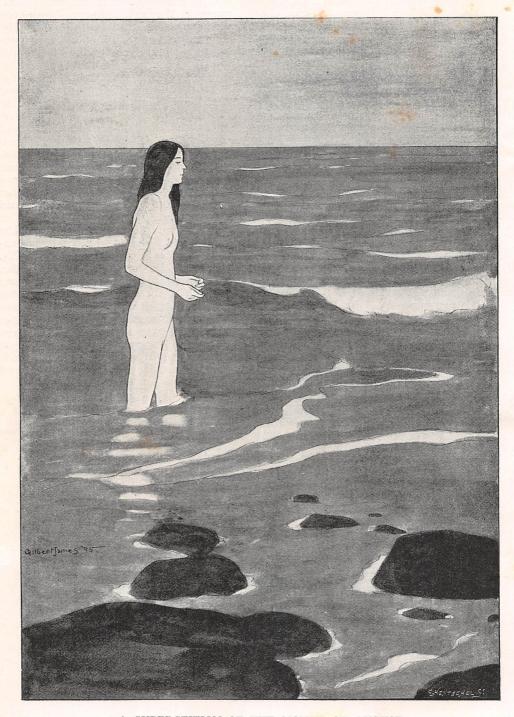
for some years in Parliament; Archbishop Laud and Sir Thomas White, Lord Mayor of London in 1556, who were both educated at Reading Grammar School; and John Kendrick. The last-named, a wealthy clothier, may be described as the George Palmer of Reading in the Elizabethan era. Among other benefactions to the town, he endowed a house, which somehow or other got the name of "The Oracle," for the employment of the poor in woollen manufacture, then the staple industry of the town. The scheme came to grief, as the best-laid schemes of pious founders are apt to do, and some thirty years ago the Governors of Christ's Hospital, to whom old John Kendrick directed they should revert in case of misapplication, made a successful claim to the funds of the charity. The Oracle being pulled down soon afterwards, Reading thus lost not only a valuable charity, but also a very interesting memorial of its mediæval life. bequests made by John Kendrick to his native town are now embodied in two higher grade schools for boys and girls, which were opened in 1877 in accordance with a scheme of the Endowed Schools Speaking Commission. of schools. Reading is exceptionally favoured, I believe, in both their number and quality. The historic Grammar School has of late years been both improved and enlarged, partly owing to the efforts of Mr. Palmer, who, while a member of the Town Council, was one of its trustees.

It is characteristic of the man whose career in the Berkshire town I have been describing, that at its zenith he should be content to occupy the same moderatesized residence, almost in the heart of the town, which he built for himself as a rising man of business. The Acacias is not the palatial country seat in the picturesque neighbourhood of Reading which one in imagination pictures on hearing it spoken of as the dwelling-place of the head of the firm of Huntley and Palmer. It is just an old-fashioned, foliage-surrounded villa in the London Road, one of a number inhabited by professional and other well-to-do citizens. London Road is, however, a very pleasant, broad thoroughfare, with venerable trees on either side; and the garden of The Acacias, as I see it from the drawingroom during a conversation with Mr. Palmer, is all that the heart can desire. Faithful throughout his three-score years and ten to the doctrine of "plain living and high thinking," Mr. Palmer has until recently preserved much of the vigour of his youth, and, even while recovering from a long and severe illness, the Nineteenth Century and Contemporary by his side bespeak to the observer the keen interest he still takes in public affairs.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

[By an unfortunate error, we attributed two photographs reproduced in the article "The Man and the Town" in the June number to Messrs. Valentine. The photographer's name should have been Mr. Albert E. Coe, Norwich, to whom our apologies are tendered.]





A SUPERSTITION OF THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

On Lammas Day it was an old custom for deaf persons to dip three times in the sea as a remedy for their affliction.

THE GIRL AND THE GAME.

By G. E. MITTON.

THAT a glorious morning! Why doesn't she come? Oh, bother! they've rung the bell. Our side has got first innings, and I'm to go in second wicket down. Well, I needn't get on my pads until the first man is out. I wish she'd come. She told me she was awfully fond of cricket, too. Time's up and they've begun. Well, these two are good for fifty between them, so I needn't fuss. I hope old Conquest won't be the first to go, or he'll come and talk to her while I'm in. I was a fool to introduce him to her people. There she is at last, behind those carriages. No, it isn't. What are they shouting for? (Looks back.) Oh, a wicket down, and Conquest's too! How did the idiot manage it? I believe he got bowled on purpose to rile me. Well, I must be off. Green's in, and he's uncommonly flukey—a strong hitter, but on a tricky wicket like this he'll get caught to a certainty.

(Arrives at Pavilion, puts on pads, and surveys distant Enclosure.)

Hullo, there she is! Front row, too! Must have come in the moment I left. Ah, what rot it is! Here I'm stuck, and Conquest passes me grinning on his way out. I can't go and sit by her until my turn comes; it's too marked to come on to the field from beside her—she wouldn't like it; besides, it's bad form. Here comes the ball! What a pace they are scoring at! One of them is bound to be out soon, and I'll bet it's Green. I sha'n't be in long, and there's an hour and a half yet before lunch, so I shall have lots of time to go to see her.

(Half an hour later.)

If there's much more of this tomfoolery I'll go. Conquest's been sitting beside her for twenty minutes, keeping me on the grill. If I didn't know a wicket would go the instant I started I'd saunter round. How is it I used to love cricket so, and to-day it seems to me the most senseless

rubbish on earth? Another quarter gone; at this rate I sha'n't see her before lunch. Oh, mercy! there's Green out! Now I can go. I mus'n't start before he gets here—it's indecent; but, all the same, I never knew a fellow take five minutes to walk to the pavilion before. Here he is; now I'm off.

(After second over:)

Talk about a tricky wicket, what did they mean? I never played on a better one in my life. It's perfectly splendid. I can't miss a ball. Well, never mind; if she knows anything of the game she must see I'm playing a much better innings than Conquest did. Hallo! where is she? She disappeared while I was at the other end: that fool who is in with me had the board moved right in front of her and Conquest, so they're behind it. They don't seem to mind much. Oh! this is fiendish—all my best strokes thrown away! I never made such a pretty cut in my life as that. I must forget about her, and enjoy my innings: if that brute wasn't beside her, I could. Oh! they've come out, have they? Discovered they couldn't see the wicket after staring ten minutes at the I wish I could get out, but I board. My bat always seems to be in exactly the right place, and I'm timing the bowling to the fraction of a second. Good idea for a nightmare—fellow forced to go on batting and running when he is dying to be out! What a lovely man this is to hit! — a boundary this time, and no mistake: it will pitch right out of the ground. I needn't run. Did she see that? Hallo! where is she? Good heavens! she's exactly where the ball is going! Oh, gracious! it 'll hit her! I've killed her! No! Conquest starts up and stops it before it pitches. What an extraordinary thing! Why did they move on to the leg That idiot might have known that was my best stroke. I believe he took her there on purpose, so that he might save If it was anyone else, I should feel



IT'S PERFECTLY SPLENDID; I CAN'T MISS A BALL.

grateful to him. I can't imagine what I should have done if I'd hit her. I should never have got over it. I shall never put all my strength into a stroke again while she's on the ground. Never mind, "All's well that ends well," and it will make an excellent opening for all sorts of tender speeches when I do get out. Oh, bother! the other man's out. He might have

known Wainwright would send him down a straight one presently, when he's been playing for the break every ball this over, then he wouldn't have played inside it, and put it into slip's hands. I wish I had done it—why can't I get out? I suppose I'm too well principled not to play all I know. How they dawdle! It'll be lunch time directly, and then I'll have to finish

my innings afterwards. Here he is. Now Bobby, a good one please. How's that? Out. Thank you, Mr. Umpire. I believe I have attained the unique position of being the only man who was ever satisfied with a decision which gave him out for "leg before." Now for the pavilion, and then hooray, enclosure! Have I been in for nearly an hour? Couldn't have believed it.

(Reaches Enclosure and meets Conquest.)

Oh, despair! She's gone, and I'm driven to the humiliating expedient of asking Conquest about her movements. Had to fulfil a luncheon engagement, had she? Just waited to see the next wicket fall? I could screw his neck for his beastly patronising manner. It's just like his cheek to chaff me about that ball—couldn't have given him a better opportunity if he was a hero of mine! Can't stand him much longer. Hope I sha'n't get next to him at lunch.

(After luncheon interval.)

It's over, and I wander round disconsolate. What ages she is in coming back! Well, they've begun again. must be here soon. Let's see—a quarter of an hour each way and half for luncheon. She can't be here just yet. I must possess my soul in patience. It's glorious to think I have the whole afternoon before me. On the whole, I'm glad I went in so early. How's that? Another poor beggar out leg before wicket. I'll bet he's not so satisfied with the decision as I was! Five more to go. I wish they'd play more carefully. Good heavens! Bobby's taken his middle stump first ball! He'll do the hat trick soon. Wretched creature! I never knew him bowl so well before. Yes, dawdle, dawdle; don't be so quick. There's no need to run down the pavilion steps. Here she is at last! Oh! why must she stop to talk to a lot of people by the door? And why does she stand there instead of sitting down? There are lots of empty seats.

(Ten minutes later.)

She has sat down now. I can go to her. I try to catch her eye. Oh! she has jumped up again, and sat down in a kind of "only-for-a-minute" way in front of Lady Julia. I can't go there. She has left her parasol, so she'll come back presently. Oh! you fool, why couldn't you get hold of it? The wicket-keeper will have you to a certainty, if he can only get under it. It's high enough. He's run right out to square leg. There, he has

you! I told you so. Serve you right! Only three more to come. Next man in. Oh! be careful, do be careful! what does a run more or less matter? It's a regular rot, they are going down like ninepins. These two are flurried. There's an overthrow. Go on!—no don't; get back! Oh! he's out. It's all up with me. Our "tail" is perfectly disgraceful. Oh, joy! she's moving; she's coming this way. No, she's not; She's going to the tent with Lady Julia. Why, it's actually after four o'clock, and they have gone to tea, and there's Conquest gone too! Why don't I know Lady Julia? There's a catch at cover-point, right into his hands couldn't have missed it if he'd tried. Oh. how fast the time goes! I've been round and spoken to everyone I know in the enclosure, and in five minutes more we shall have to go out on the field, and I shall be fixed for the afternoon. I can't hang about, and rush off like a lunatic when the bell goes. I'll saunter round to the pavilion by way of the tent, and I may meet her. (Goes.)

It's all over. She came out just as I passed, and I had begun to apologise for my hit, and she was looking at me with her sweet mischievous grey eyes, when—there was a shout, and I discovered they were all coming out into the field, and I had to hurry off. Conquest was there before me. How did he get there? It's a mystery to me. I never saw him go. Well, she's seen to field, too; there's some comfort in that.

(Six p.m.)

There's the bell! Hurrah! Conquest and I get into our blazers quicker than anyone, and go up towards the gate.

"You've been pretty smart," he says,

laughing at me.

"About as smart as you," I retort.

"Me? Oh! that's natural," he says, in that superior way of his. "I want to

catch someone of course."

Hang his proprietary airs! Here they are. She and her mother at the gate. The latter asks me to dine with her to-night informally. "We are expecting your friend Mr. Conquest," she says. Something in the smile suddenly lets a flood of light in on me. I look at him. "You haven't congratulated me yet, old fellow," he says. "The whole thing was settled last night, and I haven't had an opportunity for telling you to-day; in fact, I thought you would guess."

Oh, heavens! how thick-headed I have been! It is hard to keep up a complacent grin, hard to stammer out congratulations, hard to find excuses to get off dining, so that I can go away by myself. Truly, "all things come to him who waits," even the knowledge that he has been a consummate ass!



SHE AND HER MOTHER ARE AT THE GATE.

AIX - EN - PROVENCE.

BY WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

VERY strange contrast to life in Marseilles is found by the traveller who wends his way from the first business city of France to Aix-en-Provence, the latest and dearest home of the good King René. At Marseilles there is, even in the quietest corner of the quietest suburb that belongs to the town, a sense of bustle, active and inactive—active in the want of repose, inactive in that so little wool comes from such a deal of cry. The Marseillais, to speak of him by the aggregate, goes beyond the Athenians by not only ever seeking some new thing, but also flaunting a contempt for those old things which ought to be a great part of what pride he feels in his native place. To him antiquity means dry bones: they made soup for people of centuries ago, and there is an end of them. They do not make his soup, the soup which he can see smoking before him, and he will not or cannot perceive that there would be an actually commercial value in the bones if he would have them properly arranged, preserved, and ticketed for the convenience of people, native or foreign, who delight in ancient relics as much as Sir Andrew did in masques and revels. The day in Marseilles is not only very much the day; it is also yesterday, or rather yesterday is completely swallowed up in it. And for to-morrow, that too pales before the flying moment. An enterprise succeeds let us say for a week; at the end of that week there is a drop; that drop means, in nine cases out of ten to the Marseillais, a permanent failure; and so when the following week brings a renewed demand for his wares, why, there are no wares with which to meet it. Instant and incessant hurry, very often about nothing, is a distinctive mark of the place, and its influence is apparent everywhere, paradoxically conjoined with want of instant enterprise. In short, "bustle, bustle" might well be a Marseillais watchword.

And the difference between this bustle and the ordered activity of Aix-en-Provence is as marked as it is pleasing in favour of the last-named place. Aix as the capital and university town of Provence is viewed with no special favour by Marseilles; but it may well be doubted whether the people of Aix trouble their heads over this not unnatural jealousy. The repose, without a hint of laziness, that belongs to the very atmosphere of the place belongs also to the inhabitants, who are devout where the Marseillais are childishly Atheistic; kindly and courteous where the Marseillais are, if not unkindly, decidedly off-hand. There is, again, a quiet use in Aix, as opposed to a restless waste in Marseilles, of time and space. In Aix the shadow of King René at his best and highest is an enduring influence; at Marseilles the memory of the same King's visits is barely preserved. It may be urged justly enough that the very nature of Marseilles, as of a port where ships from all countries laden with men of all countries come (though Prohibitive Duty has much diminished the number), fights strongly against peaceful and princely tranquillity, even in the midst of reposeful work, that marks the inland capital; but one cannot help thinking that the difference, perhaps chiefly racial, lies deeper than this. The markets at Marseilles are noisy and full of humour, but of that purely farcical humour which in real life is too near to violence, as if the grossly fantastic decapitations and dismemberings of harlequin in old-fashioned pantomime were suddenly to come to insistent life. The markets at Aix have their humour too, but it is the humour of high comedy, where the essence of interchanged repartee is the underlying restraint of all that can lead to unseemly speech or action. same stately yet by no means artificial air which clings to the Cours and allées of Aix touches the whole of Aix life and manners; and the same worrying and artificial touch which disfigures too much of modern Marseilles clings also too much to the ways of its modern inhabitants.

But there is no need of contrast or comparison to emphasise the gay tranquillity which is a chief characteristic of Aix and its people. The very aspect of the Cours Mirabeau, with King René's statue at its upper end, to one entering the town—whether you see it first in the evening shade with a vapour rising from the fountains of warm water in the middle, or in the soft light of early morning, or again

students who throng the alless going to and from their work. There is, too, among the students a curious characteristic—namely, that five out of ten of them have precisely the look and carriage of Cambridge men, even to the shape and colouring of the features. Other types, of course,



KING RENÉ'S STATUE.

under the full noonday sun—conveys a sense of repose in which there is no lack of vivacity and interest. And if you happen on the time when the Cour d'Assises and the University examinations are both in full swing you get as good an opportunity as possible for seeing how thoroughly and yet how pleasantly the business of life is understood and conducted, both by the avocats and judges, distinguished by their "top" hats, and by the professors and

are to be found—the Roman and the Phœnician, each strongly marked—but in the general behaviour of all one marks the same air of courteous and dignified activity.

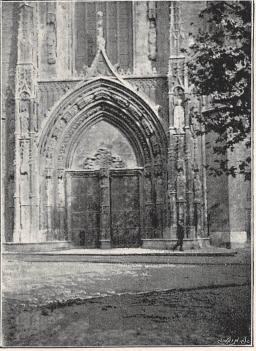
Of Aix the chief glory is the Cathedral, and of the Cathedral's glories the chiefest lies in the pair of carved wooden doors which give access to it, and which, since the beginning of the sixth century, have been preserved in a way little short of

marvellous, considering all the perils they have faced, chiefly by dint of artfully contrived "masking" doors. The inner doors are admitted to be the most perfect specimen extant of their kind, and even the finest photographic rendering cannot well convey a full idea of the grandeur and delicacy of the carver's work. No one, so far as we can ascertain, has yet been able to say with absolute definiteness of what wood the doors are made, so that one must needs fall back on the cautious description given in an excellent little

guide - book, 'Bois Rougeâtre." Each leaf contains six upper panels and a large lower panel. In the large panel on the right are the figures of Isaiah and Ieremiah: on the left of Ezekiel and Daniel. On the top panels the twelve Sybils are represented, six on each side. The pride taken in these remarkable works of art by the sacristan who shows them is fully shared by the small crowd which always collects when the doors are unmasked, to gaze at them with admiration

And probably every indiand reverence. vidual in this crowd has a firm belief in the beautiful legend of the cathedral's foundation. According to this, during the persecution which followed on the Ascension in Judæa, Lazarus, his two sisters, Martha and Magdalen, the Saintes Maries (Marie Jacobé and Salomé), and other disciples were turned adrift from Judæa in a boat without sail or rudder. The boat was miraculously directed to the shores of Provence, where Lazarus went to teach the Gospel in Marseilles (his place of refuge is still shown at St. Victor). Ste. Marthe went to Tarascon, where she miraculously tamed the Tarasque, the monster who had devastated the whole countryside. The Saintes Maries took up their habitation in the Arles district, and St. Maximin, by divine order, went in company with Magdalen to set up an oratory, afterwards to become the cathedral, at Aix. Inside the church one finds on the right a *rotonde* of beautiful proportions, supported by columns, some of which are the very columns which belonged to the old Temple of Apollo, on the site of which the cathedral was begun and developed. The eye of an expert in architecture is needed to appreciate fully

the details of the building inside, dating as they do from the Roman times of Aquæ-Sextiæ down to King René's carefully preserved private gallery, and again down to modern restoration and addition through almost infinite gradations. But even a layman may assert safely that there is nothing mean (barring some modern religious pictures) or ugly in the whole effect. On each side of the choir are the magnificent tapestries from St. Paul's in London, bought 1656, and in



THE CATHEDRAL DOORS.

above these the two organ-fronts, one of them a dummy, the other the true instrument, from which excellent music accompanies excellent singing at Mass.

The Archbishop's Palace is worthy of the illustrious associations (Richelieu, the great Richelieu's brother, and Mazarin were Archbishops of Aix) that belong to it. The entrance, through a garden, noisy, but not too noisy, with the prattle of birds, such as would have pleased Bacon, is a foretaste of the beauty found both in the receptionrooms and in the living-rooms, in one of which there is an exquisite series of Gobelins tapestries, illustrating the main incidents in "Don Quixote." The shading, the colour, and the expression

in this beautifully preserved work are

beyond praise.

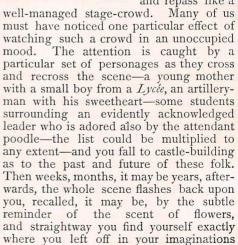
To the theatre at Aix attaches the same pleasant air of "bygoneity," which is characteristic of the whole place, inasmuch as it stands on the site, or was built within the old walls, of the royal tennis-court, which existed in 1660. It stands flush with the other houses in the Rue de l'Opéra, and in the daytime there is nothing to distinguish it from the rest of the street. Inside it is a very well-proportioned, pretty, and somewhat faded band-box, and skilful management and curtailment are needed to produce on

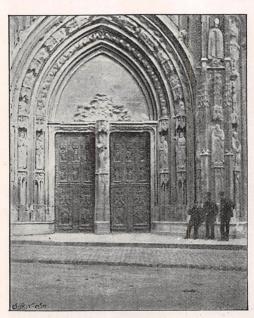
its stage operas generally presented on a grand scale. On the night of our visit Gounod's"Faust" was given, and given remarkably well, so far as concerned the conductor of the orchestra, who imparted a great deal of his own perception to an orchestra and chorus which seemed to be by nature somewhat vague. The Faust was better than many tenors of greater pretensions, and the Valentine sang in excellent style with worn or injured

voice. The Mephistopheles was unique. He was so ambitious (and so unfortunate) in his vocalisation; so earnestly bent on doing his duty in the acting. One waited almost as anxiously as he himself did to see if the trick goblet would flame up at the right cue, and no one could withhold sympathy from his conscientious and selfconscious effort to be diabolical and to glide fiendishly across the stage in the scene where he cowers before the crosshilts of the swords. Once he broke through his overmastering sense of responsibility to perform a seemingly spontaneous devil - dance round Siebel, and the moment was intensely intense. But as an all-round performance the thing had real merit, and was listened to attentively by an audience, partly composed of students, who had previously "guyed" unmercifully and not unjustly a curtainraiser of unknown parentage and of inconceivable foolishness. There was a pathos mixed with the humour of this, too, because the players so very much did their very best. Altogether, the experience was a curious and a pleasant one, and the beauty and strangeness of the quiet moon-lit town were all the more felt by contrast on coming into its streets from this odd and meritorious performance.

Theatrical in another way is the aspect of the crowd that assembles on Sunday afternoons in the *rotonde* at the bottom of

the Cours Mirabeau to listen to the military band discoursing most excellent music. Meverbeer is an immense favourite both at Marseilles and at Aix, and much as I adore "Les Huguenots," I must confess to having discovered that it is possible to grow weary even of the Benediction of the Poniards. However, as I have said, the music is very well played, and most agreeably illustrates, so to speak, the varying groups that pass and repass like a





THE CATHEDRAL DOORS-UNMASKED.

concerning the passing people whom, till that moment, one had clean forgotten.

To see all that is of interest and attraction in and about Aix would take a long stay, and in a short stay it is good fortune to get a fine afternoon for going to see one of the most attractive places near Aix, Roquefavour, with its magnificent aqueduct, at sight of which Lamartine exclaimed, "The Roquefavour aqueduct is one of the wonders of the world!" The name of the place is supposed to be derived from Rupes favoris, a name bestowed by Roman conquest, and it is the support of these rocks that largely helps the imposing grandeur of the aqueduct, of which the first stone was laid in 1842. The specialty of the pretty little inn underneath the shadow of the aqueduct is écrevisses au They are kept in a miniature covered pond, and one can eat them with much content in a tonnelle (frequent trap for mistranslation!). In the garden coming back into Marseilles we have to pass the octroi, which reminds one of the party of the vast difficulty he once had in "declaring" a sucking-pig which he had bought at Roquefavour.

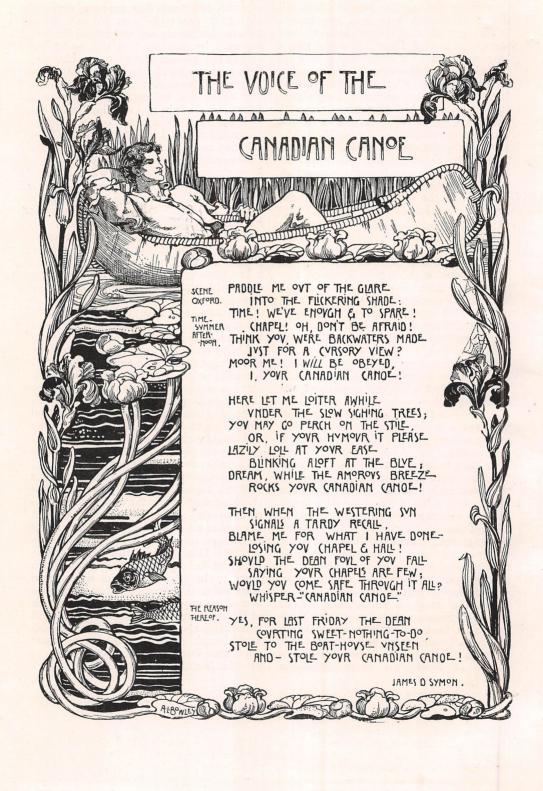
The officials were so accustomed to see him return with strange beasts for a certain menagerie that when he announced the sucking-pig they nudged each other in the ribs, supposed Monsieur would have his joke, swore it was a *bonne farce*, and altogether refused to believe save on evidence

of eyesight.

So back to dinner at the hotel to see at the little tables round us the faces, by this time pleasantly familiar of the frequenters for the time being of the place—the devout old lady who may in her youth have been a ballet-dancer, the gloomy retired captain whose gloom lightens in talk with a young officer on service. The beautiful young wife married to a rich young husband, who we feel soon will end by beating her, and the three avocats whose strange professional likeness recalls the name of the defunct "Trois Frères." Perhaps one's imagination libels the young husband—at any rate, there is nothing offensive in his bearing; and it is reserved for our last déjeuner to find a couple of Marseillais whose behaviour

certainly has "not that supreme repose" sitting at the table next to us. assume that we do not understand French, favoured by the fact that the waiter has completed his service at our table, and they converse loudly on English ways and customs. The woman is ignorant of these, and seeks for information. The man knows all about it, and tells her "what lies in his power." For instance, one of us has a medallion on his watch-chain. This. the man explains, shows the extraordinary desire of all Englishmen to appear décorés. With the ignorant this trick will serve, and it will be thought that the medal has been gained in military or civil service. As a matter of fact (known to people as instructed as himself), in England all decorations are worn on the left coatsleeve, a statement which causes complete puzzlement until we begin to suppose that it has some vague birth in the mourning custom of wearing crape on the left sleeve in uniform.

Presently we find the same couple occupying the same railway compartment with us from Aix to Marseilles, and still gabbling on in the belief that they are not understood, from which we learn that what, from the vulgar Don Juan airs of the man, one has suspected is, indeed, a fact. They are "a guilty pair" of the small bourgeois class, who are returning from a snatched expedition to Aix, and they talk so loudly and openly about their future plans for evading the vigilance of lui that it becomes intolerable, and one of our party returns, to a question in English from another, a Bah! as French as he can make it. It has the desired effect, for the woman plucks the man by the sleeve, saying at last in an attempt at an undertone, "Take care! All is perhaps discovered! I heard him say Bah!" Don Juan attempts to console her; but he casts furtive glances which seem to be peering for the tri-coloured scarf under the English get-up. For the rest of the way there is quiet, and the pair of Helots disappear out of the carriage with remarkable speed, as, having left the oldworld beauty of Aix behind us, we come once more into the new magnificence of Modern Marseilles.





OURTRIGHT went quickly up the steps, looking at his watch, and touched the bell. Her brougham was standing in front of the door, and he knew that she would be ready.

She came downstairs in a plain dark travelling gown, with the violets he had sent her pinned to her top-coat, and with a maid, bearing her satchel and umbrella, behind her.

"To the Forty-second Street Station," he said to the man on the box, and the sleek-looking cobs sprang forward.

It was about a year since Courtright had first met Miss Schuyler. The acquaintance had begun on board a train bound for California, and they had become very good friends. The following winter found him a steady caller at the Schuyler domicile, yet in no way receiving preference above the other men who called quite as frequently, and who were also more or less enamoured of Miss Schuyler's healthy type of loveliness. At least, if he was preferred, it was not made known, and he was treated with the same cordial frankness that characterised her manner toward all. Someone had once sagaciously remarked that Constance Schuyler could not be a flirt, for she was too much interested in every man she met; and perhaps the secret of her popularity lay in the fact that

she was interested in people, which always flatters, and generally awakens interest in return. Courtright said she possessed adaptability in a very marked degree, and that it was that quality which enabled her to make friends with the oldest and crustiest of bachelors, or with the youngest and most swaggering of college youths; and that with all her vivacity and high spirits there was an undercurrent of sympathetic womanliness that appealed to you; and he summed it up by saying that she was the most delightfully human and thoroughly lovable girl he had ever met.

In the absence from town of her father, he had said that he wanted the privilege of escorting her to the station, and as they bowled along in the snug little brougham, he told her that there was something else he wanted; and then repeated the sweet, ancient story in a manly, nineteenth-century fashion.

It was no novel recital to Constance Schuyler, yet she wondered why it had never before been so hard to say "No." But she said it very firmly and decidedly, for if she loved him now she had not found it out, and it was much better to tell him how sure she was rather than to let him go on deluding himself with the vain idea that some time she might grow fond of him. After her frank words Courtright,

looking out of the window, replied medi-

tatively-

"No, I should not want to hang around a woman for years, hoping that some day she might care for me, and bothering her about it. I should want her to come to me gladly and because she wanted to, and I would not marry Venus herself unless she loved me." Then he looked at her critically and continued, with delightful audacity: "I think I could marry you, though, if I did persevere, but I should always feel that perhaps you were not giving me your best love. It seems to me that that sort of thing ought to be spontaneous. I shouldn't care to be married to be gotten rid of."

"But you believe that love is a gradual growth, don't you?" Constance asked, wishing, in spite of herself, to explore further into this partly known but still

fascinating territory.

"Not necessarily," he answered. "Do you remember the morning that I first saw you going out to California? train had stopped, and Peters and I got out to walk up and down the station. You came out of the car and stood on the platform, talking to someone below the I heard you laugh, and looked up, and saw you standing there with your head a little thrown back, and your white teeth and dimples showing. I think I succumbed on the spot. I couldn't get you out of my thoughts anyway, and didn't rest until I had met you. entailed two days of conversation on the general state of the country with your father, in the smoking-car, and the consuming of no end of cigars, but I was rewarded at last."

Miss Schuyler laughed.

"And all the time poor father never suspected the deep scheme you were laying, and gave you no end of credit for being clever, because you listened to his views on the silver question and the tariff and everything else he was interested in. He used to come back from the smokingcar to mother and me and tell us about the bright chap with whom he had been 'settling the affairs of the nation.'"

She congratulated herself that she had steered the conversation off dangerous ground and that it had taken a less serious turn. Personalities, above all, she felt were to be avoided. But Courtright evidently did not agree with her, and plunged boldly in again.

"I saw something in your face that day, as you stood there, that I had never seen in any woman's before. I don't believe I

could explain it to you"-as she looked at him inquiringly—"but"—coming down to what he could explain—"you know you're an awfully fetching girl, Miss Schuyler, and I think, even if I were married to you, I'd always be a little jealous. I used to want to make jelly of that young Whitney who tried to monopolise you in Pasadena. You're the sort of girl"—continuing to analyse her as if she were not present-"that will always attract men without I suppose it's magnetism, and besides"—turning and looking straight at her-"you're so peachy, and so-soridiculously kissable," ending with a half-

apologetic laugh.

Constance Schuyler grew "peachier," and felt that she ought to frown, yet was conscious of a little exultant feeling within her, almost as if she were glad Courtright thought all those absurd things about her. But she said aloud she was very sorry he felt as he did, and that as long as he continued in the same frame of mind he must not come to see her, as it would hardly be fair for him, when she felt so very certain about herself. Then the carriage drew up in front of the big red station, and there was not time to answer this rather depressing remark. They passed through the crowded waiting-room out into the vast skeleton-like building beyond, and proceeded to "walk a mile" to the train.

Courtright thought of her last remark, and made up his mind he would never adhere to it. He felt very downcast as he realised that he was giving her up, for a time at least, and that she was going to a place where, of course, every man there would want to marry her. He glanced down sidewise at her, thinking how sweet she was, and found that she too did not look particularly cheerful.

"Constance," he said quite low, "if this is the end, won't you let me kiss

you good-bye—just once?"

Miss Schuyler almost stood still with astonishment, and grew at least three inches taller.

"Certainly not," she replied, in the most emphatic tones of which she was capable, looking at him so severely and with such utter consternation on her face that Courtright had to bite his lip and pull hard at his moustache to keep from smiling. She saw that he wanted to laugh, and felt that she had not succeeded in properly snubbing him. She went on indignantly, taking the argument that came into her mind, and in which her conventional training and desire for appearances asserted itself:

"What a frantic idea! What would the people on the train think of you?"

"Oh, they wouldn't think anything of it," he said; and added drolly, "I'd say



"WON'T YOU LET ME KISS YOU GOOD-BYE-JUST ONCE?"

'Give my love to Maria' or something like that, and then simply kiss you."

It sounded so absurd that Constance laughed, in spite of herself, but had no fear. In her eyes it would have been a heinous crime, and Courtright, she knew, was a man to be trusted. Then the train made a feint of starting and they ran a little for fear of losing it. There was but one chair vacant in the centre of the car, holding out its arms to receive her, when they entered, and she dropped into it, panting a little.

"Good-bye," she said, looking up at him, and holding out a neat tan-gloved hand. "Good-bye," he answered, taking it in his own and holding it a second longer than was necessary; and then, before she knew what he was about, he stooped, and saying, "Give my love to Maria!" lightly kissed her cheek.

It was only a very little kiss, and landed almost on her ear, just above the high fur

collar of her coat, and was taken through one of the little dotted veils she generally wore, but it was enough to send the hot blood surging to her eyebrows, and to

awaken indignation and rebellion

within her.

He saw instantly the mistake he had made and regretted bitterly the spirit of mischief that had prompted him to the act. She was leaving him in anger, and there was not time to prevent it. The train was puffing and catching its breath, as if to collect enough to propel it, and was already slowly moving. He glanced down at her pleadingly.

"You will send me your card, when you return?" he said.

"Never!" she replied shortly, returning his glance with a look that contained fire and swords and other deadly weapons, and almost petrified him on the spot. was obliged to leave the car or go with it, and he did the former, half dazed, realising, as he stood on the platform watching the receding train, that he had gone a step too far. Of course she was hurt and insulted, and he called himself a cad, and other hard names, and said no penance would be too great for him. Then an idea came into his troubled brain. and turning, he walked quickly back to put it into execution.

For one hour Miss Schuyler remained motionless in her chair,

too stunned to move. That Courtright, of all men, should offer her such an affront had almost taken her breath away. It not only outraged her inbred ideas of propriety, but destroyed every particle of her faith in men, and she told herself she could "never forgive him." was still wearing her heavy coat in the warm car, till she felt her forehead and found that it was feverish, and that she herself was almost stifling. Slipping off the coat, she hung it up, laying his violets scornfully on the window-sill. She would not wear them. Then she resumed her former position, with her head on the back of the chair, repeating to herself, "How could he do it? How could he do it?"

The train was pulling into Stamford when a very small messenger boy boarded the car, calling, in a voice that was a credit to his size—

"Is Miss Schuyler here?"

Constance sprang to her feet. Her first

thought was of home. Had her mother been taken suddenly ill and had they sent for her? Or had her father met with one of those horrible accidents with which the papers abounded? A thousand awful possibilities flashed like meteors through her mind, as with trembling fingers she

tore the envelope open.

"Regret exceedingly my conduct on train.—Courtright," were the words that met her frightened eyes. In the reaction that came she felt almost grateful to Courtright for having something for which to apologise. Then the impropriety and rudeness of it rushed back, and she hardened her heart against listening to his repentance. Of course he regretted it—she would give him credit for that—but the act had been altogether unpardonable. She repeated this to herself a great many times for fear she might forget it.

The train was now at Bridgeport, but she was hardly conscious that they were stopping until her reveries were suddenly broken by again hearing her name. A second blue-coated envoy stood at one end of the car, bawling, like the first, for "Miss Constance Schuyler!" With flaming cheeks she half rose announced that she answered to that title, feeling that the eyes of everyone in the car were fastened upon her, and wishing that Courtright was out of exist-What did he mean? she asked angrily. Had he not made her conspicuous enough for one day? What would these people say of her, to board a train with a man who had kissed her good-bye and sent her telegrams at every station! And what was old Mr. De Peyster, who sat near her, and was a political friend of her father's, thinking of her, as he lowered his paper and peered over his glasses at her, watching her open the yellow envelope? She glanced at it leisurely, knowing now that there was no cause for great alarm.

"I realise that it was rude and ungentle-

manly.—C." she read.

Constance's lip curled with disdain as she thought that she too realised it, and she took a novel from her bag and tried to lose herself in it. But her mind, in its present volcanic state, refused to follow the placid path of the heroine, and would not concentrate itself. She kept her eyes on the open pages, preferring not to meet the inquisitive glances of those near her. She had never felt so uncomfortable, and blamed Courtright more than ever. The very car-wheels were singing a monotonous song, of which the refrain was: "Give my love to Maria—

Give my love—to Maria," at any other time appealing to her sense of humour, but now only fanning her ire. But it was to rise yet higher, for at New Haven a third messenger entered and followed the example of his strong-lunged predecessors. It was the first time she had ever wished to disown the proud name of Schuyler, and she felt a further strong inclination to throw the telegram unopened out of the window. It proved to be a continuation of the other two, reading-

"And sincerely beg your pardon. Please answer.—Courtright."

But she told the boy that there was no answer, and, signing the book, watched him depart, as he wondered what made the young lady's cheeks so red. There was no mistaking the fact that now she was an object of much more interest to the occupants of the car than the books and magazines they held. With one accord her travelling companions glanced curiously at her, and the young man with the checked clothes, who had stolen furtive glances before, now stared at her quite boldly, making her cheeks burn as if all the blood in her body had settled there. She thought her anger at Courtright had long since reached the boiling point, but it now bubbled over and effervesced. How dared he humiliate her so? She would give anything to escape those awful looks. Even the porter and the conductor were eyeing her suspiciously, conversing with heads together at one end of the car, she felt sure, about her. And when the latter moved towards her and stopped at her chair, she almost thought he had come to request her to leave; and so he had, but merely to the car in front, as she had taken a seat in the wrong one. She welcomed gladly any escape, and he helped to move her things. She glanced at the violets on the window-sill, hesitating about taking them. It was too bad to leave them there to fade, she told herself, and snatching them up hastily she followed the conductor.

She breathed a long sigh of relief when she was re-established in the preceding car, with her back to the "fresh" youth

and his inquisitive neighbours.

When the train reached Hartford, Constance watched the door with anxious eyes, fearing to be confronted by a fourth telegraphic emissary, but was spared any further ordeal. The time from now on dragged wearily, and was spent in ringing the changes on the proceedings of the morning, and in bitter arraignment of Courtright for daring to kiss her, and for

his inconsiderateness in sending her the telegrams. As she stepped off the train in Boston she felt that it had been the most uncomfortable journey she had ever taken, and that her visit in Boston was not commencing under the most auspicious of circumstances.

But after a busy week of rushing from one thing to another—recitals, lectures, teas, and symphonies, mornings with Browning and afternoons with Ibsen, Mental Science, Darwinian and other clubs, with now and then a frivolous dance thrown in—she found to her surprise that Courtright still remained uppermost in her thoughts. Though his conduct yet awoke indignation, she was able to review it more calmly, and at length caught herself drawing comparisons between him and the men she now met, with the credit in his favour. She realised that he was a man of daring—one who would make his mark in the world by bold strokes—and was surprised to find how closely associated he was as well with the little things of her life. Her very umbrella suggested him, as she recalled the morning they had chanced to meet on Broadway, when Courtright was up town buying a wedding present for someone, and had turned to walk with They were caught in the rain that soon fell, and he had rushed her into Gorham's for shelter, and had insisted on her choosing a pretty umbrella from the "affluence of selection" offered them, and she recalled how they had gone home together under it, in preference to taking a cab. It had been such fun, and she sighed to think that it was all over. Then she went back to that last morning, and found that out of the chaos of resentment that had then wrought such tumult in her soul one thing only now seemed to stand out clearly; Courtright loved her and she had refused him, putting an end to all companionship whatever. She thought of the time when she would return home and would not see him, except to meet him occasionally at the big affairs to which they would both be invited. She thought of the walks and drives and box parties, that would continue, but at which he would be missing, and was surprised to find how unattractive they appeared. Other men would be ready to step into the breach, but could they fill his place? she asked herself. Whom did she know as bright and amusing as he? Or as thoughtful and kind? Or even as good-looking? she added, after exhausting all his other attributes. The idea of putting him out of

her life entirely was so distasteful to her that she resolved to think no more about it—a little way she had with things she considered unpleasant, and which proved that she was, in her fashion, something of a philosopher.

Two weeks after Miss Schuvler's arrival in Boston Mrs. Mortimer Stanton gave one of her famous dinners. When all were established in their places she glanced around the mahogany board at her guests and the perfect appointments, drew a little sigh breathing content, and said that "it was well." She eyed Constance critically, affirming she had never seen her look better, and admiring again that proud little poise of head, more noticeable now that the curves of her neck and shoulders could be seen. Young Searles, who sat on her right, and between whom and Constance Mrs. Stanton hoped to make a match, said that he had never seen a head so well set, and that the poise was bird-like, and made no secret of his admiration of it. And although Miss Schuyler had accepted and found rather pleasant his devotion on her previous visit, and knew that the Searles's ancient family tree and the golden apples that hung from it were hers if she chose to but reach forth her hand for them, she felt a little wearied now by his constant chatter, and turned to the man on her left, who was new material, and, she hoped, more interesting. Since those repentant telegrams she had received no word from Courtright. To be sure, he did not know her address, but he might easily have obtained that, she said, of her father or mother if he had really cared for it, and she almost regretted not having sent him some little reply.

The enlivening hum of conversation around the table was broken by Mr. Stanton, who glanced across at his young guest, and said—

"By the way, Constance, a rather mysterious episode occurred in the office today that concerned you." The laughter and talk almost ceased.

"Someone called me up on the telephone, and said, 'Is this Mr. Mortimer Stanton of — Beacon Street?' 'Yes,' I answered. 'Good,' he said; 'is Miss Schuyler visiting you?" In the silence now the soft tread of the servants moving around the table was the only sound.

"I asked him what he wished of you, but he said, 'Oh, nothing, merely a package I have been commissioned to have delivered to her, and I wanted to make sure of her address.' He was going to shut me off, but I told him to hold on a minute and tell me who he was. Then he said his identity didn't made the slightest difference, as he was simply acting for another party."

Miss Schuyler's heart gave a bound, but she calmly reached for an olive.

"I pressed him still further," Mr. Stanton went on, "and he replied, a little impatiently, that it wasn't of the least importance, but that he was from the Treasury Department."

She had wavered long between her strong inclination to forgive Courtright and the very just cause she felt she had to be angry with him. But she knew, now, what she should do.

The next day, when Mr. Stanton's solemn-faced "inside man" knocked on her door, and silently presented a salver

with a box upon it, she knew that her heart had told her truly. The box contained clusters of great double purple and white violets, and a note, with the inscription in Courtright's masculine hand.



to see if she could solve the riddle, but she laughed, and said that it was probably a joke. Young Searles suggested that "perhaps the package was banknotes," and someone else asked if she "couldn't include them all in her 'pull' in the Treasury Department?" But in her heart she felt sure that Courtright was the "other party," and that with the aid of a friend in Boston he was hunting her out. The package, she thought, might be bonbons, or some conciliatory token. and she felt that in a few days she would hear from him; and the thought caused the dimples to break out around her mouth, and young Searles's conversation, even, to seem not so exhaustingly insipid.

She tore the envelope open, letting it drop to the floor, while she read the contents almost breathlessly. He said that as she had not answered the telegram ("sent in serial form to see if he could not amuse her, and take away from the seriousness of the situation"), nor written him even one line to say she forgave him, he supposed that she was still annoyed. And when he thought why, he blushed with shame at what he had done, and could say nothing in justification unless it was that their conversation in the brougham had made him not quite himself. And he sent her the violets, knowing she loved them, and hoped that they, in their sweetness, would plead for him better than he could for himself.

Miss Schuyler read the note through, then read it again, going over it as she



SHE BURIED HER FACE IN A COOL BOWL OF ROSES.

used to a difficult page of her Pyschology in her schoolgirl days, until she could almost have repeated it backwards. She put the flowers in a cut-glass bowl and set it among the silver things on her dressing-table. Then she went to find Mrs. Stanton, humming a snatch from the opera the Bostonians were singing, and told her that she really could not remain any longer than till Saturday.

The Van Houghtons gave a large reception in New York a few days after Miss Schuyler's return, with "dancing after eleven" on the cards. Constance attended with her mother, and held quite a little court of people who said they were more than glad to see her at home again, and who asked the usual sarcastic questions about the Boston "savants." She chatted with them charmingly, listening all the while to the names announced at the door, and glancing occasionally in that direction. But midnight came, Courtright had not appeared. took an arm that was offered her. and moved slowly towards the ball-room, stopping in a small conservatory, for the moment vacant, while her escort went to bring her an ice. Her throat was parched, and she confessed to herself that the evening had not been a success. Then she buried her face in a cool bowl of roses standing near, half wishing that she were one of them. As she stooped there, someone moved swiftly across the floor, and a dark head almost touched hers on the other side, while a repentant voice inquired: "Did you give my love to Maria?"

Lifting her head, Constance saw Courtright standing before her, looking at her with twinkling eyes. Their expression was irresistible. She struggled with herself but a moment; then she threw back her head and laughed as she had done when he first saw her in Colorado. When she stretched out her hand it was to put it in his, as she replied, "No—I didn't, but—I will."

TO PHILLIS





PHILLIS, men say that all my vows Are to thy fortune paid; Alas! my heart he little knows, Who thinks my love a trade.





Were I of all these woods the lord, One perry from thy hand More real pleasure would afford Than all my large command.

My humble love has learn'd to live
On what the nicest maid.
Without a conscious blush, may give
Beneath the myrtle shade

Sir Charles Sedley

THE DOGS' HOME, BATTERSEA.

By BASIL TOZER.

With eye upraised, his master's looks to scan,
The joy, the solace, and the aid of man;
The rich man's guardian and the poor man's friend,
The only creature faithful to the end.

HERE is nothing," says Bulwer Lytton, in his famous book, "My Novel"-"there is nothing that more moves us to tears than the hearty kindness of a dog, when something in human beings has pained or chilled us." Sportsmen probably realise the truth of this statement more than anybody else, for the reason that sportsmen—who must not be confounded with those peculiar creatures called "sporting men"—are, as a rule, the most humane and sensitive of all human beings. Sentimentalists, and perhaps also the anti-sporting community in general, will at first contradict this last assertion, but a perusal of the list of names of subscribers to the excellent institution about to be described must force them quickly to retract their own words of contradiction and to admit that though England is the country most devoted to sport and to manly exercises, Englishmen and Englishwomen are not only sympathetic and kind-hearted, but also opposed to cruelty.

It was in the year 1859 that the late Mrs. Tealby and a friend first thought of forming a temporary home for lost and starving dogs in an obscure road in Holloway, and about the year 1871, in the face of considerable opposition, they succeeded in starting at Battersea a small place of refuge, which has since developed into the now widely known Home. No sooner was it opened than a certain section of the Press immediately began to attack it upon every side, and to try its best to damn the institution as a useless, if not an objectionable establishment. "What was its object?" asked these ignorant though possibly well - meaning writers. could not homeless dogs be destroyed by the police?" "Was it not a wicked sin," that was their favourite phrase, "to spend money in order to support brute animals while thousands of poor people were starving?" and so on and so on. But these

and similar questions were soon satisfactorily answered, and then the indignant voice of the Press gradually subsided into a whisper, and finally, for a short time, it became silent. When next it spoke it had changed its tone. Now it utters only words of praise, not merely with regard to the foundress, her courage and her perseverance, but respecting the home itself, its excellent management, and its great use.

As for the object with which the institution was organised, it is briefly as follows: The establishment was founded, according to the words of its prospectus, in order to rescue lost dogs from misery and starvation; in order to clear the streets of the nuisance and dangers of straying, ownerless dogs; in order to substitute for cruel processes of destroying life a speedy, painless, and therefore merciful and scientific method of putting to death; in order to find owners and suitable homes for many useful and valuable animals; in order, lastly, to prevent exorbitant rewards being extorted by unprincipled and designing persons as payment for the recovery of lost Such dogs are now restored to their rightful owners by the managers of the home upon application being made for them by the said owners, and the price charged is a sum equivalent merely to the cost of keep during the residence of the dogs at the refuge, plus a small percentage, which is added to the fund for supporting the institution.

The second question, "Why could not straying dogs be destroyed by the police?" may be dismissed without comment when it is stated that during the last ten years nearly 206,000 dogs, exclusive of cats, have been admitted to the Home, most of which the police would have been obliged either to take care of or to put an end to; and that the number of ownerless dogs found about the streets is increasing annually. Last year the Home received no less than 21,728 dogs of all sorts and conditions, an advance of 4700 on the total quantity admitted in 1893; and during January, February, and March of

the current year the number brought in

amounted to nearly 7000.

With regard to the assertion that money should not be spent in supporting dumb animals while human beings are starving, has it ever occurred to the originators of this objection that, supposing a dogs' home supported by voluntary contributions did not exist, a similar establishment would of necessity have to be opened immediately, and that the expense of supporting it would need to be defrayed by the ratepayers? For by Act of Parliament 30 and 31 Vict., cap. 134, the police are authorised to take possession of ownerless dogs found in the street, and to detain such dogs until the owners have claimed them and paid all expenses incurred by reason of such detention. Indeed, the authorities at the Dogs' Home have no right to receive dogs except under the Act of Parliament which enables the police to take dogs from the streets, so that in reality the managers at the Home at Battersea act indirectly, if not directly, as agents for the police, to whom they thus render great and gratuitous service.

At present the Home, including kennels, yards, and outbuildings, covers exactly an acre of land, and though the inmates are already much cramped for space, there will be accommodation for about a thousand dogs and a hundred cats when certain old and dilapidated kennels have been pulled down and a new set erected on their site. Some four hundred cats are admitted during the twelve months, many being sent as boarders by persons leaving town for a short time only. The price charged weekly for such boarders is eighteenpence each. The dogs are fed almost entirely upon Spratt's dog biscuits. Upon an average the consumption of these biscuits is thirty tons a year. One point that immediately strikes the visitor upon his entering the yards is the extreme neatness and cleanliness prevalent everywhere. Neither does any offensive smell assail his nostrils, though many of the dogs must be in a deplorable state in every way when first received. And here it may be well to mention that the regulations concerning their admission are as excellent as they are methodical and practical. When a fresh batch of dogs is brought in by the police - some are brought in every day, driven in a cart all the new arrivals are placed in a large room especially built and adapted for the purpose and remote from the kennels. Here they are chained to the wall, out of reach of one another. They are then carefully examined, numbered, and a minute description of each is inscribed in a register. By means of this plan any individual dog applied for may be identified almost immediately, and much time and trouble are thus saved. Formerly the dogs were destroyed after being kept for three days, but at the special request of her Majesty the Queen, who, together with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, honours the home by being its patron, no dog is now put an end to within five days of the time of its arrival, unless exceptional circumstances render immediate destruction necessary. Valuable animals are often retained for a much longer period than five days. It is satisfactory to record that neither rabies nor hydrophobia has been seen at the Home for several years, though of course cases of epilepsy and similar fits, often mistaken for madness, are fairly common. Rabies and hydrophobia, indeed, are forms of disorder unknown at the Home. Last year 750 dogs were brought to Battersea by private persons. Of these, 177 were given to the institution; the remainder were taken there by persons glad to avail themselves of the painless process, presently to be described, of destroying their aged favourites. When it becomes more widely known that by merely paying a shilling any person may ensure his dog or cat being put to death absolutely without pain, probably many owners of dumb friends will resort to the humane method instead of poisoning or drowning. Last year also, 2023 dogs were purchased by persons who undertook to provide them with comfortable homes, and 1427 were restored to their proprietors. Of the 440 cats taken in during the year, 210 were brought by their owners to be temporarily boarded; the rest were brought by humanely disposed persons. The majority of the latter lot of cats were in a suffering condition, and it was necessary to destroy them almost immediately.

There are ten kennel-men or attendants, who are fond of their charges and like the work. These men have, so to speak, grown up with the establishment, and any one of them is able to tell you anything that you may wish to know about it. Almost needless it is to add that formerly they followed a calling in the country. One of them, for instance, a finely set-up, well-built man, thoroughly versed in matters canine, and undoubtedly a good judge of a dog, used to be gamekeeper upon a large estate in Devonshire. Between April 1

and Sept. 30 they are on duty from 6 a.m. until 6 p.m.; between Oct. 1 and March 31, from 7 a.m. until 4 p.m., and they have a private reading-room supplied with plenty of books and current literature.

Perhaps the objects that most interest the general public are the lethal chamber, invented by Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, F.R.S. (now Sir Benjamin Richardson), and erected at the Home in 1884, and the crematorium, which stands within a few yards of it. By means of the lethal chamber one hundred dogs may be put to a painless death at one and the same

chamber is so constructed that a cage, in which dogs about to be destroyed are placed, can be run into it with great rapidity immediately the sliding door has been raised, and can be as quickly enclosed. This, of course, is effected by pulling down the door again. The cage consists of a wooden framework with light iron bars, and a wooden door upon either side of it, two doors at one end and another door upon the top. It can be filled and emptied through these doors very quickly. In order that it may hold as many animals as possible and yet not cause them dis-

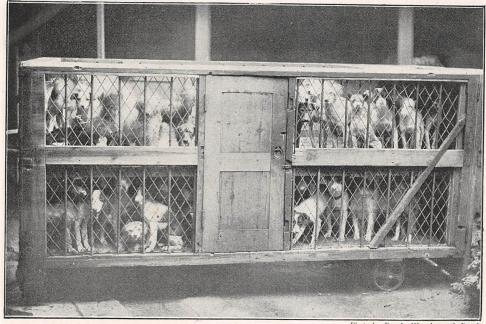


Photo by Brock, Wandsworth Road.

GOING INTO THE LETHAL CHAMBER.

time and within a few minutes, and in the crematorium two hundred dogs or cats can be consumed together. The time needed for the cremation lasts about eight hours. However, a more lengthy description of the lethal chamber will no doubt be of interest.

The chamber itself, then, which is built of brick, is hermetically sealed, except in front, where there is a sliding door, and at the escape-pipe or flue. Before the doomed animals are placed within it the chamber itself is fully charged with narcotic vapour—that is to say, an atmosphere of carbonic acid, through which chloroform has been introduced in the form of a spray, up to complete saturation. The

comfort, the cage is divided into two parts or tiers, the flooring of the upper tier being freely perforated in a way that establishes a communication between the upper and lower divisions, and allows a due distribution of the lethal atmosphere. The cage runs on 8-in. wheels, and travels upon iron tram-rails. Immediately the sliding door has been pushed up the cage is run into the chamber and the door instantly closed again. The anæsthetic sleep is induced within one minute, and death takes place usually within the two minutes that follow, though the cage is never withdrawn within half an hour. This sort of death is brought about by anæsthesia, and not, as some suppose,

by suffocation or asphyxia. Physiologically, there is a distinctive difference between these two modes of death. Death by anæsthesia is death by sleep; death by asphyxia is death by deprivation of air. Death by anæsthesia is typically represented in death by chloroform; death by asphyxia is typically represented in drowning and strangulation. When properly carried out, death by anæsthesia is much the more certain and by far the less violent of the two processes. The animals sleep into death, as it were, no sign of a

drowning, poisoning by prussic acid, shooting, and stunning—the lethal method stands far ahead on every ground of practical readiness, certainty, and humanity. I cannot, however, let this opportunity pass of testifying that the method for twenty years carried out at the Dogs' Home of killing with prussic acid has been, by the skill and experience of the operators, brought to a great state of perfection and painlessness. The objections to it are moral and physical. It is a tax that few men can usually bear to have

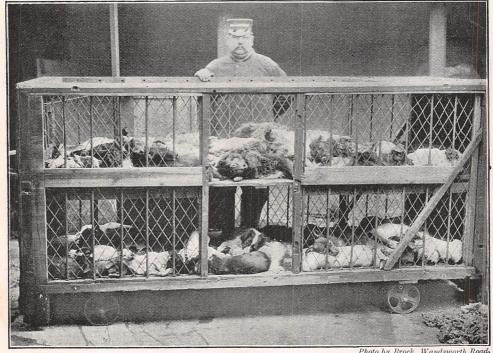


Photo by Brock, Wandsworth Road.

COMING OUT OF THE LETHAL CHAMBER.

spasm or struggle being ever presented by their dead bodies. The anæsthetic, too, has convincingly been proved to be painless, for we know that human beings who have almost died while under the influence of chloroform have afterwards declared that they felt no pain whatsoever; and at present there is no reason for supposing that dumb animals are more sensitive than men and women. Indeed, Dr. Benjamin Richardson himself, upon May 15, 1884the day upon which his lethal chamber was used for the first time-spoke as

"Compared with the other modes of extinguishing animal life—such as hanging,

every week to take hundreds of dogs one after the other, and by force administer to each, by the mouth, the deadly dose of prussic acid. Further, the poison is so deadly that I look upon it as almost a miracle that no man has been accidentally killed by it during the process."

A waggish visitor the other day standing with a friend behind the cage containing dogs and cats about to be sent into their last long sleep, playfully remarked that it would be well if some of our criminals and dangerous and incurable madmen could be sent shuffling off this mortal coil in a similar sensible and painless manner. "Criminals and madmen?" exclaimed

his friend with a laugh that a certain wellknown novelist would undoubtedly have called "metallic," "say, rather, our labour leaders and land agitators, our women who did, and women who could, our new woman and our bad musicians. might they be shuffled off, and nobody would feel one penny the worse." Pos-

sibly some of us agree with him.

Before the crematorium had been built, the dead bodies were sent by rail into the country and there stacked, a bed of charcoal being placed between each layer of bodies, and the gruesome mass was ultimately utilised as manure. But gradually the exportation of "Londoners," as the railwaymen called these bodies, became so enormous that the shrewd country cousin took very marked exception to this steadily increasing influx of ill-starred foreign produce, and, the supply having evidently exceeded the demand, further consignments of "Londoners" declined with thanks. At this crisis, Sir George Measom opportunely introduced his new invention. Had he not done so. it is hard to say what would have happened, for much as the town born and bred man may sneer at his country brother, he is but seldom able to thwart him when the latter has made up his mind to bring about a change that he deems to be of importance.

Under no conditions whatsoever are either dogs or cats supplied for purposes of vivisection. These words are italicised because there appears to be a prevalent and growing belief that the managers of the home supply hospitals and private persons with living subjects upon which to experiment. Upon the contrary, the seventh "Notice to

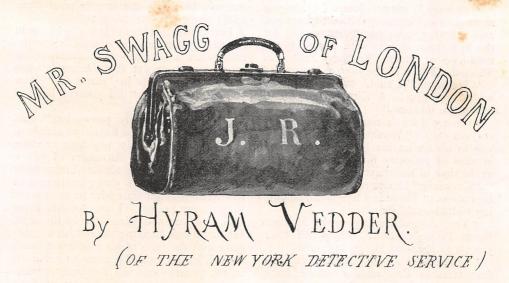
the Public" posted up at the institution distinctly states that "Animals are never sold for the purpose of physiological, pathological, toxicological, or other experiments being made upon them; they are not sold to any person giving his address at a hospital; they are not sold to low-class dealers; and they are not sold to persons who may be regarded as unlikely to provide them with good homes. Every buyer is, as a condition of purchase, required to state on the counterfoil of the receipt which is delivered to him, and which constitutes his title, the real purpose for which the animal is required, and that it is not purchased and shall not be used

for experimentation."

The Duke of Portland is President of the home. Sir George Samuel Measom, J.P., is treasurer and chairman of the committee, while Mr. Henry J. Ward is the secretary and acting manager; Mr. A. J. Sewell, M.R.C.V.S., is the hon. inspecting veterinary surgeon. The place is well worth seeing-the average daily number of inmates being over five hundred. It is open to visitors nearly all day, except on Sundays, Christmas Days, and Good Fridays. It is situated within twenty minutes' drive of Piccadilly Circus, and it may be reached by train direct from Victoria or London Bridge, or by boat. Battersea railway station almost adjoins the Home. Battersea Park pier lies within five minutes' walk of it. Owing to the rapidly increasing number of dogs sent to the refuge month by month, and also to the recent death of many of the regular subscribers, the Home is at the present time sadly in need of funds. It certainly deserves support.



DAWN.



OU come at a timely moment," said Anthony Jones, yawning and interlacing his long thin fingers behind his head, as I entered his luxurious den in the Madison Avenue flat. "Perhaps you can revive my interest in existence, which is running perilously low."

"You don't look as though you were a victim to depression," I rejoined.

"Ay, but I am," returned he. He drew a flat crystal flask, silver-topped and half full of a clear yellow liquor, from the breast-pocket of his dressing-gown, and held it to the light. "With this weapon I fight the black mood when it comes upon me. You have never tried cocaine?" he added, meeting my curious look. "No? The better for you, then! It grows upon a man-

"Like thief-catching," I put in.
"Oh no, my good Sir!" cried he. "There is no intellectual enjoyment in the act of arrest of any higher calibre than the zest experienced by a clever terrier in shaking a rat. But in measuring the cubic capacities of other men's minds, in bringing a certain degree of imaginativeness, bridled by logic, to bear upon the probabilities of certain modes of action adopted—in extremity or otherwise—by individuals in whom certain propensities are known to exist, and with whom certain motives must be uppermost—in this there is pleasure of a keen and subtle kind. By-the-way, if you have no particular engagement to-night, Inspector, I should be glad of your companionship.

"No need of a revolver and a warrant this time, I suppose?" I said jokingly.

"Excellent!" cried Anthony Jones, with more amusement than the poor jest warranted. "I rejoice to meet with this kind of spirit in Mulberry Street. Bring the articles you have mentioned by all means. We are going into the kind of company where the last-named particularly may be used to advantage."

"And in whose name is the warrant to be made out, Sir?" said I jokingly, "In the Devil's," returned my friend quite gravely. "For I doubt, Vedder, whether any other title would be so apposite. And now I have a couple of questions to ask you."

"All right, Sir. For Number One-"

"Have you any reason to believe that your features and general appearance are familiar to the criminal population of this city? Would you be easily spotted in a crowded public place of entertainment, for instance, as a detective officer?"

"I think it very unlikely," I answered. "Until a few weeks ago I wore a full beard; now, as you see, with the exception of a small moustache, I am clean-shaven."

"I understand," returned he, with a fleeting twinkle in his keen eye. "Ladies are sometimes arbitrary in these matters eh, Vedder?"

"You have hit the mark, as you usually do," I answered. "With regard to question Number Two?"

"Question Number Two is this: Has any well-known jail-bird been arrested within the last three hours?"

"Houston Street telephoned up to Mulberry Street early in the forenoon to say they had got Sleeman," I answered.

"Sleeman," mused Jones. "Do you mean the confidence-operative, pickpocket, and blackleg, who has been wanted for the last three months with regard to the nobbling of Judge Brooker's mare at Sheepshead Bay, in the June of last year?"
"The same," I said. "And glad I am

we've got him! A slippery subject, if

ever there was one."

Anthony Jones's next question was a curious one. "Would it be possible for you to obtain an inventory of the various articles of property found upon Sleeman at the time of his arrest?".

"Certainly," I answered, after a moment's hesitation. "There is a telephone belong-

ing to this establishment?

"Yes, communicating with Madison Street Police Station. They will hitch you on to Houston Street, of course."

I telephoned as suggested. Within a few minutes the answer came back. Sleeman had had upon him at the time of his seizure thirty dollars in genuine paper currency, one hundred and fifty dollars in counterfeit notes, a fivechambered revolver, a gold watch with nickel chain, a diamond pin, a bunch of skeleton keys, ditto the real article, a memorandum-book, and a black and white card of rather peculiar shape.

Anthony Jones leaned eagerly across the

"Could you procure the loan of that card

for twenty-four hours?"

I could, and did. Within ten minutes there lay before us on the table a piece of cardboard shaped in eccentric fashion. In appearance it was like one of the lithographed bookmark advertisements generally slipped by enterprising dry-goods firms between the leaves of magazines, and represented a common shiny blackleather handbag lettered in white with the initials "I. R." The reverse was plain, and bore an advertisement roughly printed-

> A RECEPTION Will be given to

LONDON SWAGG OF MR. (The Man That Never Got Nabbed)

By

THE LEADING OPERATIVES OF NEW YORK

AT CASSIDY'S, Sept. 6,

At Twelve sharp, No. 69.

Bring the Word, and be in Time.

"I wonder," said I, "who Mr. Swagg of London may be when he's at home; and whether there are any more of these oddly shaped tickets going around?"

For answer, Anthony Jones drew from his vest-pocket and laid silently beside the first ticket a second—its counterpart in every respect, except that the number was 100. I looked up in surprise. "How on earth," I cried, "did you get hold of this?"

"It came into my possession," said Anthony Jones, "by a fortuitous accident. Last night I attended a pugilistic meeting out Jersey City way. An alarm of police was given; and in the scuffle of dispersion it occurred to a smart young gentleman of the light-fingered fraternity to endeavour to pick my pocket. I was too quick for him, however, and seized him by the arm. He had a coat hanging over it, in accordance with the rules of his profession, and, though he got away, the garment remained in my possession. In the inner breastpocket was a note-case, filled with flash greenbacks, and, tucked inside the lining, I discovered the fellow to Sleeman's card. It struck me as curious; and knowing something of the proprietor of Cassidy's Music Hall-

"An old thief, Sir," said I, "and timeexpired ticket-of-leave man. And his hall

is the lowest in the Bowery."

"You will have an opportunity of renewing your impressions of it to-night."

"Are you going there, Sir?"

"We are going to make use of the tickets belonging to Mr. Sleeman and my pickpocket friend, without permission of either gentleman. I have a curiosity to see this sensational Mr. Swagg. I may be unable to gratify it—that is, supposing the numbers of these tickets have not been

stopped; in which case-

My companion pulled up suddenly in the long springy stride with which he paced the room—" we shall find ourselves in what my English friends call 'a hat.' Remember, you have given me your assurance that you are not likely to be recognised in queer or dangerous company. If you have not told the truth in this, you are risking your life, let me tell you, Mr. Vedder, in accompanying me to-night."

I repeated the assurance I had previously

"I shall have no compunction in asking you to be my companion, then," said my friend.

He twirled one of the black-and-white tickets between his forefinger and thumb, and looked at me with rather a quizzical smile.

"Look again at these initials," said he. "Do the letters 'J.R.,' especially in conjunction with a shiny black bag, awaken no associations in your mind, Inspector? Think once more."

I thought to no purpose.

"Never mind," said Jones. "The question was an idle one, put it by. J. "The and R. are two very ordinary letters of the alphabet, taken singly or in juxtaposition. A black bag of shiny leather is the common repository of the papers of business men or the 'jemmy' of the burglar."

"Talking of burglars," I said, "we have an extradition warrant for the arrest of the English operative, Rudge, on a charge of housebreaking and murder."

"Rudge!" Anthony Jones selected a cigar from his case and lighted it with deliberation. "A clever scoundrel, Vedder."

"Clever!" I ejaculated. "The engineer of all the big burglaries and porticorobberies that have taken place in the English metropolis and provinces during the past ten years. It was he who carried off the Marchioness of Grandford's rope of black pearls and the hereditary diamonds of the Crown Princess of Polania. The feats of misdirected ingenuity and criminal daring achieved by the man would fill a volume, Sir."

"He has never been caught, I believe?" interrogated Anthony Jones, tipping the

ash from his cigar.

"Never! Nor has he ever been baffled in his designs—forced to drop the greater part of his booty and bolt for it - save once; and that was when Police-constable Vandellar caught him in Standish House, Piccadilly, when the Earl and Countess were out of town. He was filling his pockets with the contents of the glass tables in the celebrated curio-room when the constable came on him. Shots were exchanged, and there was a hot chase, but Rudge got away, wounded as he was-

"To live to rob another day."

"And to pay out the poor fellow who so nearly nabbed him. It seems he was shot in the face and badly disfigured, and he swore to be revenged upon the man who had done it."

"And kept his word?"

"Like the cool, cunning, determined devil that he is."

"Ay," said Jones. "Murder was not his line, but once he made up his mind to do it there might be no doubt of its being done with completeness and originality."

"Vandellar was regularly trapped," said I; "decoyed into a lonely spot and knocked on the head before being immolated after a fashion fiendish enough to make a Red Indian shudder. You remem-

ber the particulars?"

"Clearly," said Jones. "They-for I fancy there must have been a woman in the business—they decoyed Vandellar into a warehouse in the neighbourhood of South Audley Street, employed by a firm of cleaners for the storage of chemicals, stunned and bound him, and had the elaboration to break a glass carboy of sulphuric acid over his head before they left him. I would stake my professionalyour professional—reputation," he ended, "that that was the woman's idea. Our friend Jonas, clever as he is, would never have hit upon it by himself."

"Jonas?"

"I speak of Jonas Rudge."

"I beg your pardon. His Christian

name had slipped my memory."

"It is useful, sometimes, to have a good memory for Christian names. And so our friend Mr. Jonas Rudge is supposed to be in New York?"

"'Conjectured' would be the word. It is only 'supposed' that he has left

England."

Anthony Jones uttered an impatient

"Only supposed! when the man's disfigured face should have—but there's no complaint so hopeless of cure as official

ophthalmia!"

We parted, to meet again at a given point upon the northern outskirts of New York, at a quarter to twelve. The character of the streets began to change as we drew near our destination. The Bowery, with its rows of cheap stores, where half the stock seems to be displayed upon the sidewalks; its fruit, pea-nut, and sodawater stalls impeding the pedestrian's progress at every step; its noisy-throated hawkers, its brazen women, its quadruple lines of horse-car tracks, and its rumbling, puffing, elevated trains, is probably the most bewildering maze that ever a stranger tried in vain to thread. But it seemed

familiar ground to Mr. Anthony Jones.
"This is the crucible, Vedder," said he, "in which all the vices of humanity are melted down into one amalgam. By the way "-he handed me Sleeman's card-"I should advise you to put that in the upper pocket of your vest, so that it can be got at easily, and in case of a password

being demanded."

"Which it will be," said I, "and a mighty tough job we shall have to play our hand without it."

"I'm going to do a bluff, Vedder," said my companion, with a dry chuckle. "Remember, if I can't carry it through, it means fighting, so keep close to me; say as I say, do as I do; and have your revolver ready."

"All right," said I.

We pulled up suddenly on the borders of a dense throng, crowded about the gaudy, glaring entrance of the low concerthall run by Cassidy. A curious feature struck me in the composition of the crowd. I twitched my companion's sleeve.

"Take out your breastpin, and darn it under your coat-lapel," I whispered, "and fasten your watch to both your key-chains, if you can do so without being seen. Every loose character in New York seems

to be round here to-night."

Even as I spoke a lean, sinuous hand grabbed at Jones's guard-chain, but with a movement of surprising sleight he caught

the wrist and held it like a vice.

As the thief, released, dived into the crowd, it swayed and closed about us; we were carried forwards with the impetus of the rush, and when we found our feet again we were in front of a railed-off pay bureau, out of which looked a red-faced corpulent man (Cassidy in person), adorned with a glaring plaid necktie; his greasy fingers sparkling with diamond rings.

"Throw back your coat and show the black ticket," whispered the voice of

Jones close by my ear.

"Free show to-night, sonny-boy," I heard the red-faced Cassidy say to a dissipated-looking young tough who put down some money on the rubber cushion before him. "You've got to show a different kind of metal to that if you want to come in."

The tough made a halting reply. There was a hoarse laugh as a dozen stalwart arms seized the unfortunate, and he was rapidly passed over the heads of the crowd until his howls and struggles ended at its

limits.

The turn of my companion came. His head and shoulders blocked the pay-hole. Jammed against his back, my arms pinioned to my sides, I listened with all my ears—

"Where does he hail from?" was asked.

"London," was the prompt reply.

" What luggage's he got?"

"The black bag," I heard whispered back. My turn came. Cassidy put out one greasy, glittering hand; pulled the black

ticket out of my vest-pocket; inspected it, ticked off the number, and asked—
"Where does he hail from?"

"London," I answered.
"What luggage's he got?"

For a moment I hesitated; then, spurred by the peril of the position, answered as my companion had done—

"The black bag."

"Pass," said Cassidy, gruffly.

A turnstile clicked, and I and Jones were able to stretch our limbs in comparative freedom. We hurried with others down a sloping, sawdust-covered stone passage, and found ourselves in the concert-hall, already well filled, and momentarily becoming crowded. The actual air was foul with the fumes of liquor and tobacco, the customary nightly throng of patrons having only just dispersed; and, morally, the atmosphere was bad enough to have poisoned an inspector of prisons. Faces upon faces were there that I personally recognised as belonging to well-known criminals. Scarcely a nationality but had its representative, though the Irish, French, and American predominated; not a vice or crime prevalent in our great city but its lodging within those walls. had Gamblers, swindlers, banco-steerers, sawagents, pickpockets, confidenceoperators, burglars, blacklegs like Sleeman, man-trappers and their decoys, rubbed shoulders with their companions, male and female, in the great fraternity of lawbreakers. If our Mulberry Street men could have made a raid on Cassidy's that night what a haul we should have had! I reflected, and glanced towards my neighbour, wondering whether a corresponding idea had happened to cross his mind. But he did not return my glance: he was gazing earnestly towards one of the two little gaudy private boxes that were set one on either side of the showy stage proscenium. The curtain of the box was down, but it quivered as though some occupant was taking a seat behind it; and in that moment a murmur broke out which swelled to a thunder of applause.

"Hats off!" cried somebody, and in an instant the order was obeyed. Then the greasy proprietor of Cassidy's made his appearance in the opposite box, was greeted with shouts of approbation, and as the orchestra struck up, the doors of the music-hall were closed and botted by two brawny coloured men. Then, and not fill then, the drawn curtains of the mysterious box were opened a little by a man's hand—a hairy, dusky, ape-like hand, that gave me a strange sensation as I looked upon it.

The performance began. It was about as bad, speaking in every sense, as the

whisky and the tobacco that circulated free of charge. The audience took quietly what they were well accustomed to. It was evident that the tit-bit was to be kept for the last.

It came. Down tumbled a black velvet curtain upon the outrageous capers of a brazen Terpsichore, and the corpulent Cassidy, in the midst of thunders of applause, came to the front of his box. He spoke in a smooth, oily voice, turning his blazing red face from side to side as his patrons stimulated him with cheers and

verbal encouragements.

"Me havin' been put forwards by general vote," he began, "as all gentle-men sports and distinguished patrons present here knows, it won't be took rough ef I says as what we've 'ssembled heer tergither to do, we've got to do mighty quick." (Applause, and shouts of "That's so!" and "Let her rip, Mike!") Not as I'm afraid of any laywayin' or police reshin'. We ain't showin' so much as a yaller crack through our outside shutters, an' ef we caught a Mulberry Street man or two smellin' round inside, I reckon he wouldn't answer to his squad number again. I guess he'd be split out, would that man, an' salted down, so's to keep between boards till the Day o' (Fierce laughter and more Jedgment." applause.) "Wall now, I guess ye've had 'nough o' me. All I've got to do, boys, is to introduce the greatest "—
(applause)—"the most distinguished"—
(great applause)—"and the most successful of livin' operatives to them as hev given this entertainment in his honour tonight!" Immense applause, in the midst of which Cassidy retired; and the black velvet curtain rose amid a scene of enthusiasm which I have never seen equalled.

Men and women yelled, the whole assemblage leaped to their feet, as against the dazzling glare of a background of electric lights was revealed a solitary figure—the figure of an undersized, meanly made man, most shabbily attired in an old greatcoat and a peaked skin-cap of reddish hair, with lappets for the ears. He moved, in obedience to an audible direction given from the wings, a little down the stage, with a crouching, skulking, yet supple movement, which irresistibly recalled the gait of a wild beast in its den. And the yell of applause rang out again from the hundreds of steaming throats around me, as he shifted his hand from behind him, and showed a shabby black bag. Even before Mr. Swagg of London opened the receptacle and took from it the short bar

of iron usually known in the cant of the burglar's trade as a "jemmy" and a bundle of silken cords, which when unrolled proved to be a ladder, furnished with steel grip-hooks at either end, I knew who he was! I'm not imaginative, but a vision rose before me of the interior of the London warehouse, murky with shadows, illuminated by the glare of the burglar's dark lantern, or the fitful glimmer of a street lamp from outside, and the bound, helpless figure of the doomed constable Vandellar lying on the floor amid the boxes and crates, and that beastlike creature skulking from the scene of his horrible revenge.

The cynosure of every evil eye, the awe and admiration of every depraved nature in that vast assemblage, Jonas Rudge stood before the footlights of Cassidy's Music-Hall, drinking in the incense of

the popular applause.

"Vive Monsieur Jonas!" sang out the high musical voice of a Frenchwoman from behind us, and the burden was taken up in a thundering cheer. Then the black curtain came slowly down and covered up the man with the black bag.

The sensation of the evening was over,

The mercurial audience sprang to their feet, but the doors of egress remained barred. I glanced at my companion, with a thumping heart. He was lighting a cigar. He offered me one and a match, and as he leaned to me I caught his whisper—

"That is to make time for our friend Mr. Swagg to get away. Too much admiration is as inconvenient as too much

of the other thing sometimes.'

"What do you propose to do?" I murmured back.

Jones did not answer: he was looking at a beautiful but dissipated-looking young woman, elegantly dressed and blazing with jewellery, who was, if one might judge by the foreign vivacity of her gestures, trying to persuade one of Cassidy's black janitors to let her pass out. The negro obstinately shook his head; the young woman returned disappointed to her seat behind us. We saw her scribbling something with a pencil on a card as the final moments of detention passed. Then, with a clang, the bars fell, and the seething crowd of criminals rolled out on the sidewalk.

It was nearly two o'clock in the morning. A coldish breeze blew from the north - west. The cheap stores were closed; the hawkers had gone; the locomotives no longer thundered overhead. I whiffed in the cool air with satisfaction

before I realised that my companion was no longer by my side. Even as I missed him, Anthony Jones rejoined me. The crowd had melted away with hoots and whistlings.

"Well, Sir!" I said, as we looked in one another's faces. "What is to be done

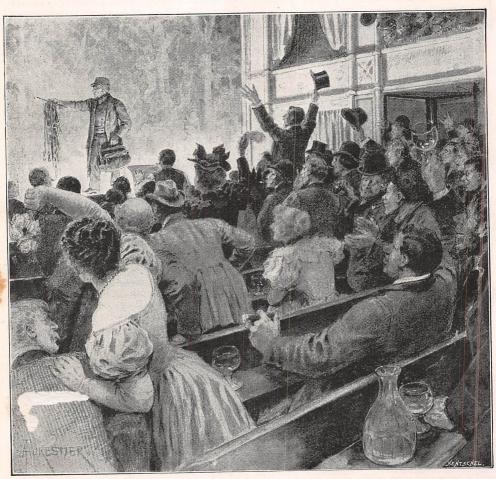
now?"

"Have you enjoyed the evening's enter-

lamps and gleaming panels showing up brilliantly in the grey of the dawn. In a moment Jones's manner changed.

"After that carriage, quick!" he cried in an eager undertone, darting forwards in pursuit. "Run as hard as you can and as noiselessly. She's got him, after all!"

"She?" I interrogated monosyllabically, for the pace at which we ran was breathing.



"VIVE MONSIEUR JONAS!" SANG OUT THE HIGH MUSICAL VOICE OF A FRENCHWOMAN FROM BEHIND US.

tainment, Inspector?" he asked, his eyes twinkling sarcastically.

"Sir, Sir, this is no time for joking. Remember all that hangs at stake," I urged. "Every moment we lose now takes him farther from us."

At that moment, from the opening of a street that ran at right angles with the thoroughfare in which we stood, a handsome private brougham dashed; its lighted

"Mademoiselle Fanny!" Jones returned, looking round at me as he stretched his long, light, sinewy limbs to the gallop of a bloodhound hot upon the trail.

"Fanny? Who on earth—"

"Is she? Well, judging by her taste in dress and jewellery," responded my tireless companion, "one might say she was a princess; going by the kind of company she keeps, one might pronounce her to be

a demi-mondaine; deducing from her vanity, her worship of success and notoriety, and her determination to gratify her own idiotic whims at any cost, one might come to the conclusion that she was only a woman after all!"

He spoke and ran, without an appearance of effort, while I laboured by his

"It was she, then-"

"Who expressed chagrin at not being allowed to leave the hall as soon as the curtain fell. Then she wrote something upon a card."

"Yes, I saw that."

"As the crowd hustled out, I jostled her—quite by accident. She dropped the card; I picked it up and gave it to her, not, however, without seeing what was written upon it—in French."

"Well?"

"A pressing invitation to supper, and an intimation that she and her brougham would be found waiting at the corner of the cross street, in which I fancy there is some building through which entrance to and egress from Cassidy's saloon may be secretly obtained. Halloa! Was that a scream?"

The brougham came to a sudden halt, as though the check-string had been violently tugged. The door flew open, and an undersized shabby man in a grey tweed suit leaped nimbly out and dived with extraordinary swiftness into a side alley that turned off sharply at right angles

with the street.

"After him!" cried Jones, and after him we went, straining to the top of speed, hot in pursuit of the quarry, which ran like an ape, its arms (extraordinarily long) bent outwards and dangling; its head moving warily from side to side. Through a labyrinth of other alleys, foul and malodorous; along cross streets so absolutely deserted that the open windows of the bedchambers in the upper storeys of the houses looked like dead jaws gaping, we followed, our strident breathing and the quick beat of our footfalls on the asphalt alone breaking the silence of the grey dawn. We pressed the creature before us hardly, I know, for once I heard him utter a bestial cry, and once caught over his shoulder a look of livid terror mingled with a kind of obscene anger and despair that made me shudder. next moment he doubled to the left, and vanished through an open doorway, leading to a stable, judging from the nature of the litter scattered before stone threshold and a warm

ammoniacal odour that whiffed at us out of the darkness.

"He has gone up into the loft!" cried Jones under his breath, pointing at a black square opening in the planked floor above. In an instant he was up the rickety ladder, while the startled horses stamped and snorted at their cribs, and a clucking hen scared out into the growing daylight, affrighted at the incursion of strangers into her quiet roost. As I hesitated between the necessity of keeping guard on the doorway and the obligation of following Jones, whose footsteps shook the planks overhead, as he rummaged in the loft, there was a scraping, rasping sound, and then a blood-curdling yell, so fierce and so inhuman that I sickened as I rushed in the direction whence it proceeded.

The loft was dark, save for a few rays of pale light that stabbed through the broken slates of the roof. I could only see a dark mass wallowing upon the floor, and hear the hoarse, hurried breathing of two people.

"Here, Vedder, quick!" panted a voice

I recognised as Jones's.

I groped to him, and leant all my weight, in the darkness, upon something rough and hairy that writhed and struggled beneath our united efforts with unnatural strength. Then—

"Curse the brute, he has bitten me to the bone!" panted Jones. "Only a minute, and—— Your handkerchief! I

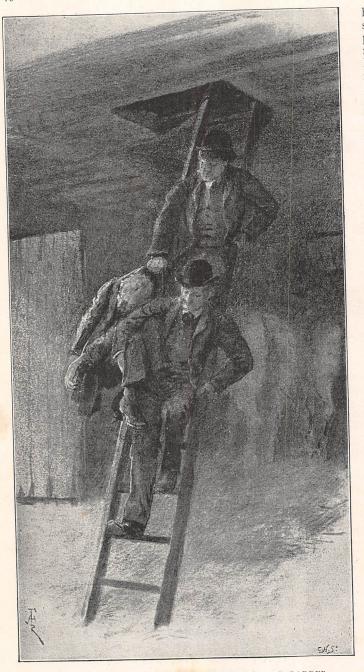
have lost mine."

I felt my handkerchief snatched from my breast-pocket. Then through the darkness stole a subtle, penetrating odour, and the creature with which we struggled grew weaker as the chloroform-saturated linen was pressed upon his mouth od Then the tense sinews yie ed, nostrils. and Mr. Swagg of London was dragged down the ladder, inert and helpless as the victim of his own insatiate lust of revenge. Before he recovered he was securely bound with a spare halter, and with the assistance of a passing "night-hawk," one of those cabs that prowl the streets until dawn, looking for belated passengers—conveyed to a place of safety.

I subjoin a cutting from the New York Advertiser issue of the following day—

MYSTERIOUS ROBBERY.

"Mdlle. Fanny Leveaux, a well-known member of the fashionable New York half-world, was robbed of some valuable jewels in the small hours of yesterday morning, under peculiar circumstances.



MR. SWAGG OF LONDON WAS DRAGGED DOWN THE LADDER.

The woman was (supposedly) conveying an admirer home to supper in her brougham; and at a certain point upon her journey the checkstring was violently pulled and the man made off, leaving Mademoiselle Fanny in a fainting condition. Her diamond necklace had been torn from her throat, and her ear-rings (brilliants of unusual size and lustre) wrenched from her ears with such brutal force as to bruise and tear the flesh of the unfortunate woman, who, when discovered by the police, was bleeding and uncon-Up to the scious. present no clue has been gained as to the identity of the perpetrator of the outrage, nor, it is feared, will the stolen valuables ever be recovered."

The reporter was The jewels wrong. were recovered and restored to their owner, who, it is to be hoped, learned a lesson of prudence from her painful adventure. As to Mr. Swagg of London, he is in safe keeping, and will, in the course of a few days, be shipped for England, under the careful guardianship of Inspectors Cardew and Price.

The credit of the catch, in official circles, is another's; but that Jonas Rudge is no longer free to continue his depredations upon society is really owing to

the sleuth-hound instinct, the marvellous insight, and the intrepid promptitude of Mr. Anthony Jones of New York.

A BRAVE LITTLE LASS.

By MARY GAUNT.

"JENNY, Jenny! Drat her! Where is the girl! Oh! there you are. What's come to them calves, Jen?

They ain't in the yard."

Jenny, in a long lilac print pinafore, her sandy hair twisted into a tight little pigtail, stood in the door of the hut with her finger in her mouth, and looked dubiously over the dilapidated dog-leg fence which made up the calf-paddock. Her mother was looking into it too, and so were the cows, the red-and-white bald-faced heifer and the black poley cow, but there were no calves to be seen.

"Jen, where are them calves?"

"I dunno. They've strayed out of that there gap. They can do without their

mothers now, fine."

She stepped down beside her own mother, and together they inspected the scene of the disaster. The hills rose up all round—not very high hills, but covered to the very tops with thick vegetation, and shutting in on every side the tiny clearing on which the hut stood.

"Your dad'll be that waxy!" sighed Mrs. Brooke mournfully. "Them calves

was worth---"

"He hadn't orter let that gap alone," said Jenny practically. "The calves ain't gone far. I saw 'em a little while back. They'll be down by the swamp."

"Think so?" asked her mother, who had fallen into the habit of consulting her little ten-year-old daughter on all occa-

sions.

"Certain sure. Me and Jim'll soon

fetch 'em back."

The woman looked up at the evening sky doubtfully. It was late in April, and up in the hills here the first signs of winter were already showing themselves. The last rays of the sunset were still lingering on the hill-tops to the west, but to the east the clouds were dark and lowering, and a mournful wind was sighing down the gully. The unpainted weather-board hut looked comfortless and lonely, but at least the fire on the open hearth glowed bright and cheerful, and seemed

to beckon them inside—to order them to come in, and leave the recreant calves to themselves.

A baby's cry—the cry of a very young child—came from the interior, and Mrs.

Brooke turned slowly back.

"Baby's that bad," she said doubtfully, "that cold's goin' to turn to brownkitus, I guess, and I durstn't take her outside. Your dad'll be home at ten, and the very first question'll be along o' those calves."

"Me and Jim'll fetch'em back," said the girl again, looking sturdily away at the lowering eastern sky. "It's goin' to pour, but that won't matter if you keep up a good fire. We'll be back in half an hour. "Hi!" she raised her voice, "you Jim!"

Jimmy emerged from the hut, a little tow-headed boy of eight at least, and close at his heels followed another small boy,

two years younger.

"Now, Billy," said his mother, reproachfully, catching him by the collar, "What'd you come out for, catching your death of cold? Just you run inside now and mind baby. Jim, you get that red comforter of your dad's, and go help sis look for the calves. Here, Jen, you'd best take my crossover."

She stripped off the grey worsted wrap she had round her, and her little daughter soberly wrapped it round her slight child's figure, while Jim retired into the hut and returned dragging after him a long red comforter.

"Drat the boy!" said his mother, snatching it from him and administering a sharp box on the ear, born of vexation and anxiety, "look to him draggin' it all through the muck!"

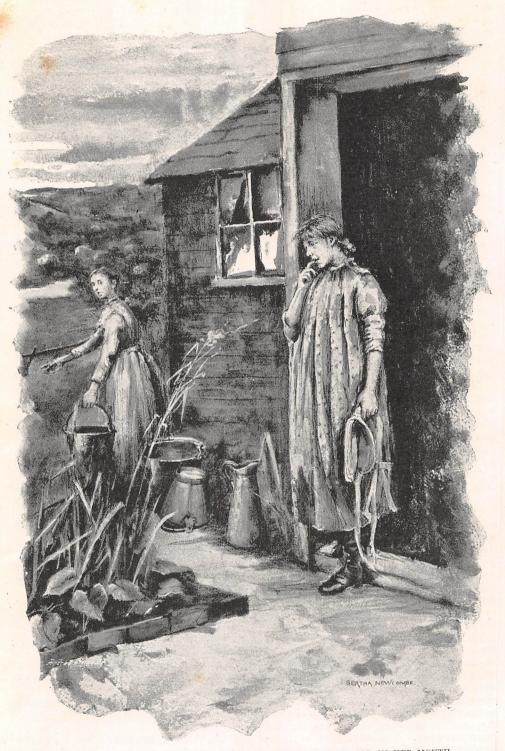
She tied it round his neck with an angry jerk, and Billy, looking on, took a solemn

resolution.

"Ain't goin' to mind no baby," he said, taking a suck at his thumb, "I'm agoin' 'long with Jim."

"Oh, you are, are you? We'll just see about that: just you be off into the house now in a brace of shakes."

He looked at her doubtfully, made sure



JENNY STOOD IN THE DOOR OF THE HUT WITH HER FINGER IN HER MOUTH.

that she really meant what she said, then opened his mouth and burst into a loud roar.

"Let him come 'long," said Jenny, "'t won't be far, and he can have his tea when he comes back."

"Well, you look after him then, and don't go lettin' him fall into no creeks now like you done on Sunday. Such a muck as the boy was in! Here, now, best come in an' get a piece each, an' I'll put

somethin' round Bill's neck."

The last ray of sunlight had died from the hill-tops when the little party started down the gully, with their backs towards the cheerful glow from the hut door, and their faces towards the dismal swamp. The wail of the curlew rose on the wind, and the mournful croaking of multitudes of frogs broke the stillness, seeming to emphasise the coming darkness. They looked three such helpless mites as they set out that the mother, as she watched them, had more than half a mind to call them back and tell them to let the calves alone; but the thought of her man coming back and finding those calves gone stayed her tongue. After all, why shouldn't they go? They had gone often before, and the track to the swamp was as plainly marked as the main road.

"Don't be long," she called after them, straining her eyes to distinguish them in the gathering gloom; "don't be long now. If you can't find them dratted calves, come right home. It'll be dark as

pitch soon."

Jenny looked back over her shoulder. "All right, Mam," she said. "Bill's

too small to go far."

The path was narrow, the veriest bush track, made by the cows going down to water, and the scrub on either side was thick and close, mostly ti-tree and fern, supple-jack twisting and twining itself in and out round the trunks of the small trees, so that there was not room for the three to walk abreast. Jim, munching away at his piece, went on ahead, walking sturdily, a stick over his shoulder, and behind him came his sister and the smaller boy. Billy objected to this procedure. He wanted to walk ahead with Jim, but Jim was important, and would have none of him, and Jenny kept him by her side because she had a wholesome fear of True, the summer was gone, but this was a bad place for snakes in the hot weather, and it was just as well to be careful now; so while with one hand she held a cloth over her head, with the other she tried to keep Billy's straying footsteps

in the straight path. He shook off her protecting hand angrily; very well he knew he was of the superior sex; and only the strong feeling that she was responsible for his well-being made her pocket her "piece," and use her spare hand to catch him by his sullen shoulder and keep him in the centre of the path.

It began to rain, not heavily, but a thick misty rain, that seemed to blot out even the scrub on either hand, and Jenny and her unwilling companion stopped dead.

"Jim," she called out, "it's rainin'!

We'd better let them calves alone."

"I can see the water-hole!" called

back Jim mendaciously.

"Oh, all right!" said Jenny. always had a bad time with these boys. She was supposed by family tradition to look after them, and was in every way responsible when they went out together, but being only a girl they were fully aware of their own supreme superiority, and treated her with contempt. Now she wanted to turn back. The dark, cold, wet night frightened her; but Jim, who felt no responsibility, wanted to go on, and of course he had his way. Presently the path grew a little broader, the croaking of the frogs grew louder, the ground underfoot was soft and boggy, and reeds mingled among the ti-tree scrub. the water-hole did come in sight, black water with hardly a gleam in it under the sullen sky. But the faintest glimmer of twilight lingered, just light enough to see that the strayed calves were not there. All the edges of the water-hole were trampled though, and Jim, wise little bush-boy as he was, stooped down and examined the marks.

"They're not here," said Jenny; "we

can't look any more to-night."

"Oh, can't we?" said Jim with scorn. "You bet your sweet life we can. Here's their tracks—see the little 'uns, littler nor the cows'ud make—they've just gone into the scrub there to sleep."

He stood up and pointed a little to the

left.

"There, there, I b'lieve I see the red 'un! Shoo, shoo, you beast, shoo!" and he ran into the scrub, and in a moment was lost to sight among the ferns and ti-tree. If it had been broad daylight she could not have seen him, and his pleasing little fiction that he saw the red calf was, as she knew well enough, but a fiction to get a little longer time out in the night. They did not go out at night as a rule; they were very seldom out in the rain, and the joy of going home legitimately wet

through and being coddled up over the fire and given hot tea was looming large before Jim's eyes. It was just as well to make the most of it, and he rushed whooping into the scrub on the very slenderest pretext. Jenny stood by the water-hole hesitating. Bill was wriggling in her grasp, fretfully demanding to be allowed to follow his brother, and that brother's whoops resounded cheerfully on the night air, mingling with the echo which came back from the surrounding hills.

"Lemme go—I wanter go—lemme go!"
She paused a moment. It was wrong to go into the scrub, very wrong at this hour of the night, but perhaps, after all, Jim had found the calves—he was yelling enough to have found fifty—and calves were such stupid, bothersome things, he would want all their help to get them out of that scrub.

"Come on then, Bill," she said a little fretfully—the responsibility was weighing heavily on her mind—"come on then; but just you mind and stick close to me: the bunyip might come and eat you up if you was to get away alone."

"He'd eat you too," suggested Bill defiantly; nevertheless, he put a hand on

her dress.

"No, he wouldn't; he don't like big

gurrls."

Then she went inside the line of ferns, and raised her voice—

"Timmy, J-i-m-m-y!"

There came back an answering hail—

"I'm here. Come on!"

"Have you got the calves?" at the top of her voice.

"No-o!" in equally loud tones; "but here's the track I'm followin'. They must be somewhere abouts."

Jenny's heart sank.

"Come back, Jim; it's quite dark, an' it's rainin' fits."

"You come on and I'll come back"; but the voice sounded farther away this

time.

Jenny caught Billy by the hand and began to run in the direction of the sound. It was pitch dark here in the scrub; it was pitch dark outside for that matter, and the scrub was so thick that their hands and faces were scratched as they forced their way through it. The long fronds of the tree-ferns were laden with moisture, and rained down heavy showers upon them as they passed, and the thorny shrubs scratched their faces and hands and tore at their clothes. Jim's voice sounded farther and farther off, and a panic seized

upon the girl, a panic that communicated itself to the child at her side. There was hardly any need to grasp so tightly his hot little hand; he held on to her firmly enough as she dragged him across the tussocks and under the branches, heedless now of the snakes she had feared so much at their setting out, for fainter and fainter sounded the voice of the boy on ahead. She had entirely forgotten the calves now. Where was Jimmy got to? where was he leading them to? If he should get lost in the gully, in this dense bush, in this darkness, how should she ever find him again? How should she ever face her mother and tell her that she had let Jimmy lose himself, how tell her father that he was lost as well as the calves? She hardly understood her father's attitude towards his children: she did not quite know which he would value most, Jimmy or the calves; but she was quite sure he would be very angry with her on both counts.

"Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy!" and Bill joined his voice to hers and made the echoes ring again. There was a faint answer more to the left, and Jenny turned

at once with another shout-

"Jim, stop this minute! Stop, Jim, do

stop.!"

But there was no answer, and Jenny fled on, the very act of running terrifying her still more. All was so silent when her own voice died away; she strained her ears, and there was only the sound of their own fleeing footsteps and the crash of breaking branches as they forced their way through, but not a sign, not a sound that might tell of the presence of Jim. Only a minute passed, but it seemed to her hours, and she redoubled her efforts. Bill began to sob, she wrenched so hard at his arm, and finally he caught his foot in one of the twining creepers. She gave a tug, which failed to free him, and down he came with a loud outcry to the ground.

She stopped then, she had to stop, and set him on his feet again; but the creeper was firmly twisted, and Billy had hurt himself, and, regarding her as the author of his woe, doubled his little fists and pommelled into her face as she bent over him, roaring lustily meanwhile. Just for one brief moment she forgot Jim, wondering if some new trouble had overtaken her, but the thrust of those little fists in her face had at once a reassuring effect. She knew well enough Bill wouldn't hit her if he was hurt, and she shook him smartly.

"Be quiet, you dratted nuisance, do! See if I don't tell your mam on you when

I get you home!"



THEN THE WATER-HOLE DID COME IN SIGHT, BLACK WATER WITH HARDLY A GLEAM IN IT UNDER THE SULLEN SKY.

A shaking was totally unexpected on Bill's part. His sister was his willing slave as a rule, and he rode rough-shod over her. She had never to his knowledge objected to be pommelled before, and in his astonishment he stopped roaring for a moment, then shrieked again, indignation coming to the aid of his lungs, and hit out wildly.

A crash among the bushes alongside them made Jenny start in terror and

stopped the boy's mouth.

"Ou, Jen!" he sobbed, suddenly clinging to her; "is it the bunyip or a wolf?"

A mournful blood-curdling whoop close alongside made the boy shriek with terror, but Jenny sat up with sudden relief.

"Jim, you scallawag, you just do that again and see if I won't make it hot for

you when I catches you!"

"But you can't catch me," came back Jim's voice, half defiant, half repentant. "I ain't agoin' to try," she said indig-

"I ain't agoin' to try," she said indignantly. "I'm just agoin' straight home, calves or no calves, and you can stop right here, if you like; I ain't goin' to have no truck with you. Come on, Bill, the bunyip

can have Jim."

"There ain't no bunyip," said Jim, but there was no conviction in his voice. He had just begun to realise that it was very dark and very cold and he was getting very tired. He began to think he would rather not be alone in this dark bush with the rain pouring down steadily and the wind wailing overhead. It would be so nice to be sitting over the fire at home, drinking hot tea and warming cold toes; but if Jenny left him alone here. . .!

"Nits, Jin, nits! I'll come along."
"You orter to 'a done that before," she said resentfully, but Jenny's resentment

was warranted not to last long.

He stepped out from behind a tall treefern and caught hold of Bill's hand, that young gentleman making no resistance. It was an honour to hold Jim's hand; he was quite independent of Jenny's help now, and in a lordly way desired her to stop behind.

"Which way, Jen?" asked Jim.

"How do I know! The way we come, of course."

There is a momentary hesitation. It is so dark now, and the rain is falling so fast. Then Jenny bravely plucks up her courage; surely it is easy enough to go back the way they came.

"This way. Look out, Bill, don't fall!"
So the girl goes on ahead, looking over
her shoulder at almost every step to see
that the little dim dark figures are following.

The branches are so heavy with moisture, the scrub is so thick—thicker than ever but she pushes on, holding back the branches when she can, clearing away the impediments in the way as much as possible, that these ungrateful little brothers coming after her may have an easier path. They seem to have gone such a long way-such a very long wayand there is no sign of the water-hole; it seems almost like the middle of the night, and the curlews are wailing so mournfully. They can't surely be far away from the swamp: curlews never go far away from water; but then, again, on the other hand, they can be heard such a very long way off. Still, they must reach the waterhole soon; it would never do for Bill to be out all night, and he so croupy.

She turns back and catches hold of him. "Bill, have you got that there towel

round your neck?"

The towel is there right enough, but his clothes are damp and his boots are sopping; his little hands, though, are warm enough as yet, and Jenny feels if she can only get him home before her father arrives the worst will be a scolding for her. Can she, though? And the waterhole seems such a cruel long way. Her legs are beginning to ache, and behind she can hear Bill whimpering to himself.

"Stop, that, Bill, or the bunyip'll have

you!"

It is too much for Bill; he has been walking for the last hour, though he does not know it, and he is thoroughly tired out. With one stifled sob he forgets his manhood, and flings himself against his sister, grasping her round the waist with both his fat little hands.

"No, no, don't let the bunyip come!" In an instant her soft heart melts. She has used the bunyip threat mechanically: it was the one that was always on her mother's lips all through her brief childhood; the one she uses now as a means of coercion for the little boys. Jenny has heard at the State school she went to last summer that there is no such thing as a bunyip; nothing to be afraid of in all the Australian bush; and now that she feels this childish form clinging to her in an agony of fear and terror, she puts her arms round him and says consolingly—

"Be a good boy, Bill; be a good boy. There ain't no bunyip; really and truly there ain't. I'm telling you true; strike me dead if I ain't. Don't cry, and sis'll

carry you on her back a bit."

She stooped down and he climbed up solemnly, gripping her hard round the

neck. Then Jim came quietly to her side and caught hold of her dress. Nothing could have told her more plainly that he was dead beat; he too was longing for the cosy fireside and the warm tea. And it seemed so far away—so very far away.

"Jim, do you see the water-hole?"
No, sis."

A little farther on and Billy seemed almost an unbearable weight. A long fern frond, heavy with moisture, hit her full in the face with a smart blow, and she stumbled and fell against a bank of earth, which she was quite sure was not there when they passed that way before. It was so dark, too, so pitch dark, and Billy was so heavy, she could not carry him much farther.

"Jim, don't you see the water-hole?"

"No, sis; there ain't no water-hole," and Jim at last forgot his manhood and wept aloud, and Billy joined in with a wail, hammering on Jenny's shoulders with his

"I want my mam—I want my mam."

"Oh, don't cry, don't cry! Please, Jim,

don't crv."

Poor little mite! she was but a child herself-only a little maid of ten, and these other two smaller children were entirely dependent on her. They were lost-quite lost—she realised that to the uttermost, out in the black, dark night, in the rain and the cold and the dark, and they would die—perhaps die—and it was all her fault. She had not lived all the years of her life out here in the hills without knowing what being lost meant. Her father had found a lost man once last summer down in one of the gullies not far from their hut, and she and her mother had gone to look at him. Such a ghastly sight as he was, with his clothes half torn off him, and his face half eaten away by the animals. What animals? Wombats, or rats, or mice, or what? And he was a man with grey hair, and they were only little children. little boys were crying so.

"Oh, hush, boys, don't cry! Dad'll come to look for us," and the boys cried

louder than ever.

Then an idea struck Jim, and he stopped for a moment.

"He'll whack you for losin' us."

"You ran into the scrub, and I had to come after you."

"You didn't orter have let me," said

Jim, and he howled again.

She had set Bill down now; her arms and her legs ached so, she felt it was a physical impossibility to carry him any longer, but she held tight to his hand, and feeling up against the bank, found it shelved in a little, and so formed a shelter from the driving rain.

"If you was to lie down here, boys, and

get to sleep a bit-

"There's a snake or a wolf in there, I know," said Jim, and Billy hung back.

Jenny was desperate. Down on her knees she went, feeling with her hands; if a snake did bite her, what matter? There was nothing that she could feel, and the bracken growing there was quite dry—the overhanging bank sheltered it.

"There ain't nothin' there, Jim, there ain't, s'help me. Lie down like a good boy and keep Bill warm. Go to sleep, an' in the mornin' we'll easy find our way home."

"I want my tea," wailed Bill, taking up

a new refrain; "I want my tea."

"I'll have to eat the grass," said Jim,

"I'm that hungry."

Jenny hesitated a moment. In her pocket was still that "piece," grown precious now, that her mother had given her when she set out. The boys had eaten theirs, ages ago it seemed, but she had not touched hers yet, and she was so hungry—so hungry. She had had nothing since their twelve o'clock dinner, and the boys had had plenty of snacks. She was so busy, she had not time to think about eating, and they had nothing to do, so were always coming in for a drink or a piece of bread. Must she give them this piece of bread? They would go to sleep soon and would forget it; but suppose they were lost for ever and she were so greedy as to eat that last piece of bread—so wicked. God would never love her if she did; Jesus would hate her. The thought was so appalling that she drew the slice out of her damp pocket and hastily divided it into two pieces. It would have been better to have waited till morning, she knew that quite well, but she doubted her ability to wait with that bread in her pocket.

"Here, Jim; here, Bill; it's all I've

They snatched it eagerly, and she heard them munching in the darkness. They never thanked her, never gave her a thought, never seemed to remember she had had nothing since twelve o'clock, and that her mouth was watering for that bit of bread. She picked the crumbs out of her pocket, and they were delicious, and when the last one was gone she chewed a branch of bracken. Then another thought struck her, and she began pulling up the bracken and covering the little boys with it as they lay on the ground.

Billy called out that it pricked him, and she felt round wildly for something to put between, but there was nothing: all their outside clothes were damp with the rain, and Billy croupy! The only thing she possessed that was not wet through was her own warm petticoat, and, without a moment's hesitation, she slipped it off and put it over the boys. With the ferns on top and the overhanging bank sheltering them, they were not so badly off, and she snuggled down beside them. There was not quite as much fern as she would have liked, and the loss of the petticoat made her feel cold; but in spite of everything she could hardly keep her eyes open. The other two were already asleep, and they had not said their prayers. It troubled her a little, and she kept turning it over in her mind: ought she to waken them, and make them kneel down and say their prayers, ought she? And they would cry and be frightened perhaps in the dark; but still perhaps she was very wicked to let them. She rose to her knees, and the wind coming under the heap of bracken she had made pierced cold and chill through under her damp frock, and then she took a resolution that many an idler head might have envied. She would let them sleep; what was the good of wakening them to trouble? And if it was wicked, it was not their fault: they were only little boys, and could not be expected to know; but she, Jenny Brooke, she was a great girl, almost grown up—on her head be the sin. And she scrambled up to her knees and prayed fervently childish prayers that the Great Father who dwelt up in the far away blue sky would take care of these little lost children crouching under the bank and send their own father to them, and-andit would come in, though she could not help feeling it was very wrong to trouble the Great God with such a trifle-not make that father very angry with her for getting lost. Then she crept down under the fern again, as close to Billy as she could, stuffing the bracken down tight between them to keep her wet clothes from touching him. It was rather cold at her back, but that could not be helped, and then the tired eyes shut and she was sound asleep.

So soundly they slept, nothing disturbed them. A big grey owl hooted solemnly in the tree overhead, and a little white one, more curious and venturesome, flitted down like some disembodied spirit and looked closely, first with his head on one side and then on the other, at this funny little heap down among the scrub which

never had been there before; and a flock of grey wallaby came slowly hopping past, feeding as they went, unconscious of the close proximity of humanity.

But nothing disturbed the little ones. Once in his dreams Bill gave a great cry, and Jenny, only half awake and scarcely conscious of where she was, stretched out

a protecting hand.

"Hush-a-by, Bill, hush-a-by, sis's here," and Bill never woke at all, and she, opening her eyes, was barely conscious that the bank that overhung them was not the unceiled roof of their own little room at home. But early in the morning, just as the first faint streaks of light were appearing in the sky, just a break in the heavy cloud of grey to the east, Bill wakened up thoroughly, and, pushing off the covering that had kept him snug and warm, raised a cry that was more of astonishment than of fear or terror. But it effectually roused the other two. Jenny wakened with that overpowering sense of something fatally wrong which is probably, as we have all suffered from it, common to all humanity, and Jim sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"Oh, my, sis; here's a go."

"We'll just go straight home," she said, with a determination that impressed the younger child.

"D'you know the way?"

There was a sudden sinking at her heart; did she know the way? It was all so alike, this fern gully and ti-tree scrub; but she repressed it as bravely as might have done an older and wiser woman. Right in front of them rose the steep side of a hill, not so very high, perhaps, but almost perpendicular. She pointed to it. The grey mists of the early morning wreathed it round, drops of water hung on every fern-frond, on every branch, on every tiny leaf, and the top, miles away it seemed to the children, was hidden away in the mist.

"We'll get along up there. We can

see our place from the top."

"Are you sure?" asked Jim doubtfully. "Certain sure."

"I wants my break'us," sobbed the little boy suddenly, realising how affairs stood.

She turned out her pocket; but no, she had been too hungry the night before—not a crumb was left, and he sobbed on drearily.

"What does people eat out in the bush, Jen?" asked Jim, looking round him at the light broadening every instant.

"I dunno, I reely dunno," and a sob born of the full realisation of her own helplessness choked in her throat.

"Sometimes they dies like the old man on the Narling Creek, doesn't they?" said Jim, apparently with the calmness of despair, and then he asked apparently for information.

"Will we die, Jen? The water-rats had eat his face. He hadn't got no nose nor eyes."

Poor little girl! Poor little child! They appealed to her—they seemed to think she knew everything; and she wanted her mother, oh, so badly! and the misty hill in front grew mistier than ever.

"Will we, Jen?"

"No, Jim, no, course not. We're goin' home."

"But which way?"
"Up the hill, course."

It is astonishing how little children will adapt themselves to circumstances. were so little, so helpless, so hungry; but the boys seemed to understand at last that their sister had done all in her power for Even Bill stopped crying, and listened as she told them to suck the fernfronds. Pulling up the bracken by the roots, she scraped away the earth and gave it them to chew. There was little enough of sustenance in it, little enough, but still it seemed to stay their appetites, and by the time Jenny had put on her warm petticoat and shaken the boys out and brushed them down, they were quiet enough, and content to start for home.

The sun peeped over the shoulder of the hill, dispersing the mists and setting a diamond on every leaf-point, and the little ones, holding each other's hands, faced towards it, and turned up hill, as every lost child does. The way was so rough-so cruelly rough—and the shrub thicker than ever it had been the night before. The sun was the other side of the hill, and the shadows were deep. Ferns and ti-tree and twining creeper, fallen logs, half buried in decaying vegetation, and saplings growing close and tall, all these the children faced without a murmur, for was not this the way to mother and home? It was not a very high hill, as hills go, but it was very steep, and over and over again the little feet were obliged to turn back from the obstacles that stood in their path, but they did it patiently and without a murmur, and always kept their faces turned up the hill. So long it seemed—so terribly long—they were warm enough now with exertion, though the sun was on the other side of the hill; but at last Bill, lagging on to his sister's hand, began to whimper.

"I'se so tired—I is so tired."

Jenny sat down on a log, and took him on her knee.

"We'll just have to stop, Jim, and let him rest."

"I'm tired too, and I'm that hungry." Jenny's back was aching, for Bill had dragged on her all the morning, and she slipped down on to the ground, so that the log might give her some sort of support, then she held the little boy tight in her arms to comfort him as best she might; and Jim, who had forgotten all his manhood in his longing for care and comfort, curled himself up on the ground beside her, and put his head on her other shoulder, and cried a little quietly to himself. What could she do? The tears would come, though she brushed them bravely away. She was a great girl; she mustn't cry; she must take care of the boys. Bill, comforted and sustained by her encircling arms, dropped off to sleep, and soon Jim's sobbing ceased, and he, too, was unconscious. She was glad they were asleep for a little; but it seemed to make her own share of trouble doubly heavy to bear. What could she do with these little children-what could she do? They were not near the top of the hill yet, the top of the hill from which she only hoped they might see their home in the gully beyond. Hope is so strong in a child's breast. She could not remember having climbed a hill like this the night before; but yet she felt certain that over there, down in the gully, she should see the hut which her soul longed for. She was tired, too—so tired; and she wanted her mother quite as badly as the boys. The salt tears trickled down her little sunburnt face; but she suppressed her sobs, for she would not waken them. Then she, too, slept.

The sun was right over the hill now, and his warm rays kept them from feeling cold; the mists had dispersed, and a midday stillness was over all things. They had toiled so hard all the morning, and they were so weary. Jenny stirred uneasily in her sleep: the weight of the sleeping boys cramped her. Bill slipped from her lap, and Jim's head had fallen from her shoulder, and she settled herself down more easily and slept again.

When she did wake it was with the startled consciousness that she had neglected her duty. Here they were, she, a great girl and her two little brothers, lost in the bush, and instead of looking for the way home and taking care of them properly she had been sleeping away the whole afternoon. She guessed it was long after dinner-time, and her limbs were so cramped she could hardly move.

Hastily she wakened the boys, and rising up stretched out her arms. The ground was so hard and the boys so heavy, she felt so stiff and weary, hardly refreshed at all by the long sleep which had kept her so long from home. And she was so hungry—so desperately hungry—she had had nothing for over twenty-four hours now, and the hunger was a positive pain. She stretched out her hand and put a handful of leaves from the gum-tree close at hand into her mouth; they were hard and dry and tasted strongly of the eucalyptus, but something in them, whether it was the mere fact of eating something, even though it was only the gum-leaves, seemed to give her strength and arrest for the moment the cravings of

"I want a drink!" said Bill. "I want

a drink!"

Jenny looked round her helplessly. The sun had long ago dried up the dews of the early morning, and she could no more get water than she could get milk or tea.

"We'll have to climb over the hill, Bill. Be a good boy; we'll be home

soon."

"I'm awful hungry," said Jim.
"Eat leaves like I do," she suggested. "Let's pertend it's bread-and-honey."

Such a mournful little pretence as it was, but the boys followed her advice in all sober seriousness, filled their mouths with the astringent hot-tasting eucalyptus leaves, munched them with difficulty, asked for more, and then, when possibly the pangs of hunger had been allayed a little, Bill began to sob again.

"I wants my din-din! I wants my

din-din!"

"Oh! don't, Bill, don't! We'll go on home and get our teas. Come on, then."

So they started up the hill again. The sun had crept right round and was falling full upon them, and here, where the scrub was more open, their shadows loomed gigantic on the steep hillside. laughed at first when he saw them, and then, terrified, hid his face in his sister's dress.

"Hush, hush, Bill! Don't be silly. It's on'y the shadow, Bill. Tell him, Jim, it's on'y the shadow. See here, it's on'y

a little way to the top now."

Only a little way, but so steep, and they were so weary. The boys clung to the girl and weighed her down, and every step she took she felt that leaden weights were on her feet. Would they never reach the top? Never reach it, and see the hut down in the gully beyond? She was so sure the hut was there. If it were not—if it were not—but no, she could not—she dared not think of that. It must be there, else before her rose up another vision of the dark cold night, and the horrible man's face that the water-rats had eaten, and he was a grown man and they were only little children.

And at last they reached the top, and all below them lay the gully bathed in the evening sunlight, just a mountain gully as yet untouched by the hand of man, thickly grown with gum-trees and ti-tree scrub, and beyond range upon range of blue hills fading away in the blue distance, but not a hut, not a fence, not a smoke even, nothing to show that man had ever been The little boys looked round eagerly, then they looked at Jenny. had promised they should see their home; they were hungry, weary, and parched with thirst, but their eyes could not see it, and they looked to her to point it out to them.

"Jen, Jen, where's-"

But Jenny, in her overpowering desolation let go her hands, and flung herself down on her knees, wailing and crying and wringing her hands. Brave little soul! she had made so sure of seeing home from the hill-top, so sure, and now before her loomed up only the dreary dark cold night, only the vision of the ghastly thing eaten by the water-rats her dad had found down by the Naring Creek. And as she cried on, the boys, realising that their last hope was gone, sat down on the ground beside her and sobbed, clutching at her dress and moaning. They were only little despairing children, and God had forgotten them, only they clung to each other, deriving, maybe, just a touch of hope and comfort from the touch of each other's warm little hands.

Lower and lower sank the sun, the shadow of the great hill stretched right across the gully, blotting out the outlines of the hills beyond; a chill wind came up from the south, and the birds and insects began chirping their good-bye to the day. They seemed to say to Jenny there was no hope for the little children, none whatever. Then the sun sank behind the hills, and the stars came out one by one. It wasn't any good to go on, she hadn't the faintest notion where home lay now; it wasn't down in the gully beyond there, and they might just as well stay where they were till—till—till what? In her weariness and bitter disappointment the little maid could hardly say what she expected to come next, only she knew she was very weary, so weary she hardly seemed to notice the boys sobbing, hardly seemed to care if they did cry. How could she help them when she was weary and aching, and her throat was parched and dry, and the hunger was

become a gnawing pain.

Then she roused herself. How cruel she was, how wicked to be unkind to her little brothers! Perhaps that was why God was punishing her so dreadfully. And then she wondered vaguely and childishly why He hurt the boys too, and why He didn't take them safe home, that great God who lived beyond the sky. It wouldn't have been much for Him to do, and clearly she saw that she must have been very naughty indeed when He did not do it.

And with the darkness came the cold. On the top of the hill here it blew very chill, and she made another effort, and with much persuasion induced the tired little boys to move on just a little way over the shoulder of the hill till they got the trunk of a big gum-tree between them and the cutting wind. They were too weary to gather bracken, too worn out to do anything but snuggle up as close to each other as they could among the roots of the great tree, and Jenny, with her own shortcomings large before her eyes-she had brought them to this-took off both her skirts, leaving herself only her lilac print pinafore, and wrapped them round her brothers. They dropped off, sobbing themselves to sleep, and she did not remind them of their prayers: she was glad they should sleep; but for herself she knelt down and prayed; and she did not pray this time that God would not make her father angry—if only he came she did not mind whether he were angry or not. But when she came to lie down beside the boys she was so cold their closeness did not seem to warm her, and she slept and wakened and slept again, and hardly remembered where she was, except that always strong upon her was the overpowering sense that she was responsible for the boys: she must take care of them; she must be good to them.

Morning came, and brought the April sunshine again, the sunshine that was not strong enough to take the chill out of the air, and the children ate gum-leaves, and pulled up bracken roots and sucked at them to stay the cravings of hunger; and then—Jenny could hardly have told how she only dimly remembered they had laboriously climbed down hill—she found herself stooping down over a water-hole in a creek, sucking up the pleasant cool water eagerly, holding tight on to Bill lest

he should fall in. And then again she lost consciousness, and remembered only dimly struggling through dense scrub till the sun went down again and the stars came out in the sky, and it was time for her to say her prayers again and take off her clothes and wrap up the boys in them. There was a strange aching in her limbs; it was so cold—so cold, and they were too tired to move any farther, too weary even to be frightened, when there was a great crashing in the scrub alongside. It might be the bunyip; it might be a wolf; it might be anything. Jenny only half raised herself and put a protecting arm across her brothers. She could do no more. If God wouldn't take care of them

they'd have to die.

And when the sun got up next morning, he found his way under the tangled fern and undergrowth down by the creek, and touched the children's faces and roused them again; but they were too tired to go on, too tired to move even, too tired to be surprised, even though they saw close beside them the red calf and the poley cow's black and white heifer calf that they had gone out to look for in the rain years and years ago. The boys were fairly warm in their sister's clothes, and they lay and stared up at the blue sky which peeped down at them through the branches, and Jenny was too sick and worn to notice anything. Here were the calves—oh yes, here they were; but she was numbed with cold, and could only think how they were lost-lost, and the water-rats would eat them like they had the man down by Naring Creek.

In the distance was a shouting of men's voices, and Jenny stirred a little. The boys took no notice, it seemed to have nothing to do with them; then she sat up, and the sounds came nearer. Oh, yes, of course, they were looking for the calves, and dad would be that waxy-but-but the boys—they wanted their dinner, and she tried to cooey, but it seemed as if the sound was lost in her throat. She tried again, and then the thought came to her that these might be bad men, robbers, and she cowered down, and put her arm across the little boys. Nearer came the men's The scrub shouting — nearer, nearer. parted just in front of them, and a huge man—he seemed huge to the frightened child—a man with a big black beard, stood in front of them, looking down at them

with pitying eyes.

"Jumping Jehoshaphat!" he cried. "Here are the kiddies! Alive, too, by the Lord! Pass the word to Brooke there."

Then Jenny dimly understood that all was well, and that this bearded man did not intend to hurt them. He was calling for their father, and the old fear of him welled up in her heart.

"I'm real sorry, real sorry!" she gasped. "I didn't go for to lose 'em! He'll be waxy—he'll be that waxy!"

"Bless my soul alive!" The man made one step forward and picked her up in his arms. "Poor little lass, don't be afeard. Dad's pretty nigh mad at the thought on losing ye! And she's gived her clothes to the little uns an' is pretty nigh perished. A brave little lass!"

They came crowding up then-men from all sides, it seemed to Jenny, looking on with dim frightened eyes, and they shouted and cheered, and her father came through and took her in his arms and Waxy? Oh, no; dad wasn't kissed her.

waxy—he was sobbing, great strong man as he was, just like little Bill himself.

And they bore them home in triumph. It was only over the hill there, only just over the hill, and for the first time in all her hard little life Jenny found herself-petted and cosy and warm, drinking broth and warm tea, and at leisure to sit and look into the glowing coals without any duties on her shoulders, nothing whatever to do but to lie still and be happy.

"The calves, dad," she said at last-"the calves—did you see 'em all right?"
Did you get 'em?"

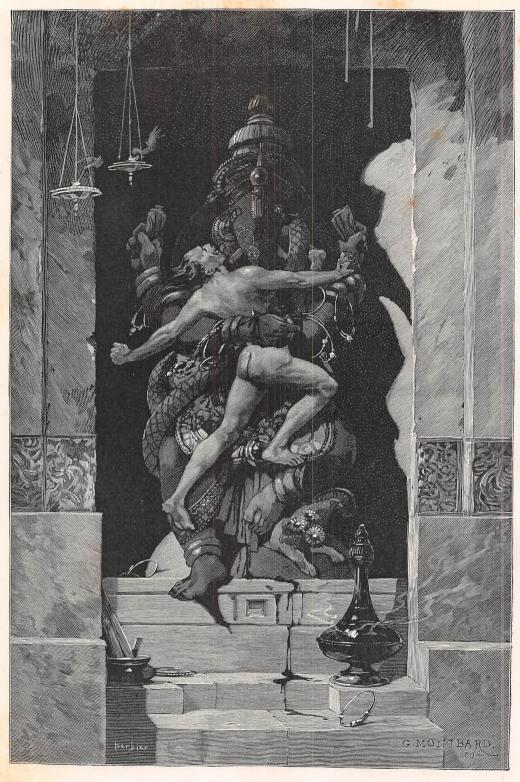
"D— they calves!" said the man, and he stroked the sandy head. "I've gotten you, an' that's best. D- they two blasted calves!"

And when Jenny said her prayers that night, she felt God had indeed been good to her.



HER FATHER CAME THROUGH AND TOOK HER IN HIS ARMS AND KISSED HER.





A WILD UNEARTHLY SHRIEK RANG FROM THE UNHAPPY WRETCH,
WRITHING IN THAT FEARFUL TORTURE.

See "Sadihu the Dacoit."

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.



Atlantic liner, enjoying our last pipe before turning in. The conversation had turned on thieves and their ways and the various contrivances with which they carried out their plans as revealed in the published accounts of certain celebrated robberies.

One of our little group was a New Yorker, who spoke with pride of the skill of his countrymen, and, be it added, of his countrywomen, who, from drawing a breast-pin with their teeth in an affected embrace to "cracking" a bank-safe under

the nose of the watchman, sustained the national reputation for smartness to the admiration of the detective world.

A Londoner, on the other hand, contended that the celebrated Charles Peace had reached the pinnacle of his profession, not only on account of the ingenuity of his instruments and his methods of operating them, but from the masterly manner in which he hoodwinked his neighbours as well as the entire college of Scotland Yard.

The argument was getting somewhat warm when the Major, who had been a silent listener, broke in as above, and as his remark indicated something out of the common, we pressed him to tell us his

experience.

With a slight show of reluctance, as if he did not care to speak about his own exploit, he consented, and taking a big gulp of whisky-and-soda from his glass, he commenced, while the rest of us settled ourselves comfortably with fresh-filled

pipes for his story.

"I was comparing," he began, "wizards with jugglers, and, as you are all aware, the tricks of our countrymen owe no small measure of their success to voluminous coat-sleeves and hidden pockets, besides stage appliances. The native of India, on the contrary, has nothing on but a scanty breech-cloth, and performs his feats in your verandah or at your door-step, with absolutely nothing to assist him.

"For instance, with a little soil scraped up in your compound and placed upon a handkerchief, he will make a mango-seed in a few minutes grow into a little tree and bear fruit, and that under your own eyes and at your very feet; and the celebrated basket trick will be done before you, and often as I have witnessed it, I have no more idea to-day than I had at the beginning as to how the girl inside disappears after being apparently speared from without, for after the basket is turned upside down she will be found fifty yards away. Modern discoveries suggest hypnotism and many other learned terms, but upon my word, I am half inclined to believe that these jugglers are in direct league with the Evil One.

"Some thirty years ago, when I first joined my regiment in India, we were quartered in an out-of-the-way place that had been of some strategic importance, although now, with our improved facilities for transportation, it has long ceased to be a military post. It was situated upon the Ganges, which, as you doubtless know, is regarded with superstitious veneration

by the natives throughout the continent. We often hear of the longing of the Egyptian for the sweet waters of the Nile, a feeling that can be only properly appreciated by those who have resided in that sun-baked and thirsty land; but in India the natives connect the Ganges with their religious belief, and undertake long pilgrimages to participate in the festivals held periodically in the temples in the many ancient cities situated upon its banks, and above all to bathe in its sacred waters.

"Shortly after we reached our new quarters rumours began to spread of the depredations of a certain dacoit named Sadthu, whose boldness only equalled his success. I must tell you that a dacoit is a professional robber, who, generally with a gang of others, frequents a certain district, plundering wayfarers, hesitating not at murder when it suits his purpose. Doubtless the system had its origin in the bodies of disbanded soldiery who in times of peace found themselves without a means of livelihood, and naturally took to the road as they did in our own land in bygone days. In the subjugation of India the British had no little difficulty in hunting down these robber hordes who had so long fleeced the timid natives, and after the Mutiny of '57, when our rule was established on a firmer basis than ever, our power was such that but few cared to resume the predatory vocation which experience proved must end in ultimate detection and death.

"It was with no little interest, therefore, that we heard of Sadthu, though we did not at first realise the full extent of his enormities. At length, however, something occurred that startled us into activity, and made every man in the regiment

clamour for his capture.

"It happened that a great festival was approaching, one that was only held at long intervals, and on account of its importance thousands thronged to the city. For many days previous parties of worshippers were to be met, travel-worn and weary, old and young, on foot and in bullock-cart, all chattering of the celebration they were about to join in, the youthful members describing to one another the brilliant pageants they would witness, the aged quietly speaking of the merit that should accrue to them therefrom.

"On their arrival the pilgrims thronged to the bathing-places to wash off the stains of travel, and it was a common practice for two or three of us of an evening to stroll down to the *bund* and gaze on the strange and interesting scene.

"Among those who bathed were many wealthy natives, whose wives and daughters were decked with heavy bangles and armlets of gold and silver, which, in accordance with their general practice, they did not remove, chiefly because they fitted their rounded limbs too well to be easily lost.

"One day as I happened to be passing in company with a couple of brother officers there arose a great hubbub of people talking and gesticulating; but as this was no uncommon occurrence we did not pay much attention to it, and were passing on when we noticed that a particular party of bathers had withdrawn to the bank and were raising a dismal wail of lamentation. Wondering what could be the matter, we asked one of a group of excited spectators, and learned that a woman had suddenly disappeared beneath the surface of the Thinking river and had not risen again. that this was merely an ordinary case of drowning we continued our way.

"Next day, however, and on several succeeding days the same thing occurred, and the natives began to be much alarmed, and many stories were afloat to account for the extraordinary loss of life. majority of the people attributed it to an evil spirit, who, they declared, claimed a victim every year, though they admitted they had never known so many to be taken Others thought that the away at once. alligators were to blame, and certainly there were sufficient in the river to make this appear a reasonable explanation. the course of a few days some six or seven women had disappeared, and, strange to say, all of high caste, and consequently well adorned with valuable jewellery. At length, certain of the leading townspeople appealed to those of us who were known to be addicted to shikar to rid them of the scaly monsters on whom they laid the

"In the meantime we had talked this matter over between ourselves, and, while willing enough to do a little potting at the alligators, were convinced, nevertheless, that there was some deep roguery at work.

"So the next morning at dawn, taking a boat, and with a couple of natives to paddle, we floated about the river, killing some half-dozen alligators, and wounding a good many more. As we were thinking of returning, one of us suggested landing on the opposite bank and resting for a little while in the shade of a tope of trees which grew close to the water's edge. Accordingly

we did so, leaving the natives in the boat while we stretched ourselves on the turf, smoking our cheroots.

"Presently, one of our party who had strolled off a little way returned and announced that he had made a curious discovery, asking us to accompany him. We followed him to a part of the tope where, carefully concealed under a heap of rubbish, lay a long coil of rope, at one end of which was fastened a heavy iron weight and a shackle, such as would conveniently hold a man by the ankle. The rope was wet, and had been apparently recently used, but what its object was we could not for the moment tell.

"As we stood idly gazing at it a sudden thought struck me, and I felt sure that it was in some way connected with the mysterious disappearance of the bathers, and so I told my companions, who agreed with me. We then hurried back to the boat so as not to be discovered, and to perfect our plans for the capture of the miscreants who were operating the diabolical concern. So, saying nothing of our discovery, we recrossed the river and returned to our quarters.

"Our mess bungalow was situated on a slight elevation commanding a lovely view of the river, and we determined after breakfast to watch the tope from the verandah, in order, if possible, to solve this mystery, taking it in turns to look out for any communication between it and the

bathing-place just opposite.

"For some hours we kept steady watch from a comfortable lounging-chair in a shady corner, every now and again examining the grove through a telescope. Nothing, however, occurred, and we were beginning to think that we were on the wrong track. At length, about two o'clock, it being my turn, I took up the telescope and commenced my watch.

"The heat was now intense, and there was not a breath of air stirring. The very natives refrained from venturing forth, preferring to sleep away the oppressive The river shone like a mirror, and over the land the heated air quivered like the breath of a furnace, rendering the distant temples with their minarets and gilded domes indistinct in the haze. I was just thinking that my watch would be as fruitless as the rest, and was about to shut up the glass, when I caught a glimpse of a little canoe floating stealthily down the opposite side. Wondering what could be going on at this hour, I continued to watch it, and saw it quietly disappear into some reeds close by the spot where we

ourselves had landed. Then, as if it had been expected, three natives appeared from beneath the trees, dragging something behind them, though what it was I could not make out, as they too entered the reeds.

"Calling the other men who were interested with myself in the matter, I told what had occurred. In a short while we saw the canoe reappear, paddled by a native who skilfully took it up stream for some little distance, and then allowed it to

drift across to the bathing-place.

"Our glasses were carefully taking in every detail when presently we noticed by the wake of the canoe that a rope was trailing behind it, and on looking back to the shore distinctly saw the three natives paying it out from a coil which lay beside them.

"The plot was now obvious; the weighted end would be dropped at the bathing-place, the shackle to be afterwards attached to the leg of the victim, who at a given signal would be dragged across the river and despoiled of her

jewellery.

"Hastily taking counsel together, we decided on a plan to capture the gang on the opposite bank, and, if possible, the chief actor, whose duty it was to mingle with the bathers. Quickly retiring to our bungalows we put off our conspicuous white clothes and donned our hunting garb of neutral tint. Then four of us, I being one of the number, took a boat, and crossing the river below a bend, well out of sight, proceeded to make our way to the tope.

"By this time the whole mess knew our plans, and offers of assistance showered upon us, but we declined them, fearing lest too many might betray us, and merely deputed to two others the task of identi-

fying, if possible, the bather.

"Once landed on the other side, we made a détour, carrying our rifles with us, and thus cautiously approached the tope, after which we proceeded to stalk our game. Fortunately, there was sufficient underbrush to afford us cover, and as there were numerous cattle-tracks leading through it, we were able to move without noise.

"With the greatest care we went forward, and at length reached the spot where the rope had been concealed. Peering through the bushes, we could see the river close by, and with stealthy tread we drew nearer the place where the men must be lying.

"At length, looking from behind the tree-trunks against which we had concealed ourselves, we saw the three natives.

One was sitting up on the bank, gazing intently at the bathing place, which was now being thronged with people; the two others were actually squatting on their haunches, enjoying their hubble-bubbles, or short hookahs, as unconcernedly as if engaged in the most peaceful of pursuits

"We had feared being too late, for our progress had been necessarily slow, but we had time to place ourselves well before

the critical moment arrived.

"Presently the watcher uttered an exclamation, at which the other two sprang to their feet, and across the water came the sound of lamentation which indicated the death of another victim.

"Seizing the rope, the men began hauling in silently, fathom by fathom, while I felt my heart beat violently in anticipation of the dreadful prize that they must in a few minutes bring to the surface.

"The rope was a long one, for the river was of considerable width, and judging by their efforts, their task was no easy one. Three or four times they stopped for breath, and at length one of them, pointing to a knot, remarked with a ghastly laugh that they would soon bring the fish to land. He was right, for in a little while there was a swirl in the water, and the foremost man, stepping into the reeds, stooped down low and dragged up a human leg shackled by the ankle, which he dexterously disengaged. Then, assisted by the others, he pulled the body to land. It was that of a beautifully formed girl, perfectly nude, for the passage through the river had detached any garment she might have had on. Her arms and ankles were loaded with bangles, and her jewelled necklaces and earrings showed that she had been well chosen.

"Bending over the girl, the three men began detaching her ornaments, and one drew his knife to slit open the ears, in

order better to remove the rings.

"We had, unperceived, reduced our distance to but a few yards, so intent were they upon their prey, and with a shout of rage rushed upon them. Two went down under our attack, but the third man with the knife—a big, ferocious ruffian—backed into the water grinning defiance. Levelling my rifle at him, I called to him to come in or I would shoot. He looked behind him as if calculating the chances of escape by swimming; then, suddenly bending almost double, he made a dash past me. Dropping my rifle, I sprang at him and grappled him, and together we rolled in the mud, and but for the assistance of my companions he would

undoubtedly have escaped, for he was immensely powerful, and as active as a tiger. As it was, he managed to get his knife into my arm." (Here the Major, baring a muscular limb, disclosed the scar of what must have been a nasty cut.)

"However, we captured all three, and, tied hand and foot, got them across the river with the body of the victim, which we reverently wrapped up in a shawl taken

from one of the men.

"In the investigation that followed it was discovered that the leader of the gang, he whose duty it was to select and capture the victim, was none other than Sadthu the dacoit, and he, unfortunately, had escaped. Being an expert diver, his trick was to mingle with the bathers, and when the girl he had already marked down approached the edge of the stone terrace which formed the bathing-place, he would swim under water and pull her down, fasten the shackle to her ankle, and drop her into the depth, whence the iron weight would prevent her rising.

"Search was made in the tope, and in an abandoned well were found the bodies of a dozen unfortunate people that this

gang had thus murdered.

"Of course, there was a tremendous excitement over our capture, and had the natives had their way the prisoners would have been torn in pieces, for mild as the Hindoo is, he is worse than a wild beast when his passions are once aroused. However, they were duly tried by British law, and sentenced to be hanged, and were executed amid the execrations of their countrymen.

"In the meanwhile, Sadthu, the leader of the gang, had made good his escape, and although no effort was spared to capture him, he completed eluded detection. A free pardon was offered to any one of the prisoners who would turn Queen's evidence and bring him to justice, but they indignantly scorned to save their lives at the expense of their chieftain.

"'Ye may search,' said they, 'from the snowy summit of Kinchingunga to the far side of the Kalapani [the sea] but ye shall never find him; and yet will he be with you, and ye shall know him not.' And such was his facility for disguise that it would seem that they had good ground for their belief in his power, and, as we afterwards learned, he was actually at the time in the Court-House, dressed as a Fahkeer, listening to the trial.

"But Sadthu had not wiped out the score he had registered against us who had captured his companions, and he proceeded to take his revenge. One night the mess plate disappeared, and great was our wrath to miss the familiar ornaments, endeared to us by tradition and association, from our dining-table. The servants were all examined, but there seemed to be no clue to the thief.

"Then one of the officers had his rooms rifled of everything of value, without a trace

of the thief being discovered.

"Sentries were posted and doubled, and instructed to shoot down anyone found around the bungalows after the last bugle had sounded, but it was all of no avail. The robberies continued until at last they culminated in the murder of a newly joined ensign, whose body was found stretched on the floor of his room with a gaping wound in the breast. He had evidently detected the marauder, and in attempting to capture him had met his death.

"Matters were now very serious, for no one knew whose turn would come next, and all slept with loaded pistols, although the audacious thief invariably removed them and laid them conspicuously outside the verandah, as if to show their futility when matched against his skill. A remarkable thing was that watches or valuables placed by sleepers beneath their pillows were quietly carried off, though how this was managed without disturbing them was a mystery to us.

"So far, my quarters had not been attacked, but my turn was to come. One night I had retired to rest, and after placing a loaded pistol beside my pillow, had carefully tucked the mosquito netting around my bed. My watch, which I greatly valued, was ticking beneath my head, and I felt confident, being a very light sleeper, that Sadthu would not with-

draw it without awaking me.

"Well, I had been asleep for some time when I suddenly became conscious that something was tickling my right ear. Supposing it to be a mosquito, I rubbed it with my hand and resumed my former posture. As I did so, I thought I detected a faint sound of breathing beside me, and in an instant it flashed across me that there was someone in the room. I had the presence of mind to lie perfectly still, and then slightly opened my eyes.

"The windows and doors, as is customary in all Indian bungalows, were wide open, and the waning moon shed a faint light sufficient to distinguish objects

within the room.

"I was now wide awake, though breathing slowly and heavily to simulate sleep.

"Then I heard a faint rustle, and felt a cold hand touch my cheek as it tried to get under my pillow, but from the position I was lying in my watch was quite secure, and the attempt failed. At the touch of the hand, however, I gave an involuntary start, and it was in an instant removed.

"Again I peeped forth from my closed eyelids, and saw that the mosquito netting had been looped up near my head to admit of the free action of my visitor. Just then the hand appeared armed with a feather, and again I felt the tickling sensation as it touched my ear, evidently with the intention of making me change my posture, and enabling the watch to be reached. But, as before, I involuntarily rubbed the spot and allowed my hand again to fall inert by my side.

"All this time I could feel my heart thumping like a sledge-hammer, and the cold perspiration stood in beads upon my forehead, but I could not tell whether my pistol had been removed, and I dreaded to

make a false move.

"The failure of the attempt to make me turn over evidently puzzled my visitor, and there was a pause of a few moments. Then, looking cautiously forth, I saw a head rise gradually above the edge of the bed, and a savage face peered down at me. Even in that dim light I could see the glaring eyeballs and the teeth shining white between the half-drawn lips.

"So close was the face to my own that I almost drew back. Then suddenly, on the impulse of the moment, I made a tremendous effort and threw myself clear of the bed, landing on the top of the dacoit, grappling him with all my strength.

"So rapid had been my onslaught that I crushed him down beneath me to the floor, and as he fell I heard the clink of steel of some weapon that he let go, intended doubtless for me. I was young and active in those days, and felt certain of holding my captive, but I might as well have tried to hold an eel. The man was thoroughly oiled from head to foot, and without a garment of any sort upon him. Besides, he was as agile as a cat, and I felt him slip from my grasp, and he was gone.

"As he escaped he made a grab for his weapon, evidently intending to treat me as he did the poor fellow he murdered, but missing it, and as I was by this time regaining my feet, he muttered an oath, and was out of the room in an instant.

"Shouting to the sentry, I rushed after him, only just in time to see him disappear across the garden into the shrubbery. The sentry, who happened to be close by, had heard my cry, and seeing the flying form had taken a snap-shot at it. The dacoit fell, evidently hit, but rising quickly, managed to escape, and although the guard turned out and made a careful search, no trace of my nocturnal visitor was discovered except some blood where he had fallen.

"On returning to my room I picked up the weapon he had dropped, a villainouslooking Malay kris, which doubtless had sent many a victim out of this world, and this I have kept ever since as a memento

of my adventure.

"We had no further visits from Sadthu, but we had an opportunity of scrutinising him for the first and only time about a month later, when he met his death in a most tragic way, and this is how it

happened.

"In the principal temple of the city among the many representations of the Hindoo mythology was a huge, hideous image of the first of the Hindoo Triad, Brahma, the Creator of the Universe. I say hideous, as to our ideas of art it was repulsive in the extreme, with four grotesque faces and four outstretched arms, though to the poor benighted worshipper it was a thing of awful meaning and an object of the profoundest reverence.

"It stood in a special shrine, upon a huge block of stone, the front of which served as an altar for the reception of offerings. It was most gaudily painted, and was surrounded with all the paraphernalia of corrupt worship, and eminently calculated to impress the multitude as the first of all deities, before whom gods and

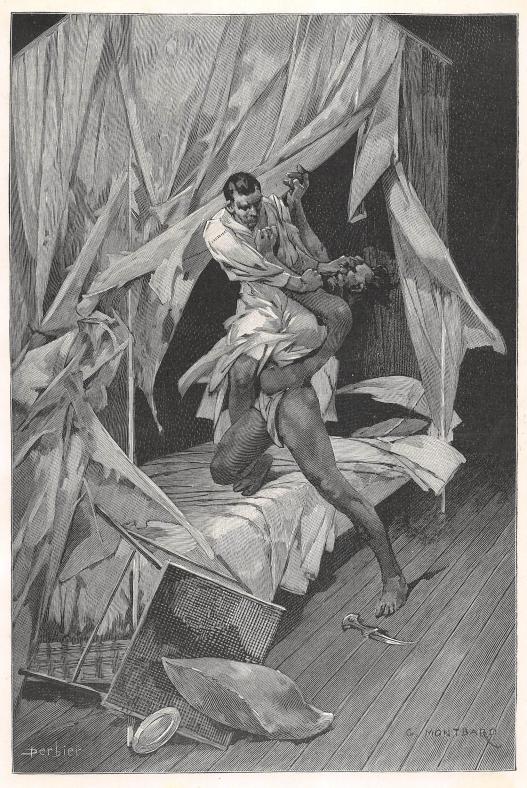
men and devils bowed alike.

"As may be supposed, in that land of gems and precious stones the idol was not wanting in jewelled decorations. On the arms were bangles of red gold, and around its neck were row upon row of rubies, sapphires, and pearls, besides other gems. One necklace especially commanded attention. It was of intricate workmanship, with a magnificent diamond pendant, which alone was worth a king's ransom.

"We had often visited this shrine and gazed at all the wealth displayed, estimating its value variously, but upon one point we were agreed—that were it ours the whole mess might give up soldiering and

retire at their ease.

" Needless to say, the priests kept watch night and day over their precious god, though it was scarcely necessary, owing to the superstitious reverence of the people. But there was one who had



"I MADE A TREMENDOUS EFFORT AND THREW MYSELF CLEAR OF THE BED,
LANDING ON THE TOP OF THE DACOIT, GRAPPLING HIM WITH ALL MY STRENGTH."

cast covetous eyes upon the necklace, and had determined upon stealing it in spite of the sacrilege of the deed. This man was none other than Sadthu, who, recovered from his wound, had determined upon one final *coup* before seeking fresh fields for his villainy. But little did he think of what he was attempting, or how his cunning would be matched by the

crafty priesthood.

"He laid his plans carefully, and one evening entering with the usual crowd of worshippers, managed to secrete himself behind some hangings, where he remained until all had departed. From his hiding-place he watched the priests close the gates before retiring, two or three of their number spreading their simple mats and lying down in the adjoining chamber. All was in darkness except a couple of oil lamps, which cast a faint light through the vast hall, making the gigantic figure appear yet greater.

"At length, when all was still, Sadthu emerged, and stealthily approached the image. Silent as he had been he had been overheard, and two watchful priests followed every movement, though, knowing how well their treasure was protected, they did not interfere, thinking, doubtless, that the inevitable fate which awaited the robber would terrify other evildoers, and at the same time enhance the renown of

their god.

"Passing in front of the idol, Sadthu stood gazing at it, perchance gathering courage for the contemplated act of sacrilege. Then, springing lightly upon the altar, he reached upward at the gems, which even in that dim light glittered above his head. Finding himself too low, he stepped on to the block upon which the majestic figure

sat, and prepared to gather his coveted

spoils.

"Then at last that awful retribution overtook him for which he had so long waited. He had stepped upon some hidden spring or lever, which, acting on an internal mechanism, released those huge outstretched arms, which, descending with fearful force, crushed his naked body in a deadly embrace, while at the same time a sharp steel blade shot out from the breast of the idol, impaling him upon its point.

"A wild unearthly shriek rang from the unhappy wretch writhing in that fearful torture, while half-naked priests and attendants rushed in with lamps at the alarm. In a short while he was released from the grip of the outraged deity and laid outside the desecrated shrine, while threats and abuse were heaped upon him by the indignant guardians. But he was past their vengeance, for their diabolical ingenuity had done its work only too well, and by daybreak his bloodstained life had closed. He was evidently convinced that the god had wreaked his vengeance upon him, and his last moments were spent in insane terror.

"Thus died Sadthu, one of the most dreaded dacoits of his time. The news of his capture spread like wild-fire, and there were many who identified him, and a newly healed bullet wound in the thigh satisfied me that he was the man with whom I had wrestled on that memorable night."

Here the Major arose, and knocking the ashes out of his pipe, finished his horn at a gulp, and bidding us good-night, left us to make our comments upon his strange story of Sadthu the dacoit.





TROLLING across the moor in the sunshine to-day, past the lonely pine where the night-jar sits crooning to his lady-love in the twilight, I came suddenly across his grey mate herself, and saw her flutter up sleepily in dazed surprise from the bare ground where she was sitting. As she flapped her mottled wings and sailed slowly away, like a blinking owl disturbed in the daytime, I noticed that I had lighted unawares upon her nest, or, rather, her eggs, for she lays them on the open, without bed of any sort. I left them untouched, for I am no collector. A few minutes later, I came abreast of the low cliff where the sand-martins have established their twittering colony. The soft yellow sandstone that forms the honeycombed with their is cutting tunnels; and as I leaned on my stick and looked, I saw the busy brown birds gliding in and out, with their long curved flight, and carrying back mouthfuls of gnats and mayflies to their fledglings in the burrows. It was beautiful to watch them swooping in great arcs over the gorse and bracken, and then darting straight with unerring accuracy to the mouth of their tunnels. They alight at the very door with all the skill of born pilots, never missing or overshooting the mark by one inch, but steering upon it so truly that they look as though failure or miscalculation were impossible.

These two little episodes coming together set me thinking; 'tisa bad habit one indulges when one walks too much alone in the open. In towns one doesn't think, because the shop-windows, and the horses, and the noise, and the people, and the omnibuses distract one, but in the country, one gives way a great deal too readily to what Plato calls the "divine disease" of thinking. I began to philosophise. How curious, I said to myself, that we have but five kinds of bird in England that hawk on the wing after insects in the open; and of all those five, not one builds a proper respectable nest, woven of twigs and straws, like a sparrow or a robin! Every one of them has some peculiar little fancy of his own-goes in for some individual freak of originality. The night-jar, which is the simplest and earliest in type of the group, lays its eggs on the bare ground, and rises superior in its Spartan simplicity to such petty luxuries as beds and The swift, that ecclesiologically bedding. minded bird, which loves the chief seats in the synagogue, the highest pinnacles of tower or steeple, gums together a soft nest of floating thistledown and feathers, by means of a sticky secretion from its own mouth, distilled in the last resort from the juices of insects. The swallow and the house-martin, again, make domed mud huts, and line them inside with soft floating materials. Finally, the sandmartin excavates with its bill the soft sandstone of cliffs or roadside cuttings, and strews a bed within for its callow young of cotton - grass and dandelion parachutes.

S.AND. NO.NESTS

Why this curious variety among themselves, and this equally curious divergence from the common practice of bird-kind in general? Clearly, thought I, it must bear some definite relation to the habits and manners of the birds which exhibit it. Let me think what it means. Aha, aha,



woodpecker, while the swallow and the martins are specialised sparrows. (I use both words, bien entendu, in quite their widest and most

Pickwickian evolutionary acceptation.) The swift and the night-jar belong to one great family of birds; the swallow, the housemartin, and the sand-martin to another.

The likeness in form and in mode of flight has been brought about by similarity in their style of living. Two different birds of two different types both took, ages since, to hawking after flies and midges in the open air. Each group was thus compelled to acquire long and powerful wings, a light and airy body, a good steering tail, a wide gape of mouth, and a rapid curved flight, so as to swoop down upon and catch its petty prey unsuspected. So, in the long run, the two types which hawk most in the open, the swifts and the swallows, have grown so like that only by minute anatomical differences refer the can we remoter ancestry of one species to the woodpeckers and humming - birds, and the remoter ancestry of the other to the tits and sparrows.

How does their manner of life affect their mode of nesting, however? Indirectly, in this way. Birds that live largely off seeds and fruits and hard - shelled beetles have hard short beaks to grind their food with, and sit much in thickets, scrub, or hedgerows. But birds that hawk on the wing after small soft flies must have wide soft bills, and a gaping mouth; they can hardly perch at all on trees or bushes, and their feet are too weak

to be of much use for walking. Indeed, if a swift once alights on the ground, he can scarcely get up again, so difficult is it for the long wings to work in a narrow space, and so slight a power of jumping have the feeble little legs. Hence it follows that birds of the hedgerow type can readily build nests of twigs and straws, which they gather as they perch, or seek on the ground; and they are enabled to weave them with their hard bills and active feet; while birds of the hawking type cannot pick up sticks or gather straws on the ground, and have beaks quite unadapted for dealing with such intractable materials. The consequence is they have been compelled to find out each some new plan for itself, and to build their nest out of such stray material as their habits permit them.

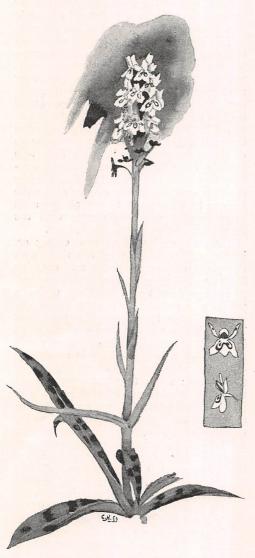
The night-jar, a stranded nocturnal bird of early type, with very few modern improvements and additions, solves the problem in the easiest and rudest way by simply going without a nest at all, and laying her eggs unprotected on the open. Nocturnal creatures, indeed, are to a great extent the losers in the struggle for existence: they always retain many early and uncivilised ways, if I may speak metaphorically. They are the analogues of the street arabs who sleep in Trafalgar Square under shelter of a newspaper. The sandmartin, an earlier type than the swallow or the house-martin, burrows in sandstone cliffs, which are pre-human features, though man's roads and railways have largely extended his field of enterprise. But the house-martin and the swallow, later and far more civilised developments, have learned to take advantage of our barns and houses; they nest under the eaves; and being largely waterhaunters, skimming lightly over the surface of ponds and lakes, they have naturally taken advantage of the mud at edges as a convenient building material. Last of all, the soaring swift, the most absolutely aërial type of the entire group, unable to alight on the ground at all, has acquired the habit of catching cottony seeds, and thistledown, and floating feathers in his mouth as he flies, and gumming them together into a mucilaginous nest with his own saliva. The Oriental sea-swifts have no chance of finding even such flying materials among their caves and cliffs, and they have consequently been driven into erecting nests entirely of their own inspissated saliva without any basis of down or feathers. These are the famous edible birds'-nests of the Chinese; they look like gelatine, and they make excellent soup, somewhat thick and gummy.

A SPOTTED ORCHIS.

Like Mr. Chamberlain, I too am an orchid-grower. I own three acres (without a cow) on a heather-clad hilltop. and no small proportion of that landed estate is "down under orchids." Not that I mean to say the species I cultivate, or rather allow to grow wild, on my wild little plot would excite the envy of the magnate of Highbury. They are nothing more than common English spotted orchids, springing free and spontaneous among the gorse and heather; but, oh! how beautiful they are! how much more beautiful than the dendrobiums and cattleyas, the flowering spiders and blossoming lizards of the rich man's hothouse! How proudly they raise their tall spikes of pale bloom, true sultanas of the moorland! how daintily they woo the big burly bumble bees! how gracefully they bend their nodding heads before the bold south-west that careers across the country! They seem to me always such great regal flowers, yet simple with the simplicity of the untrodden upland.

Take a spike and look at it close; or, better still, grub it up by the roots with the point of your umbrella, and examine it all through from its foundation upward. It springs from two tubers, not unlike a pair of new potatoes to look at, but deeply divided below into finger-like processes. Those divisions it was that gave the plant its quaint old English title of "dead men's fingers"—for, indeed, there is something clammy and corpse-like about the feel of the tubers; while that "coarser name" to which Shakspere alludes in passing is due to their general shape, and is still enshrined in the Greek word "orchid" which everybody now applies to them without thinking for a moment of its unsavoury meaning. But the two tubers are not of the same age. One is old and wilted; the other is young and fresh and, as the advertisements say, "still growing." The first is last year's reserve fund for this year's flowering stem; the second is this year's storehouse of food for next year's blossom. Thus each season depends for its flowers upon the previous year's income; the leaves, which are the mouths and stomachs of the plants, lay by material in due season; and the spike of bells proceeds from the tubers or consolidated reserve fund as soon as the summer is sufficiently advanced for the process of flowering. Few plants with handsome heads or trusses of bloom, indeed, can afford to produce them upon the current season's income; therefore you will find that most large-flowered forms, like lilies,

tulips, hyacinths, and daffodils, if they wish to blossom early in the year, depend for their food-supply upon a bulb or tuber of last season's making. Only in the orchids, however, do you find this curious device of a pair of tubers at once side by side,



one being filled and fed, while the other is being slowly devoured and depleted. By he end of the season the new tuber is rich and full to bursting, while the old one is withered, flaccid, and empty.

From the tuber, in early spring, start the pretty lance-shaped leaves—green, dappled with leopard spots of some deep brown pigment. The use and meaning of these beautiful spots on the glossy green foliage no one has yet deciphered;

it remains as one of the ten thousand insoluble mysteries of plant existence. That is always so in life. We tell what we know; but what we know not, who shall count it or number it? Yet the flowers, after all, are the true centre of interest in the English orchid. Thirty of them in a spike, pale lilac or white, all starred and brocaded with strange flecks of purple, they rank among the most marvellous of our native flowers in shape and structure. The long spur at the back is the factory and reservoir for the abundant honey; the face of the blossom consists of a broad and showy lip, the flaunting advertisement to bee or butterfly of the sweets within; it is flanked by two slender spreading wings, above which a third sepal arches over the helmet-like petals. Beneath this hood or dome, in the centre of the column, the club-shaped pollen - masses lie half concealed in two pockets, or pouches—dainty little purses, as it were, like fairy wallets, slit open in front for the bee's convenience. The base of the pollenmasses is sticky or gummy; and they are so arranged, of set purpose, in their pouches that the moment the bee's head touches them, they cling to it automatically, by their gummy end, and are carried off without his knowledge or consent to the next flower he visits. But if you want to see exactly how this pretty little drama of plant life is enacted, you need not wait, as I have often done, silent on the heath for half an hour together, till some blustering bumble bee bustles in, all importance. It suffices for demonstration just to pick a spike and insert into the mouth of the honey-spur a stem of grass, which does duty for the bee's head and proboscis, when straightway "the figures will act," as they say on the penny-in-the slot machines, and the pollen-masses will gum themselves by automatic action to the imaginary insect.

The reason for this curious and highly advanced device is that orchids are among the plants most absolutely specialised for insect-fertilisation. Most species of orchid, in fact, can never set their seeds at all without the intervention of these flying "marriage priests," as Darwin quaintly called them. If left to themselves the flowers must wither on their virgin thorn unwed and no seed be set in the twisted ovary. But when the bee goes to them in search of honey, the pollen-masses gum themselves to the front of his head, though just at first they point upward and inward. Then, after a short time, as he flies through the air, they contract in drying, and so

point forward, in the direction in which he will enter the next flower he visits. This brings the pollen directly into contact with the sensitive cushion or pad of the ovary in the flower so visited, and thus results in the desired cross-fertilisation. For the ovary, too, is gummy, to make the pollen stick to it.

A roundabout way, you think, to arrive after all at so simple a conclusion? Well, that is the habit of Nature. And again, bethink you, good, easy-going human being, how great are the difficulties she has to contend with, especially in the case of the plant creation. Put yourself in the orchid's place, and you will see the reason. For remember how absolutely fixed and limited are plants, each rooted to the soil in a single small spot, each tied by strict conditions of rock, and water-supply, and air, and wind, and sun, and climate, from which none can escape, try they all their hardest. The opposite sides of a road are to them as the two poles, one with a sunny and southward-looking bank, the other with a cold and forbidding northern aspect; so that what flourishes apace on the first would shiver and die of chill winds on the second. Remember, too, that save in the mildest degree, plants have no power of spontaneous or independent movement: they cannot stir from their birthplace, were it but for a single inch, nor move their own limbs save as the wind may sway them. Creatures thus narrowly and inevitably bound down must needs take advantage of the power of movement in all other kinds, wherever it will benefit them. Hence the use plants make of insects as common carriers of pollen, the use they make of birds as dispersers of seeds, the use they make of natural agencies, such as wind or stream, to waft winged thistledown, to carry the parachutes of the dandelion and the willow, or to float the male blossoms of such water-weeds as vallisneria. Behold! I show you a mystery. The secret of the whole thing is that plants, being fixed themselves, must needs employ birds and insects as their Pickford vans-must rely on wind or stream for such casual services as wind or stream can easily afford them. Only in a few species can they effect anything like active movement for themselves, as one sees in the rooting runners of strawberries, or the wandering tubers of certain vagrant orchids, which spread far afield from last season's nesting-place. These are clever devices for securing fresh virgin soil-"rotation of crops," as the farmers put it.

THE DEVIL'S PUNCHBOWL.

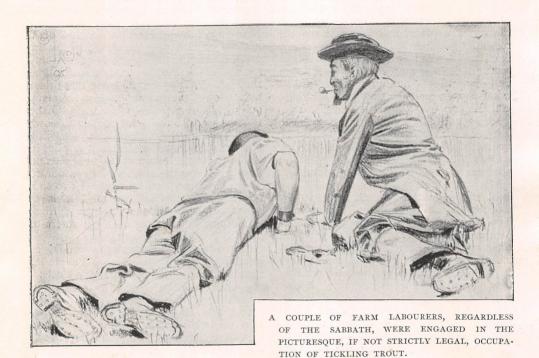
On Sunday the boys came home for their half-term holiday, so we strolled in the morning into the Devil's Punchbowl. That is the name of the basinshaped valley that lies behind the house a deep circular glen scooped out in a softer portion of the sandstone mass that forms the moor, by rain and denudation. Thor owned it, I doubt not, long before it was claimed by its present possessor, for the parish is Thursley; and some Celtic god, whose name is only known to Professor Rhys, may have used it as his drinking-cup long before the Norseman brought his Thor, or the Saxon his Thunor, into the Surrey uplands. But the Devil is now the heir-general and residuary legatee of all heathen gods deceased, be they late or early: he has come into titular ownership of their entire property. A steep path leads zigzag down the side of the escarpment into the bowl-shaped hollow; at its bottom a tiny stream oozes out in a spring as limpid as Bandusia. Water lies in the rock, indeed, at about two hundred and fifty feet below the surface of the moor, to which depth we have, accordingly, to sink our wells on the hilltop; and it is at about the same level that the springs gush forth which form the headwaters of our local rivers.

When we came upon the brook, as good luck would have it, a couple of farm labourers in their workaday clothes, regardless of the Sabbath, lay at full length upon the bank, engaged in the picturesque, if not strictly legal, occupation of tickling trout. The boys were of course delighted; they had never seen the operation performed before, and were charmed at its almost mesmeric magic. first the men, seeing gentlefolk approach, regarded us with disfavour as their natural enemies, no doubt in league with the preserving landlord; but as soon as they discovered we were "the right sort," in full sympathy with the fine old poaching proclivities of the upland population, they returned forthwith to their tickling with a zest, and landed a couple of trout, not to mention a crayfish, before the very eyes of the delighted schoolboys.

Tickling trout is an ancient and honourable form of sport, which admits of much skill and address in the tickler. The fish lurk quietly under overhanging banks where an undermined green sod impends the tiny stream; and the operator passes his hand gently over their sides once or twice till he has established confidence; then, taking advantage of the friendship

thus formed, he suddenly closes his hand and whips the astonished victim unawares out of the water. It has been urged by anglers (who are interested parties) that such conduct contains an element of treachery; but all is fair in love and war, of which last our contest with the wild creatures of nature is but a minor variety; and I cannot see that it matters much, ethically, whether you land your trout on the bank under pretence of titillating his sense of touch or treacherously hook him

isolated colony of its own, composed of many dozen kinds of fish, insects, and crustaceans, who know no more of other members of their race than the people on a small Pacific island knew of the human family before Captain Cook burst upon them from the blue, with the blessings of Christianity, rum, and extermination. These trout, for example, are a group apart; they are always small, even when adult, because there is little food for them; and the stream is little. In big rivers,



by false show of supplying him with a dainty dinner. Indeed, all the trout I have interviewed on the subject are unanimously of opinion that, if you must be caught and eaten at all, they had rather be caught by a gentle pressure of the naked hand than have their mouths and feelings cruelly lacerated by a barbed hook disguised as a mayfly. Which reminds me of the charming French apologue of the farmer who called his turkeys together in order to ask them with what sauce they would prefer to be eaten. "Please your Excellency," said the turkeys, "we don't want to be eaten at all." "My friends," said the farmer, "you wander from the question."

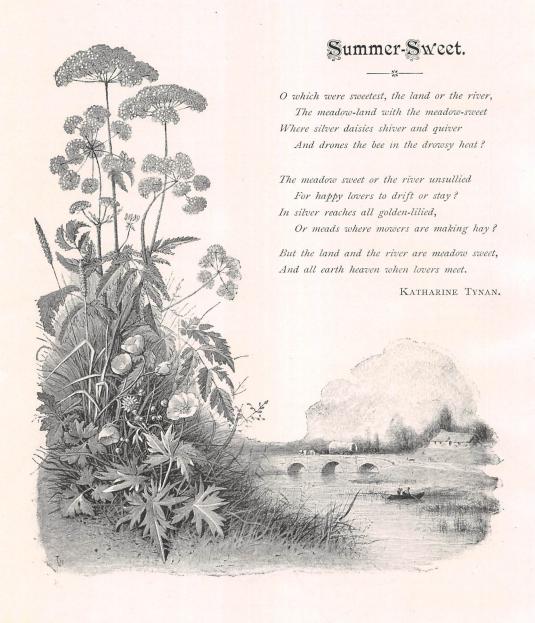
It is curious, though, to see how this mere thread of water supports a whole

where there is space to turn, and provisions are plentiful, a successful trout of the selfsame species runs to five or six pounds, while the very near variety which frequents great lakes not infrequently grows to forty-five or fifty. But here, in this upland rill, an ounce or two is the limit. They live mostly in pairs, like well-conducted fish, one couple to each pool or overhung basin; yet, strange to say, if one is tickled or otherwise enticed away, the widowed survivor seems always to have found a mate before three hours are over. I know most of them personally, and love to watch their habits and manners. They are brilliantly speckled here, because the water is clear and the bottom pebbly; for the spots on trout depend on the bed, and come out brighter and more ornamental by far during the breeding season. This is still more conspicuously the case with the æsthetic stickleback, the dandy of the fresh waters; he puts on the most exquisite iridescent hues when he goes a-courting, and exhibits himself to his mate more gorgeously clad than Solomon in all his glory. Unfortunately, the colours are fugacious, for they die away at once when he is taken from the water; but while they last they outshine in brilliancy the humming-bird or the butterfly. species are great and determined fighters, always happens with brilliantly decorated birds, fishes, reptiles, and None but the brave deserve insects. the fair; and bravery and æsthetic taste seem to go together. Indeed, courageous little trout will face and drive away a murderous pike who menaces his home, while stickleback will engage one another in such sanguinary fights for the possession of their mates that only the Kilkenny cats can be named in the same day with them.

The other inhabitants of the tiny brook are far more numerous than you would imagine. Miller's thumbs poke their big black heads out of holes in the clay bank at every quiet corner. Crayfish hide

among the weeds or dart between the sedges. Stone-loach flit down stream like rapid shadows when you lift the bigger pebbles under which they lie skulking. As for caddis-worms and water-spiders and the larvæ of dragon-flies, they are there by the hundred; while the full-blown insects, living flashes of light, as Tennyson calls them, poise their metallic blue bodies for a second over the ragged-robins that grow in the boggy hollows, and then dart away like lightning to the willow-herb in the distance. It is a world apart, this wee world of the streamlet; it has its own joys, its own fears, its own tragedies. The big solemn cows, with their placid great eyes, come down to drink at it unheeding, and blunder over the bank, and slide their cloven hoofs to the bottom through the clay, unaware that they have crushed a dozen maimed lives and spread terror like an earthquake over fifty small fishes. But the trout and the loaches stand with tremulous fins beating the water meanwhile ten yards below, and aghast at the cataclysm that has altered for ever their native reach. Not for fully twenty minutes do they recover heart enough to sneak up stream once more to their ruined bank and survey with strange eyes the havoc in their homesteads.





TALES OF THE THAMES.

By MAX PEMBERTON.

A RAGGED INTRUDER.

A T that spot below Reading where the Kennet pours its comparatively crystal waters into the main stream of the Thames, there is to be seen by all that look for it a very picturesque, if irritatingly new, boat-house. It is here that the youth of Reading hires its skiffs when contemplating an assault upon the silence of the early night; here that many an old riverman chooses to mark time upon the journey downwards from his Mecca at Oxford. And here it was that, some two years ago, I found the racing-shell which brought me indirectly to knowledge of the

ragged intruder.

She was an old ship, wheezy in the seams and long unused. A plate upon her bow spoke of Swaddle as her maker, but the date of her birth must have been far back in history. I could see that the slide had been added by some later-day restorer, and that the swivel rowlocks were the work of a modern who had no abiding respect for antiquity. Her owner was even prepared to doubt that she would float, but I entreated him no longer to hide her light beneath the piles of shavings which then covered her, and he consented at last that I should carry her to the water. assured me at the same time that he washed his hands of all responsibility; and with a parting prayer of thanks that he washed them of anything at all, I launched the "racer" and put her head down stream.

If you have been rowing for any length of time in a heavy Thames tub your sensations on finding yourself again in a ship that has no keel are not to be described. The way she leaps at your touch, the delightful ease with which you cover the water, are in themselves an experience to be remembered. Against this there must always be set the wonder of the untutored crowd which persists in regarding a racing-boat as the peculiar property of the aquatic acrobat. I recollect well as I launched my crazy craft on that particular

evening the exhortations of certain small boys who cried to other small boys that I was about to begin. As for the boat-builder himself, he stood upon his hard shaking his head wistfully, and when I pulled his shell round into the main stream his attitude was unchanged, and the head of him was still wagging. He believed that he was bidding a last long farewell to the friend of his youth, and of his father's youth before him. He had staked his reputation upon the immediate sinking of the ship; he knew that I must come back to him alone.

Needless to say, I also had my doubts about the possibilities of the "discovery." She took in water in an alarming way during the first half-mile of the journey to Sonning, and I had to beg the assistance of a man upon the bank while I baled her out and started anew. The second venture was more prosperous, since her timbers began to swell; and notwithstanding an aggravating tendency to veer to port, she continued to behave herself with a propriety which was as unexpected as it was pleasant. It may have been that she welcomed my confidence, and was anxious to repay; it may have been that I was ready to take a large view of her powers. Certain it is, however, that I made the Parade in a time which astonished me, and passed through the lock, not only with the "discovery" afloat, but in a state of health which seemed to mark the beginning of a new and entirely unlookedfor career.

Until this point the voyage had been entirely enjoyable. The contrast between the heaviness of a skiff and the ease of this racing-shell was an extreme one, leading me to ask myself if men would not do well to employ a lighter craft for much of their common river work. Nor had I any reason to change my opinion when below the lock. It is true that my right arm ached with the difficulty of keepingthe "discovery's" head to starboard:

it is true that she still took in enough water to cool my heels; but her other gifts were so many that I forgave her readily, and luxuriated in her speed and in the beauties of the early autumn evening. All the woods about Sonning were then reddening with their summer fullness; the main river was quite deserted and rippling over with merry waves. I could hear the note of birds and the patter of rats in the The evening air was fresh backwaters. almost to chilliness, as the air of September may be; a deep red glow of the sun fell upon the stream, and lighted even the glades of the islands above Shiplake. Ever and anon there came upon the freshening breeze the sound of the church - bells ringing in Wargrave—the shrill scream of a launch's whistle as it churned onwards to Henley. But no boat did I meet, nor any man upon the bank, until the lock-gates came to my view. Then, quite suddenly, I fell upon the ragged intruder, and he began to follow me.

The man was sitting upon the bank when I passed him, wearing clothes that were odd enough to be remarkable. While there was a certain refinement of face and feature, and his long black beard was neat and apparently well combed, I could see, as I rowed by, that his short black coat was worn and battered, and that his shoes, which dangled over the stream's bank, lacked both laces and sound soles. But it occurred to me as curious that his flannel trousers should be scrupulously white, and that his straw hat should seem to have come but yesterday out of a shop. He was, indeed, a man of contrasts, for while he carried a cane with a silver head to it in his hand, there was stuck in his mouth a reminiscence of a black cutty pipe, such a pipe as navvies smoke. This he was smoking furiously when I came up with him; but no sooner did he see me than he sprang to his feet, and with almost a boyish cry of delight began to run after me.

"Halloa!" cried he, speaking in the voice of a civilised man. "You're out again, are you?—and at the old tricks, I see. Why the devil can't you pull that

right scull home?"

The surprise of the thing was so great that I stopped sculling instantly, and began to parley with him.

"What's that you say?" I shouted.

"That you're clipping your right," said he. "I told you so last night. Why can't you pull it through, and keep the ship straight?"

"I'm much obliged for your advice," said I, "but I wasn't out here last night."

"You weren't?" he replied. "Well, it was some chap that did the same thing. Go on again, and I'll look after you."

"But I'd rather you didn't. I'm only

out for a breather.'

"Never mind that. You do what I tell you. Don't mind me. I'll run the whole neighbourhood for a sovereign. I'm going Sonning way. Pull on again, and let's see

what you can do."

The impudence of this request held me for a moment speechless. That a pure tramp—for the man's appearance led me to the belief that he was nothing more—should know anything of sculling was in itself not a little extraordinary; but that he should add to this knowledge the use of certain terms commonly heard upon the banks of the Isis or the Cam was to be accounted for only by the supposition that his life had been a tragedy.

"Come," said I, resting on my sculls in spite of his exhortation, "what do you

know about rowing?"

"Enough to see that you're not much good," he replied, but without any anger.

"I can dispense with your advice, anyway," said I, momentarily nettled at his

reply.

"I think not," said he quite coolly, "not from here to Sonning, at any rate. You made a pretty exhibition of yourself coming down. It's time someone taught you a thing or two. I mean to take you in hand myself, so you'd better get on. You'll never make a sculler until you get that right shoulder down. I've seen hundreds spoilt in the same way."

I listened to the harangue with an astonishment which I could not express. The man's calmness and apparent earnestness were things to see. He had the manner of one accustomed to command; the fact that he wore rags upon his back did not rob him of his dignity. Beyond this he was a fine man, standing the whole of six feet in his tattered shoes, and possessed of a chest which would have made the fortune of a touting gymnast. It occurred to me at once that it would not be wise to get upon the bank, and argue the matter with him there. But one thing remained to do-I must scull on and put up with the annoyance. It might be that I could shake him off by sheer pace if the "discovery" would permit. In any case, a little shouting would not hurt me, and might give him pleasure, which he was welcome to.

With this intention, I oiled the slide of the crazy ship, and got her well under the bank to cheat the stream. She gave many groans when I dug my heels against the stretcher, but answered with surprising readiness to my touch. For the first hundred yards I must have put in nearly thirty-six strokes a minute, and thought surely to be quit of the tramp—a delusion which he dispelled quickly enough when

Reach out, man, and don't bucket. This isn't Henley Regatta by a long way."

With such a running commentary did he follow my efforts for at least a quarter of a mile. Fast as I had gone, and well as the wheezy ship carried me, he kept pace with her apparently without an effort;



"WHY CAN'T YOU PULL THAT RIGHT SCULL HOME?"

he began to bawl in a voice that might have been heard away at the inn—

"There you are," cried he, "at the old trick again! Let the right thumb touch the chest. Row the scull out of the water, man—don't force it like that! You've got a shoulder like a camel's hump. Keep it down, can't you! Do you hear what I say? Keep that shoulder down and bring the sculls out clean. You'll never make a sculler if you don't sit up to it. Good Lord, your back's like a sack of meal!

indeed, when at last I stopped suddenly, breathless and not a little angry that he had thus spoilt my evening, he sat down upon the stream's bank with a fine smile upon his face and his reminiscence of a pipe still in his hand.

"Look, now," said he, "this won't do at all; you're sculling like a wild Chinaman. I've seen boys of twelve that could do better. What's the matter with you I can't think."

"I wish you wouldn't try," said I.

"You're losing your temper," exclaimed he shortly, "which won't mend things; and you're rowing too quick a stroke, which

is just as bad."

"Oh, go to the deuce!" cried I; and with that I plunged my sculls in again and sent the "discovery" flying up stream. It did not seem possible to me that he would venture further after so plain an intimation that he was not wanted; but I had yet to learn the depth and breadth of his enthusiasm. Scarce, indeed, was the boat going when I heard his voice again, now persuasive, now condemnatory, now in expostulation. And at this I stopped once more and reasoned with him for the last time.

"Look here," said I; "we've had about enough of this. I came out here to amuse myself, and I don't want your coaching.

Will you go away for a shilling?"

To my surprise, the offer of money silenced him as no other word had done.

"You insult me," said he; "there was no need to do that."

I was sorry for the thing almost as soon as I had said it. The way he buttoned his ragged coat around him, and turned away from the bank, spoke of a sensitiveness not to be looked for in one so oddly garbed and apparently so poor. I would have given a sovereign for my words to have remained unspoken, and clumsily I offered him an apology. But he only shook his head. Evidently he would have

no more to say to me.

We were at this time about three hundred yards from the lock at Sonning. The evening was growing late, dusk giving way to the dark of a summer's night. Many skiffs passed me on their way to Wargrave or Henley; the Oxford launch rushed by with a great wave of foam surging upon the banks, and the strains of a string band struggling for mastery with the hum of the screw. I could hear the tinkle of a banjo in the grounds of the White Hart; could see the flash of women's dresses and the glow of lamps in the At any other time I island garden. should have been anxious to press on and get the "discovery" housed while some show of twilight remained, but now I found myself possessed of a new and perhaps not altogether inexplicable interest in the ragged man who had followed me. Whence came he? Whither was he going? How was it that he treated an offer of money with scorn? Such an odd admixture of speech and dress I had never come across, and I, who had wished him anywhere ten minutes before, was now sorry that he shunned my acquaintance.

That he meant to shun it I could have no doubt. He had turned away from me at once at the offer of money. I saw him lighting his stump of a pipe behind one of the willows, and as I sculled on slowly, the glow of light above the bowl showed me exactly where he was. It was evident that he, too, was making for Sonning. though at a leisurely pace. I imagined even that he was brooding over his insult, and determined that I would wait for him at the bridge and mend matters so far as I could. It might even be that he would tell me his story—and for his story I began to hunger curiously. In my desire to learn it I left the "discovery" against the lawn of the hotel and hurried over the bridge to meet him.

He was lounging up the bank, his arms swinging, his straw hat upon the back of his head. I saw that he wished to pass me without a word, but I blocked the path as he came up, and began my excuses.

"I was rude to you just now," said I; "that comes of a quick temper. I hope

you've forgotten it.'

Strange as it may seem, no effort was needed to talk to him like this. Directly I was near to him I saw that he had the manner and the face of a refined man. His clothes only were ragged—and yet I could not fail to remember that when first he hailed me by Shiplake he had spoken like a true tout of the roadside. Now, however, he heard my apologies out, and then answered me with a shrug of the shoulders.

"It was not the word of a gentleman," said he, "but a man in my position hears it often. It's something that you should be here to mention it."

"Well, let's talk no more about it. Come down to the lawn of the hotel and drink shandy-gaff."

He shook his head sadly, and began to

fill his pipe again.

"That's no place for me," said he. "It might have been three years ago-but now," and he pulled at his coat to show me the rags in it.

"If you don't care to see anyone," said I, "we can sit at one of the tables in the

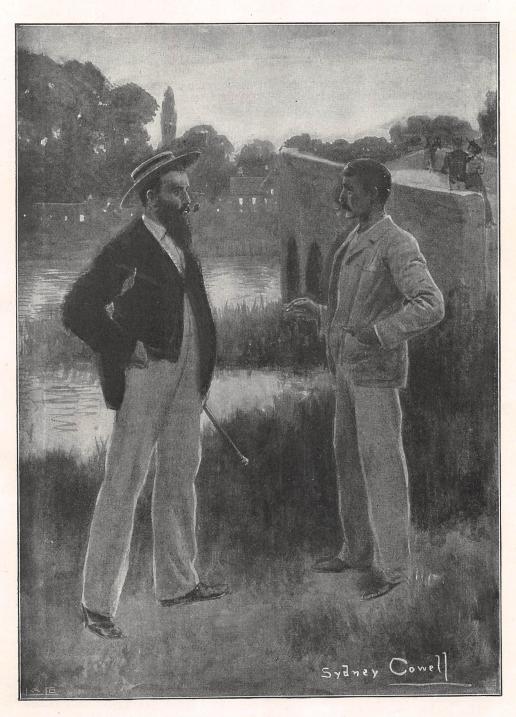
garden. It's quite dark now."

For a moment he hesitated. knocking out the tobacco he had just put into his pipe, he said—

"Well, so be it; but it's for a quarter of an hour only. I've business to do before

I go to bed to-night."

Two minutes later I was sitting with him at one of the iron tables on the lawn of the hotel. A fence of rose-bushes hid us from



"I WAS RUDE TO YOU JUST NOW."

the men and women passing in and out of the busy house; and when he had lighted the cigar that I gave him and had consented to my ordering him a whisky-andsoda, he appeared willing to talk.

"You know a good deal about rowing?" said I, hoping to learn some-

thing of his past.

"I used to," he replied unconcernedly. "Of course you have done Henley?"

"I was in the Exeter eight for the two Grand Challenges."

"Was that long ago?"

"It must be twenty years."

"Have you rowed at all since you left the 'Varsity?"

"How did you know I was a 'Varsity

man?"

"Why, you have just said that you were at Exeter."

"Oh, yes! of course, that is so."

This answer of his struck me as not a little curious. He looked at me in a strange way, fixing his eyes upon mine and staring determinedly. It was only after a strained pause that he spoke again.

"Do you live here?" he asked suddenly. "I am staying over at Earleigh," said I.

"You don't happen to know Bedford?" "I was there once for a couple of

hours." "Well, that's a good thing,"

exclaimed with a sigh of content. was vicar of a church in Bedford."

"You!"

"Why not? Am I the only man that ever lost his money?"

"Certainly not; but—"

"Oh, yes; but you're surprised, eh? Well, don't tell me that you're sorry. can stand anything but that."

"You must hear it often."

"About three times a day. Sympathy's

a cheap article in my market.'

It was my turn now to be silent. Clearly, he did not mean to tell me more, and had begun to smoke sullenly. At last, however, I gave him a tu quoque.

"Are you staying at Sonning?" I asked.

He looked up quickly.

"What's that to you?" he cried.

"Nothing at all. I was wondering if

you knew the place."

"Know it! I know every stone of it. My father's house lies three hundred yards from this inn. I was born here—I hope to die here."

The momentary outburst seemed to relieve him. He leant back in his chair and smoked with an air of a man enjoying a new experience. And, observing that I

had no courage to put another question

to him, he continued presently-

"Yes, I know Sonning, my friend, know every stone of it. There's not a room in the village which I couldn't tell a tale about-not a room nor a man."

"Would they be interesting tales, now?" "That depends upon what you mean by

interesting."

"I mean that you would find no tragedies here."

He laughed scornfully.

"Tragedies—no tragedies—My God! it is a tragedy that brings me to Sonning now. I am a tragedy myself. Look at my coat-look at my trousers-then talk about tragedies."

I did not offer him my sympathy, since he had asked that I should not, but tried to induce him to speak of his business.

"Let us hope your visit here will mend

matters," said I.
"Ah, let's hope that it will," cried he; "though I have my doubts. If I were not such a poor devil of a pauper, I would find listeners quick enough. But they laugh at my story now—laugh to my face.

"Is it such a strange story, then?" "Strange? Yes, I could call it that. It's the story of a man with two wives—

"Both living?"

"Exactly, though one is buried in the churchyard there."

He said it quite unconcernedly, and not with the air of a man who wished to trifle with his words. Nor when I laughed in spite of myself did he betray

any annovance.

"You laugh, of course," he continued quietly, "but hear me out-I say the woman is buried in that churchyard; I should say that the coffin which is supposed to contain her remains is buried That coffin was lowered into the ground with nothing in it but a lump of lead."

"And the woman?"

"Is living at Cadiz on an allowance of two pounds a week. The man who buried her was married last year for the second time at the parish church in Reading. He now resides at the Weir-Gate House, half a mile up the Earleigh Road. I am going there to-night to tell him that I know his story. To-morrow I shall be no longer poor, or he will be in the hands of the police."

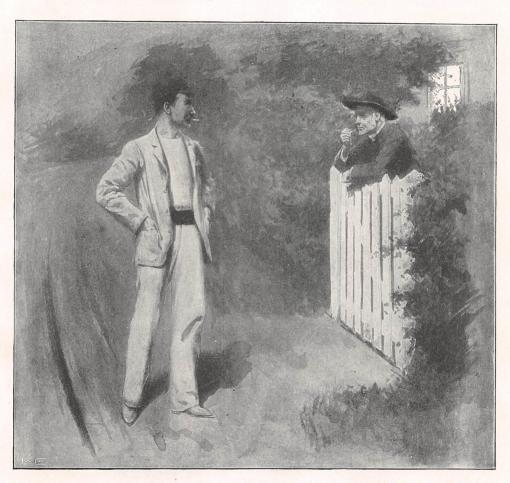
"Isn't that rather a dangerous game?" "Dangerous—pshaw! what does that matter to me? Have I anything to lose?

Could I well be worse off than I amwanting bread and water and a roof to my head. Am I the sort of man that should think of danger?"

"But he might give you in charge."

"Exactly. He might spit at the moon at the same time; but he'll do neither, Sir. I'm convinced of it. He's too much at stake. And he's a man of means. It's not the truth that you give in charge, but lies. I wish you good evening, Sir."

dead. He did not appear to be a man who would contrive so gruesome a fiction. He could have no possible object in lying to me. He had not asked for money, nor accepted readily the slight hospitality I had offered him. Nevertheless, he had not hesitated to stamp himself as a black-mailer, and was gone now, by his own confession, to practise his profession.



"GOOD EVENING," SAID HE, VERY CIVILLY,

With this word he rose suddenly from his chair, and turning upon his heel, he strode out of the garden at a rapid pace. So sudden was his going, so abrupt the way in which he took leave of me, that he was through the gate before I could utter the appeal which was on my lips; and when I came up to it he had already disappeared in the darkness of the road. Strange as our first meeting had been, this farewell was yet more strange. What to make of his story I knew no more than the

To say that I believed the truth of his wondrous story would be absurd; yet had I been asked to say what part appeared to me to be false I could have given no answer. He had told it in so few words, had refrained so carefully from any garnish of speech, that my first impression was one of blank amazement; and to this there succeeded a restless curiosity to know what would be the outcome of his visit to the Weir-Gate House. It might be, I thought, that he would be given in charge upon the

spot; it might be, in the improbable contingency of the whole of his story being true, that he would get the money he demanded. At any rate, the problem was interesting; and, as it was then only nine o'clock, I determined to walk to the place and to learn if possible something more of it.

This desire carried me quickly along the Reading Road, and through the pretty village of Sonning. I could see nothing of the ragged man as I went; nor had I any company but that of the bats and of the dust. When I came up to the Weir-Gate House at last, I found it to be a squat stone building, fronted by a patch of commonplace garden, to which a small white gate gave access. There was no light visible in the house, but the sound of voices was to be heard from the lawn; and as I went to pass the gate, I beheld a white - haired old man leaning over the palings. He had a pipe in his mouth, and at the sight of him I must have stopped suddenly, and betrayed unmistakably my desire to speak.

"Good evening," said he, very civilly, "are you looking for the Weir-Gate

House?"

"Well," said I, observing as I spoke that he wore the coat and collar of a churchman, "hardly that; I was looking for a ragged man who left me at the White Hart fifteen minutes ago."

"A tall man with a black beard and a

straw hat?"

"That would be the best description of him possible."

"Who told you a story of an empty coffin in Sonning Church?"

"Yes; he told me the story."

"Poor fellow, he tells it to everyone he meets."

"Then it is a bundle of lies?"

"Indeed no; it is the substantial truth. There is such a grave, and such a coffin was brought from Cadiz; but all that is thirty years ago. The man who was the subject of the story died in this house in the year eighteen hundred and seventy."

The explanation was so amazing that I

could not help but laugh.

"My tramp, then, is cracked?" said I.

"Exactly; he is a harmless maniac. Three years ago he was the vicar of a little church in Bedford. He is now tormented with the idea that he has lost all his money. I fear that his friends must soon put him under restraint, if only to rid me of the annoyance which his knowledge of that old story subjects me to. But it is a very sad case."

I agreed with him, and after a few necessary words, in which, as country people will, he discussed the state of his crops and the possibilities of good weather, I returned to the lock and to the "discovery." The later night was now exceedingly beautiful, the moon being at the full, and the whole of the woods plainly to be seen in the flood of light. But as I rowed back to the Kennet, these things did not interest me. I was thinking of the ragged intruder, and of the strange mystery which hung about the empty coffin in Sonning Churchyard.



THE LAST DRIVE.

By LILIAN QUILLER COUCH.

HE bed-room was small and rather poor-looking; that is to say, the mahogany of the furniture was laid on with a brush, as was the marble of the mantelpiece; the carpet was threadbare and the window bare of curtain. Just now the place was littered with scraps of newspapers, torn letters and bits of string, and two large trunks stood in the middle of the Before one of these trunks knelt Catherine Howard, while Helen, her sister, sat upon the edge of the bed.

"There," said Catherine slowly, in a dull, hopeless voice, "that's finished—and now I am sorry"

and now I am sorry.

"Why?" asked Helen almost defiantly,

but with no curiosity in her tone.

"Because it is only ten o'clock; our trains do not leave till past six, and we are left on this last, this awful day, to sit with folded hands and think."

Helen did not answer.

"For days," continued Catherine, "I have worked hard that I might tire myself and leave no time for thinking; and, fool that I was, I did not calculate that the last day would be worst of all."

"My box is packed too," replied Helen

Then there was silence, while Helen gazed with unseeing eyes upon the wellworn carpet and Catherine stared fixedly at the initials on her box.

"Catherine," said Helen at length, "I am going to say something; listen to

me."

Catherine looked up slowly from her initials; she knew that there was nothing of import to be said, nothing which could change things for them. She fancied that Helen was going to try still to be cheerful, so she prepared to listen; but she felt she would prefer that Helen did not try; she would prefer not to be cheered just now; it required too great an effort and what was the good?

"You have packed your cotton gowns

and big aprons?"

"Yes, I have packed them," answered Catherine.

"And I," continued Helen, "have done

the same with my new livery. Now I want to say something. We have faced everything; we have been facing it for some awful months-the hopelessness of living without money, the hopelessness of earning any by our own mediocre talents."

Yes.

"We have lived on insufficient food; we have inaugurated chilblains on our once shapely fingers during this last winter through which we have lived; we have sold our only valuables, and have undergone all the shame which such an action brings; we have spent harassed days and tortured nights with the horror of want and destitution hovering within a hair's-breadth of us."

"We have beaten our hearts against the inevitable; we have done everything but break down and cry."

"Yes, we have lived through some

bitterness."

"But now we have made up our minds. We have turned the keys in our boxes; we have placed our journey-money in our purses; we have seen to everything but the killing of these last few hours.'

"Yes, Helen," she burst forth. "And I want to do more than kill. I want to

murder them brutally!"

"I want you to do even more than that," replied Helen quietly. "I want you to enjoy them."

This time Catherine looked up with real surprise in her eyes. "Enjoy them!" she

exclaimed.

"Yes. We know all; we have faced it; we cannot alter one jot or tittle by fretting. Let us forget it all—until six this evening.

"If you have the chloral, bring it out," quoth Catherine, with a grim smile.

Helen smiled also, and, untying the knotted corner of her handkerchief, produced two gold coins—a sovereign and a half-sovereign.

"There it is," she said.

"Helen! Where did you get that?"

"It came yesterday by post, in return for a fairly large batch of my sketches which have found an appreciator at last."

"Oh, why did it not come before?" cried Catherine, starting to her feet.

"It would have done no good," replied Helen gently, "we could not live on a chance thirty shillings now and again. I am glad it did not come before. But now Ten minutes later the lodging - house door closed behind these sisters and they walked with smiles on their white faces out into the sunshine.

"Eight shillings for the pony and cart, and a shilling tip for the man when we



"HELEN! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT?"

that it has come I am going to spend it. This is our last day; fretting will do no good; let us push all pain behind or before us—anywhere, so long as it is out of the way. Until six o'clock let us be perfectly happy, without memory or anticipation, as if we had no past and expected no future; to-day is our own, we are free, we have money in plenty. Let us put on our hats. Let us have one last drive."

bring it back," said Helen, calculating as she walked along, "that will leave a guinea; we will stop at a florist's and get a few flowers on our way through the town."

The eight shillings procured a smart little varnished cart and a plump roan pony; and half-a-crown purchased a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley—snowy little bells against their sheltering leaves of tender

green—for Helen to hold in her hands while Catherine held the reins. Catherine laughed whole-heartedly at the extravagance. She was indeed entering into Helen's desire.

"Half-a-crown for a few flowers, and a week ago we had not that sum to spare

for food!"

"This is our carnival," laughed Helen. Then they left the clatter and the bustle of the town, and drove away, away to the country beyond. The roan pony was fresh, and inclined to hurry over the ground, and there was no word spoken between the sisters until behind them lay the streets and the suburbs and the flatness, and before them rose a hill, at the foot of which the pony slackened pace.

"Did you care which way?" asked

Catherine; "the pony chose this."

"Any way will do," said Helen softly, "as long as it is on, and on, and away from those two trunks of ours. What a day! it would be flat ingratitude to be anything but happy. It is splendid; one breathes it in. One whole happy day! Think of it."

The pony set his shoulders to the hill, and wound from side to side on his upward way as the reins lay slack upon his back. And the sisters drew deep breaths of the soft spring air and looked with placid faces and smiling eyes away at undulating fields and thatched farm-houses, at little copses and grassy knolls. For a very long time there was this smiling silence; then Catherine broke forth into rippling laughter, and, straightening herself, dropped the reins and clasped her hands.

"My God! what it is to enjoy—really

to enjoy!"

Helen laughed softly and bowed her face

over the lilies.

"Let us be infantine," she said at last. "Do you remember how we used to sit on the nursery window-seat just before bedtime and plan what we would do if we had a whole sovereign? I remember I always set aside, mentally, threepence for that gipsy - boy who helped me over the bramble-hedge and called me 'my Lady' when I was caught by Jane and led home to be punished. It was so large-hearted of him to be tender of my dignity under such humiliating circumstances. But what would you do if you had a thousand pounds a year?"

"I believe," answered Catherine slowly, "that if, when I reached our rooms this evening, I was told that I had a thousand pounds a year, I should just do as I have arranged to do—for a little while. It

would be such a glorious feeling to work on, knowing all the time that by speaking half-a-dozen words I could change the

whole aspect of my life."

"H'm. Well, I fancy if the fortune were mine I should just hire this pony and cart for a week, and drive, and drive, and drive till I had grown accustomed to the thought of gold and could meet my fellow-creatures without shouting aloud for joy. And I really could not allow you to carry out your old plans, for I should need you to sit beside me and hold the reins. And, do you know—when the first wild delirium of wealth had subsided somewhat, I think—I should actually descend to dressing well."

Catherine laughed. "I think you would," she agreed. "I am not certain I should not do the same. Furs, my dear, to keep off future chilblains. Never another chilblain if wealth could stave it

off."

"I would sit before a blazing fire, recklessly piling on fuel and thinking of the days when we were forced to go to bed to restore our circulation; only the weather at present would make it a painful pleasure."

"I think I would be very charitable."

"Yes, I believe everyone intends to be charitable with dream-money; it is the real coin which schools one in economy."

"I am sure I could never forget."

"No, you would not forget, you would argue. Possessions breed conservatism."
"I tell you I would be charitable,"

Tien you I would be charitable,

declared Catherine.

"Well, perhaps so, for I should be near you as a reminder."

"You would be rich too."

"I did not say a thousand a year each."
"Oh, but while we are imagining we may as well have two as one."

"Just as you like, dear. How soon we

accustom ourselves to wealth!"

A soft breeze blew across the land when the summit of the hill was reached; the sun shone on all the quivering leaves, and turned them metal-bright; the scent of young greenness was in the air, and white butterflies coquetted by the hedges. Then came another hill, long and steep, and the face of the country changed as the roan pony mounted higher and higher; the leafy hedges gave place to grassy banks, the patches of wood to stretches of common, the budding trees to bushes of sturdy gorse, scenting the land with their golden blossoms.

"This is new life," murmured Helen as they reached the top at last, and beheld one great stretch of moorland dotted with lichened boulders, and felt the baby breeze shoot into manhood as a balmy wind. "Drive slowly here, for this is glorious. We must not live it through too quickly. There is but one crumpled roseleaf," she added, after a pause. "I am hungry. I like being hungry, but I also like some hope of its satisfaction. Hunger just now is too painful to my memory to be treated of in a flippant manner."

But in time they came unto a farm where a man of cheerful visage and corduroy garments leaned upon his gate

and watched them.

"This man must be our directing-post," said Helen. "There is no other. Stop the pony."

So Catherine reined in her little steed

beside the gate.

"Can you tell me the way to the nearest

inn?" asked Helen.

- "There's no inn near here, Miss," replied the man, touching his cap and smiling regret for the poorness of his information.
 - "How much farther?" she inquired.
- "A matter of three miles along the main road."

"Oh! and I am so hungry!"

"Ah, Miss, there's a lot of folks took hungry after crossing they downs; but my wife is always pleased to supply 'em with something to eat if they've a mind to stop

"Could she get us a little lunch, do you

think?"

"Yes, Miss. You drive the pony round to the yard after me, and we'll soon cure the hunger."

"Bless that man!" said Helen to Catherine, "bless his cheerful face and his

sympathising interior!"

In the best kitchen of the farm the sisters sat and looked with happy eyes on the quivering shafts of light which the sun sent through the open door along the blue stone floor, and on the rows of brass weights and copper skillets on the high chimneypiece, on the long deal table too, white with scrubbing-brush achievements, on the japanned tea-trays, on the rows of delf and china adorning the dressers, and on the bursting fig-tree where it framed the window; while the ham could be heard frizzling in the work-a-day kitchen hard by, and the foreknowledge of it came wafting in to them through the open door, as the farmer's wife went to and fro to speak in hopeful tones and set the table for the meal.

Such a meal it was! Ham and eggs,

flanked on either side by golden-brown mounds of crisp potato-slices; gooseberry-tart and cream, and honey in the comb; home-made bread and butter, with preserves of deep-red damsons; and a shining metal teapot of good black tea to follow.

"For the spending of my money, champagne and French-named dishes had occurred to me," said Helen. "But I

prefer this."

And they sat in their Arcadia and ate of

"Cream and honey is food for the gods," remarked Catherine.

"I find it good enough for me," mused Helen aloud.

So they dallied in their paradise, while the little roan pony crunched corn and young carrots in the roomy stable outside, and found that also very godlike food.

"And what are we in your debt?" asked Helen when they had gossipped awhile with the farmer and his buxom wife, and had thanked them for the happiness which they had provided.

For answer the farmer took her to the window and waved his hand across his garden. "Do you see that row of saplings

yonder facing towards my door?"

"I do," said Helen.

"Well, Miss, that's my pride. I want to see that little row grow into a grand avenue God has put into stretching to my door. my heart a love for trees, same as some people have for jewels or money; but I am only a working farmer, and I can't buy an avenue. When folks come hungry off the downs and ask the way to the inn, which they mostly do, I ask 'em to eat at my table, and they're welcome; but when they ask me for the bill I say there is no bill; but I show 'em that avenue and tell 'em if they'll help me towards the buying of another tree I'll be grateful. I say the same to you, Miss."

"I think you are a good and a wonderful man," said Helen. "I, too, love trees. When you plant the next sapling think of the two girls who came to you hungry on this spring day, and wish them well." And she placed one of her gold pieces in his

hand.

"Half a soverin', Miss! you've—

"No, I've not made a mistake," laughed Helen; "to-day I am rich, and I told you that I too love trees."

As the roan pony trotted down the lane Helen laughed again: "That stableboy's eyes are enlarged to the size of happiness."

'Why?" asked Catherine

"Five shillings stretched them; that is

a pleasing form of atropine."

"Five shillings for a little stable-boy," said Catherine. "I am glad you did it. Last week I would joyfully have harnessed a circus troupe for five shillings."

fate. I cannot break them of my own weak will; let them stand till they fall away of themselves; there is a vast deal of happiness within the cage."

The shadows lengthened still more, and the pony's steps quickened to keep



FOR ANSWER THE FARMER TOOK HER TO THE WINDOW AND WAVED HIS HAND ACROSS HIS GARDEN.

"Opportunity is everything," remarked Helen.

By this time the freshness of the morning had given place to the warmer, sleepy air of the afternoon, and the shadows lengthened across the roads. A great peace settled on the hearts of the sisters, and they drove on in silence.

"I think I will never worry again," said

Catherine softly, at last.

"No," murmured Helen, "I will never again beat my heart against the bars of

pace with the joy of his heart, for he was on his homeward way.

"There will be a grand sunset this evening," said Helen.

"Yes, we will watch—ah! not we—"

"Hush, dear. Do not speak of it yet; there is half an hour more."

When the little roan pony clattered into its stable-yard, the half-hour was almost over

"Did he go well, Miss?"

"Splendidly," said Catherine with a smile.

"I hope we may meet him again some day," said Helen. "Let me see—eight shillings for the cart, and—— Oh, take the change I have left." And she emptied her purse into the youth's outstretched hands.

"Oh, Miss! Thank you—thank you, I'm sure," said the youth, with honest

gratitude in his voice.

"Good-bye, little roan pony," said Catherine, laying her hand upon its shoulder.

"Good evening," said they both to the

youth.

"Good evening, ladies, and thank you,"

he replied.

"Ladies!" laughed Helen, with something near to a sob in her voice. "The requiem of our gentility. I will remember him as I remember the gipsy boy. Perhaps some day I may be able to present that threepence which I planned so long ago."

At six o'clock there came the last goodbye of all: it took place on the bustling railway platform, and this time it was said

to one another.

"It was a very happy day," whispered Catherine.

"Yes," said Helen with a rigid smile,

"we have had an eight hours' day of unmixed pleasure; we have met a man whose love for trees is greater than his worldly wisdom, and we have overpaid two simple youths to whom overpayment is a new sensation. If we meet again we will live this day again—and we will look upon our sapling. Don't forget — the sunset to-night. Good-bye, Catherine."

"Good-bye, Helen—my dear."

Catherine turned away, white and trembling, and took her place in a third-class carriage of the already snorting train; and so it bore her outwards, away from

Helen's sight.

Within ten minutes another train with slow and laboured puffs bore Helen also on her journey, away from the scene of those little battles for independence, away from the streets which she had trodden so despairingly in quest of labour, away to face a new life.

In a roomy house in Egypt Catherine Howard gives her strength and care and patience as nursemaid to a little family numbering ten. Helen, her sister, with a heart most brave and hopeful beneath her apron-bib, is a parlourmaid in London.



FROM THE MEMOIRS OF A MINISTER OF FRANCE.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

THE passion which Henry still felt for Madame de Condé, and which her flight from the country was far from assuaging, had a great share in putting him upon the immediate execution of the designs we had so long prepared. Looking to find in the stir and bustle of a German campaign that relief of mind which the Court could no longer afford him, he discovered in the unhoped-for wealth of his treasury an additional excitement, and now waited only for the opening of spring and the Queen's coronation to remove the last obstacles that kept him from the field.

Nevertheless, relying on my assurances that all things were ready, and persuaded that the more easy he showed himself the less prepared would he find the enemy, he made no change in his habits; but in March 1610 went, as usual, to Fontainebleau, where he diverted himself with hunting. It was during this visit that the Court credited him with seeing-I think, on the Friday before the Feast of the Virgin—the Great Huntsman; and even went so far as to specify the part of the forest in which he came upon it, and the form—that of a gigantic black horseman surrounded by hounds—which it assumed. The spectre had not been seen since the year 1598; nevertheless, the story spread widely, those who whispered it citing in its support not only the remarkable agitation into which the Queen fell publicly on the evening of that day, but also some strange particulars that attended the King's return from the forest; and, being taken up and repeated, and confirmed, as many thought, by the unhappy sequence of his death, the fable found, a little later, almost universal credence, so that it may now be found even in books.

As it happened, however, I was that day at Fontainebleau, and hunted with the King; and, favoured both by chance and the confidence with which my master never failed to honour me, am able not

only to refute this story, but to narrate the actual facts from which it took its rise. And though there are some, I know, who boast that they had the tale from the King's own mouth, I undertake to prove either that they are romancers who seek to add an inch to their stature, or dull fellows who placed their own interpretation on the hasty words he vouchsafed such chatterers.

As a fact, the King, on that day wishing to discuss with me the preparations for the Queen's entry, bade me keep close to him, since he had more inclination for my company than the chase. But the crowd that attended him was so large, the day being fine and warm — and comprised, besides, so many ladies, whose badinage and gaiety he could never forego—that I found him insensibly drawn from me. Far from being displeased, I was glad to see him forget the moodiness which had of late oppressed him; and beyond keeping within sight of him, gave up, for the time, all thought of affairs, and found in the beauty of the spectacle sufficient compensation. The bright dresses and waving feathers of the party showed to the greatest advantage, as the long cavalcade wound through the heather and rocks of the valley below the Apremonts; and whether I looked to front or rear—on the huntsmen, with their great horns, or the hounds straining in the leashes—I was equally charmed with a sight at once joyous and gallant, and one to which the calls of duty had of late made me a stranger.

On a sudden a quarry was started, and the company, galloping off pell-mell, with a merry burst of music, were in a moment dispersed, some taking this track, and others that, through the rocks and débris that make that part of the forest difficult. Singling out the King, I kept as near him as possible until the chase led us into the Apremont coverts, where, the trees growing thickly, and the rides cut through them being intricate, I lost him for a

while. Again, however, I caught sight of him flying down a ride bordered by darkgreen box-trees, against which his white hunting-coat showed vividly; but now he was alone, and riding in a direction which each moment carried him farther from the line of the chase, and entangled him more deeply in the forest.

Supposing that he had made a bad cast and was in error, I dashed the spurs into my horse, and galloped after him; then, finding that he still held his own, and that I did not overtake him, but that, on the contrary, he was riding at the top of his speed, I called to him. "You are in error, Sire, I think!" I cried.

hounds are the other way!"

He heard, for he raised his hand, and, without turning his head, made me a sign, but whether of assent or denial, I could not tell. And he still held on his course. Then, for a moment, I fancied that his horse had got the better of him, and was running away; but no sooner had the thought occurred to me than I saw that he was spurring it, and exciting it to its utmost speed, so that we reached the end of that ride, and rushed through another and still another, always making, I did not fail to note, for the most retired

part of the forest. We had proceeded in this way about a mile, and the sound of the hunt had quite died away behind us, and I was beginning to chafe, as well as marvel, at conduct so singular, when at last I saw that he was slackening his pace. My horse, which was on the point of failing, began, in turn, to overhaul his, while I looked out with sharpened curiosity for the object of I could see nothing, however, and no one; and had just satisfied myself that this was one of the droll freaks in which he would sometimes indulge, and that in a second or two he would turn and laugh at my discomfiture, when, on a sudden, with a final pull at the reins, he did turn, and showed me a face flushed with passion and chagrin.

I was so taken aback that I cried out. "Mon Dieu! Sire," I said. "What is it?

What is the matter?"

"Matter enough!" he cried, with an And on that, halting his horse, he looked at me as if he would read my " Ventre de St. Gris!" he said in a voice that made me tremble; "if I were sure that there was no mistake, I would— I would never see your face again."

I uttered an exclamation.

"Have you not deceived me?" quoth he. "Oh, Sire, I am weary of these suspicions!" I answered, affecting an indifference I did not feel. "If your Majesty does not-

But he cut me short. "Answer me!" he said harshly, his mouth working in his beard and his eyes gleaming with excitement. "Have you not deceived me?"

"No, Sire," I said.

"Yet you have told me day by day that Madame de Condé remained in Brussels?"

"Certainly."

"And you still say so?"
"Most certainly!" I answered firmly, beginning to think that his passion had turned his brain. "I had dispatches to that effect this morning."

"Of what date?"

"Three days gone. The courier travelled night and day."

'They may be true, and still she may be here to-day?" he said, staring at me.

"Impossible, Sire."

"But, man, I have just seen her!" he cried impatiently.

"Madame de Condé?"

"Yes, Madame de Condé, or I am a madman!" Henry answered, speaking a little more moderately. "I saw her gallop out of the patch of rocks at the end of the Dormoir—where the trees begin. She did not heed the line of the hounds, but turned straight down the boxwood ride; and after that led as I followed. Did you not see her?"

"No, Sire," I said, inexpressibly alarmed—I could take it for nothing but

fantasy-"I saw no one."

"And I saw her as clearly as I see you," he answered. "She wore the yellow ostrich-feather she wore last year, and rode her favourite chestnut horse with a white stocking. But I could have sworn to her by her figure alone; and she waved her hand to me."

"But, Sire, out of the many ladies riding

"There is no lady wearing a yellow feather!" he answered passionately. "And the horse! And I knew her, man! Besides, she waved to me. And, for the others—why should they turn from the hunt and take to the woods?"

I could not answer this, but I looked at him in fear; for, as it was impossible that the Princesse de Condé could be here, I saw no alternative but to think him smitten with madness. The extravagance of the passion which he had entertained for her and the wrath into which the news of her flight with her young husband had thrown him, to say nothing of the depression under which he had since suffered, rendered

the idea not so unlikely as it now seems. At any rate, I was driven for a moment to entertain it; and gazed at him in silence, a prey to the most dreadful apprehensions.

We stood in a narrow ride bordered by

He pointed to the ground. "We are right!" he said. "There are her tracks! Come! We will overtake her yet!"

I looked and saw the fresh prints of a horse's shoes, and felt a great weight roll off my mind, for at least he had seen



"SHE WORE THE YELLOW OSTRICH-FEATHER SHE WORE LAST YEAR, AND RODE HER FAVOURITE CHESTNUT HORSE WITH A WHITE STOCKING."

evergreens, with which that part of the forest is planted; and, but for the songs of the birds, the stillness would have been absolute. On a sudden the King removed his eyes from me, and, walking his horse a pace or two along the ride, uttered a cry of joy.

someone. I no longer hesitated to fall in with his humour, but, riding after him, kept at his elbow until he reached the end of the ride. Here a vista opening right and left, and the ground being hard and free from tracks, we stood at a loss, until the King, whose eyesight was always of

the keenest, uttered an exclamation and

started from me at a gallop.

I followed more slowly, and saw him dismount and pick up a glove, which even at that distance he had discerned lying in the middle of one of the paths. He cried, with a flushed face, that it was Madame de Condé's; and added; "It has her perfume—her perfume, which no one else uses!"

I confess that this so staggered me that I knew not what to think; but between sorrow at seeing my master so infatuated and bewilderment at a riddle that grew each moment more perplexing, I sat gaping at Henry like a man without counsel. However, at the moment he needed none, but, getting to his saddle as quickly as he could, he began again to follow the tracks of the horse's feet, which here were visible, the path running through a beech wood. The branches were still bare, and the shining trunks stood up like pillars, the ground about them being soft. We followed the prints through this wood for a mile and a half or more, and then, with a cry, the King darted from me, and in an instant was racing through the wood at break-neck speed.

I had a glimpse of a woman flying far ahead of us; and now hidden from us by the trunks and now disclosed; and could even see enough to determine that she wore a yellow feather drooping from her hat, and was in figure not unlike the Princess. But that was all; for, once started, the inequalities of the ground drew my eyes from the flying form and, losing it, I could not again recover it. On the contrary, it was all I could do to keep up with the King; and of the speed at which the woman was riding could best judge by the fact that in less than five minutes he too pulled up with a gesture of despair, and waited for me to come

abreast of him.

"You saw her?" he said, his face grim, and with something of suspicion lurking

in it.

"Yes, Sire," I answered, "I saw a woman, and a woman with a yellow feather; but whether it was the Princess—"

"It was!" he said. "If not, why

should she flee from us?"

To that, again, I had not a word to say, and for a moment we rode in silence. Observing, however, that this last turn had brought us far on the way home, I called the King's attention to this; but he had sunk into a fit of gloomy abstraction, and rode along with his eyes on the ground.

We proceeded thus until the slender path we followed brought us into the great road that leads through the forest to the kennels and the new canal.

Here I asked him if he would not return to the chase, as the day was still

voung

"Mon Dieu, no!" he answered passionately. "I have other work to do. Hark ye, M. le Duc, do you still think that she is in Brussels?"

"I swear that she was there three days

ago, Sire!"

"And you are not deceiving me! If it be so, God forgive you, for I shall not!"

"It is no trick of mine, Sire," I answered

firmly.

"Trick?" he cried, with a flash of his eyes. "A trick, you say? No, ventre de St. Gris! There is no man in France dare trick me so!"

I did not contradict him—the rather as we were now close to the kennels, and I was anxious to allay his excitement, that it might not be detected by the keen eyes that lay in wait for us, and so add to the gossip to which his early return must give rise. I hoped that at that hour he might enter unperceived, by way of the kennels and the little staircase; but in this I was disappointed, the beauty of the day having tempted a number of ladies and others who had not hunted to the terrace by the canal, whence, walking up and down, their fans and petticoats fluttering in the sunshine, and their laughter and chatter filling the air, they were able to watch our approach at their leisure.

Unfortunately, Henry had no longer the patience and self-control needful for such a rencontre. He dismounted with a dark and peevish air, and, heedless of the staring, bowing throng, strode up the steps. Two or three who stood high in favour put themselves forward to catch a smile or a word, but he vouchsafed neither. He walked through them with a sour air, and entered the château with a precipitation that left all tongues wagging.

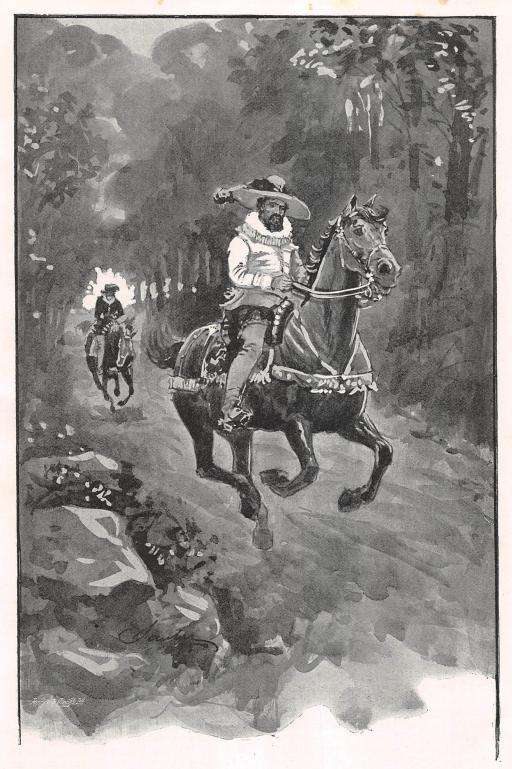
To add to the misfortune, something—I forget what—detained me a moment, and that cost us dear. Before I could cross the terrace, Concini, the Italian, came up, and, saluting me, said that the Queen desired

to speak to me.

"The Queen?" I said doubtfully, fore-

seeing trouble.

"She is waiting at the gate of the farther court," he answered politely, his keen black eyes reverting with eager curiosity to the door by which the King had disappeared.



THE KING DARTED FROM ME, AND IN AN INSTANT WAS RACING THROUGH THE WOOD AT BREAK-NECK SPEED.

I could not refuse, and went to her. "The King has returned early, M. le Duc?" she said.

"Yes, Madame," I answered. "He had a fancy to discuss affairs to-day, and

we lost the hounds."
"Together?"

"I had the honour, Madame."

"You do not seem to have agreed very

well?" she said, smiling.

"Madame," I answered bluntly, "his Majesty has no more faithful servant, but

we do not always agree."

She raised her hand, and, with a slight gesture, bade her ladies stand back, while her face lost its expression of good temper, and grew sharp and dark. "Was it about the Condé?" she said, in a low, grating voice.

"No, Madame," I answered; "it was about certain provisions. The King's ear had been grossly abused, and his Majesty

led to believe—"

"Faugh!" she cried, with a wave of contempt, "that is an old story! I am sick of it. Is she still at Brussels?"

"Still, Madame."

"Then see that she stops there!" her Majesty retorted, with a meaning look.

And with that she dismissed me, and I went into the château. I proposed to rejoin the King; but, to my chagrin, I found, when I reached the closet, that he had already sent for Varennes, and was shut up with him. I went back to my rooms, therefore, and, after changing my hunting-suit and transacting some necessary business, sat down to dinner with Nicholas, the King's secretary, a man fond of the table, whom I often entertained. He kept me in talk until the afternoon was well advanced, and we were still at table when Maignan appeared and told me that the King had sent for me.

"I will go," I said, rising.

"He is with the Queen, your Excel-

lency," he continued.

This somewhat surprised me, but I thought no evil; and, finding one of the Queen's Italian pages at the door waiting to conduct me, I followed him across the court that lay between my lodgings and her apartments. Two or three of the King's gentlemen were in the anteroom when I arrived, and Varennes, who was standing by one of the fireplaces toying with a hound, made me a face of dismay; he could not speak owing to the company.

Still, this, in a degree, prepared me for the scene in the chamber, where I found the Queen storming up and down the room, while the King, still in his huntingdress, sat on a low chair by the fire, apparently drying his boots. Mademoiselle Galigai, the Queen's waiting-woman, stood in the background; but more than this I had not time to observe, for, before I had reached the middle of the floor, the Queen turned on me, and began to abuse me with a vehemence which fairly shocked me.

"And you!" she cried, "who speak so slow and look so solemn, and all the time do his dirty work like the meanest cook he has ennobled! It is well you are here! Enfin, you are found out—you and your provisions! Your provisions, of which

you talked in the wood!"

"Mon Dieu!" the King groaned; "give

me patience!"

"He has given me patience these ten years, Sire!" she retorted passionately. "Patience to see myself flouted by your favourites, insulted and displaced and set aside! But this is too much! It was enough that you made yourself the laughing-stock of France once with this madame! I will not have it again—no: though twenty of your counsellors frown at me!"

"Your Majesty seems displeased," I said; "but as I am quite in the dark——"

"Liar!" she cried, giving way to her fury. "When you were with her this morning! When you saw her! When you stooped to—"

"Madame," the King said sternly, "if you forget yourself, be good enough to remember that you are speaking to French gentlemen, not to traders of

Florence.

She sneered. "You think to wound me by that!" she cried, breathing quickly. "But I have my grandfather's blood in me, Sire, and no King of France—"

"One King of France will presently make your uncle of that blood sing small," the King answered viciously. "So much for that; and for the rest, sweetheart, softly, softly."

"Oh!" she cried, "I will go. I will not stay to be outraged by that woman's

presence.'

I had now an inkling what was the matter; and discerning that the quarrel was a more serious matter than their every-day bickerings, and threatened to go to lengths that might end in disaster, I ignored the insult her Majesty had flung at me, and entreated her to be calm. "If I understand aright, Madame," I said, "you have some grievance against his Majesty. Of that I know nothing. But I also understand that you allege something against me; and it is to speak to that, I presume, that I am summoned. If

you will deign to put the matter into

words-

"Words!" she cried. "You have words enough. But get out of this, Master Grave-Airs, if you can. Did you, or did you not, tell me this morning that the Princess of Condé was in Brussels?"

"I did, Madame."

"Although half-an-hour before you had seen her, you had talked with her, you had been with her in the forest?'

"But I had not, Madame."

- "What?" she cried, staring at me, surprised, doubtless, that I manifested no confusion. "Do you say you did not see her?"
 - "I did not."

"Nor the King?"

"The King, Madame, cannot have seen her this morning," I said, "because he is here and she is in Brussels."

"You persist in that?"

" Certainly!" I said. " Besides, Madame," I continued, "I have no doubt that the King has given you his word-

"His word is good for everyone but his wife!" she answered bitterly. "And for vours, M. le Duc, I will show you what it is worth. Mademoiselle, call——"
"Nay, Madame!" I said, interrupting

her with spirit, "if you are going to call your household to contradict me-

"But I am not!" she cried in a voice of triumph that, for the moment, disconcerted me. "Mademoiselle, send to M. de Bassompierre's lodgings, and bid

him come to me!"

The King whistled softly, while I, who knew Bassompierre to be devoted to him, and to be, in spite of the levity to which his endless gallantries bore witness, a man of sense and judgment, prepared myself for a serious struggle; judging that we were in the meshes of an intrigue, wherein it was impossible to say whether the Queen figured as actor or dupe. The passion she evinced as she walked to and fro with clenched hands, or turned now and again to dart a fiery glance at the Cordovan curtain that hid the door, was so natural to her character that I found myself leaning to the latter supposition. Still, in grave doubt what part Bassompierre was to play, I looked for his coming as anxiously as anyone. And probably the King shared this feeling; but he affected indifference, and continued to sit over the fire with an air of mingled scorn and peevishness.

At length Bassompierre entered, and, seeing the King, advanced with an open brow that persuaded me at least of his innocence. Attacked on the instant, however, by the Queen, and taken by surprise, as it were, between two fires—though the King kept silence, and merely shrugged his shoulders—his countenance fell. He was at that time one of the handsomest gallants about the Court, thirty years old, and the darling of women, but at this his aplomb failed him, and with it my heart sank also.

"Answer, Sir, answer!" the Queen cried. "And without subterfuge! Who was it, Sir, whom you saw come from the forest this morning?"

"Madame?"

"In one word!"

"If your Majesty will—"

"I will permit you to answer," the Queen exclaimed.

"I saw his Majesty return," he faltered— "and M. de Sully."

"Before them! Before them!" "I may have been mistaken."

"Pooh, man!" the Queen cried with biting contempt. "You have told it to half-a-dozen. Discretion comes a little

"Well, if you will, Madame," he said, striving to assert himself, but cutting a poor figure, "I fancied that I saw Madame de Condé—"

"Come out of the wood ten minutes

before the King?"

"It may have been twenty," he muttered. But the Queen cared no more for him. She turned, looking superb in her wrath, to the King. "Now, Sir!" she said. "Am I to bear this?"

"Sweet!" the King said, governing his temper in a way that surprised me, "hear reason, and you shall have it in a word. How near was Bassompierre to the lady

he saw?'

"I was not within fifty paces of her!"

the favourite cried eagerly.

"But others saw her!" the Queen rejoined sharply. "Madame Paleotti, who was with the gentleman, saw her also, and knew her."

"At a distance of fifty paces?" the King said drily. "I don't attach much weight to that." And then, rising, with a slight yawn. "Madame," he continued, with the air of command which he knew so well how to assume, "for the present, I am tired! If Madame de Condé is here, it will not be difficult to get further evidence of her presence. If she is at Brussels, that fact, too, you can ascertain. Do the one or the other, as you please; but, for to-day, I beg that you will excuse me."

"And that," the Queen cried shrilly,

"that is to be ___ "

"All, Madame!" the King said sternly. "Moreover, let me have no prating outside this room. Grand Master, I will trouble

you."

And with these words, uttered in a voice and with an air that silenced even the angry woman before us, he signed to me to follow him, and went from the room, the first glance of his eye stilling the crowded antechamber as if the shadow of death passed with him. I followed him to his closet, but, until he reached it, had no inkling of what was in his thoughts. Then he turned to me.

"Where is she?" he said sharply. I stared at him a moment. "Pardon, Sire!" I said. "Do you think that it was Madame de Condé?"

"Why not?"

"She is in Brussels."

"I tell you I saw her this morning!" he answered. "Go, learn all you can! Find her! find her! If she has returned, I will—God knows what I will do!" he cried, in a voice shamefully broken. "Go; and send Varennes to me. I shall sup

alone; let no one wait."

I would have remonstrated with him, but he was in no mood to bear it; and, sad at heart, I withdrew, feeling the perplexity which the situation caused me a less heavy burden than the pain with which I viewed the change that had of late come over my master; converting him from the gayest and most *débonnaire* of men into this morose and solitary dreamer. Here, had I felt any temptation to moralise on the tyranny of passion, was the occasion; but, as the farther I left the closet behind me the more instant became the crisis, the present soon reasserted its power. Reflecting that Henry, in this state of uncertainty, was capable of the wildest acts, and that not less was to be feared from his imprudence than from the Queen's resentment, I cudgelled my brains to explain the rencontre of the morning; but as the courier, whom I questioned, confirmed the report of my agents, and asseverated most confidently that he had left Madame in Brussels, I was flung back on the alternative of an accidental resemblance. This, however, which stood for a time as the most probable solution, scarcely accounted for the woman's peculiar conduct, and quite fell to the ground when La Trape, making cautious inquiries, ascertained that no lady hunting that day had worn a yellow feather. Again, therefore, I found myself at a loss; and the dejection of the King and the

Queen's ill-temper giving rise to the wildest surmises, and threatening each hour to supply the gossips of the Court with a startling scandal, the issue of which no one could foresee, I went so far as to take into my confidences MM. Epernon and Montbazon; but with no result.

Such being my state of mind, and such the suspense I suffered during two days, it may be imagined that M. Bassompierre was not more happy. Despairing of the King's favour unless he could clear up the matter, and by the event justify his indiscretion, he became for those two days the wonder, and almost the terror, of the Court. Ignorant of what he wanted, the courtiers found only insolence in his mysterious questions, and something prodigious in an activity which carried him in one day to Paris and back, and on the following to every place in the vicinity where news of the fleeting beauty might by any possibility be gained; so that he far outstripped my agents, who were on the same quest. But though I had no mean opinion of his abilities, I hoped little from these exertions, and was proportionately pleased when, on the third day, he came to me with a radiant face and invited me to attend the Queen that evening.

"The King will be there," he said, "and I shall surprise you. But I will not tell you more. Come, and I promise to

satisfy you."

And that was all he would say; so that, finding my questions useless, and the man almost frantic with joy, I had to be content with it; and at the Queen's hour that evening presented myself in her gallery, which proved to be unusually full.

Making my way towards her in some doubt of my reception, I found my worst fears confirmed. She greeted me with a sneering face, and was preparing, I was sure, to put some slight upon me—a matter wherein she could always count on the applause of her Italian servants-when the entrance of the King took her by surprise. He advanced up the gallery with a listless air, and, after saluting her, stood by one of the fireplaces talking to Epernon and La Force. The crowd was pretty dense by this time, and the hum of talk filled the room when, on a sudden, a voice, which I recognised as Bassompierre's, was lifted above it.

"Very well!" he cried gaily; "then I appeal to her Majesty. She shall decide, Mademoiselle. No, no; I am not satisfied

with your claim!"

The King looked that way with a frown, but the Queen took the outburst in good

part. "What is it, M. de Bassompierre?" she said. "What am I to decide?"

"To-day, in the forest, I found a ring, Madame," he answered, coming forward. "I told Mademoiselle de la Force of my discovery, and she now claims the ring."

"I once had a ring like it," cried Mademoiselle, blushing and laughing.
"A sapphire ring?" Bassompierre

answered, holding his hand aloft.

"Yes."

"With three stones?"

" Yes."

Mademoiselle!" he " Precisely, answered, bowing. "But the stones in this ring are not sapphires, nor are there three of them."

There was a great laugh at this, and the Queen said, very wittily, that as neither of the claimants could prove a right to the ring it must revert to the judge.

"In one moment your Majesty shall at least see it," he answered; "but, first, has anyone lost a ring? Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Lost, in the forest, within the last three

days, a ring!"

Two or three, falling in with his humour, set up absurd claims to it; but none could describe the ring, and in the end he handed it to the Queen. As he did so his eves met mine and challenged my attention. I was prepared, therefore, for the cry of surprise which broke from the Queen.

"Why, this is Caterina's!" she cried.

"Where is the child?"

Someone pushed forward Mademoiselle Paleotti, sister-in-law to Madame Paleotti, the Queen's first chamberwoman. She was barely out of her teens, and, ordinarily, was a pretty girl; but the moment I saw her dead-white face framed in a circle of fluttering fans and pitiless, sparkling eyes, I discerned tragedy in the farce, and that M. de Bassompierre was acting in a drama to which only he and one other held the key. The contrast between the girl's blanched face and the beauty and glitter in the midst of which she stood struck others, so that, before another word was said, I caught the gasp of surprise that passed through the room; nor was I the only one who drew nearer.

"Why, girl," the Queen said, "this is the ring I gave you on my birthday! When did you lose it? And why have

you made a secret of it?"

Mademoiselle stood speechless; but Madame her sister-in-law answered for her. "Doubtless she was afraid that your Majesty would think her careless," she answered.

"I did not ask you!" the Queen rejoined. She spoke harshly and suspiciously, looking from the ring to the trembling The silence was such that the chatter of the pages in the anteroom could be heard. Still Mademoiselle stood dumb and confounded.

"Well, what is the mystery?" the Queen said, looking round with a little wonder. "What is the matter? It is the ring. Why do you not own it?"

"Perhaps Mademoiselle is wondering where are the other things she left with it!" Bassompierre said in a silky tone. "The things she left at Parlot the verderer's, when she dropped the ring. But she may free her mind; I have them here."

"What do you mean?" the Queen said. "What things, Monsieur? What has the

girl been doing?"

"Only what many have done before her," Bassompierre answered, bowing to his unfortunate victim, who seemed to be paralysed by terror: "masquerading in other people's clothes. I propose, Madame, that, for punishment, you order her to dress in them, that we may see what her taste is."

"I do not understand," the Queen said.
"Your Majesty will, if Mademoiselle

will consent to humour us."

At that the girl uttered a cry, and looked round the circle as if for a way of escape; but a Court is a cruel place, in which the ugly or helpless find scant pity. A dozen voices begged the Queen to insist; and, amid laughter and loud jests, Bassompierre hastened to the door, and returned with an armful of women's gear, surmounted by a wig and a feathered hat.

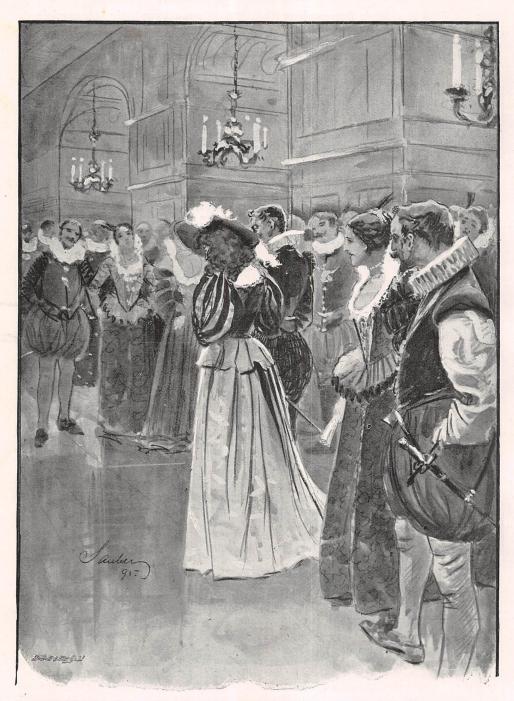
"If the Queen will command Mademoiselle to retire and put these on," he said, "I will undertake to show her something

that will please her."

"Go!" said the Queen.

But the girl at that flung herself on her knees before her, and, clinging to her skirts, burst into a flood of tears and prayers; while her sister-in-law stepped forward as if to second her, and cried out, in great excitement, that her Majesty would not be so cruel as to-

"Hoity toity!" said the Queen, cutting her short very grimly. "What is all this? I tell the girl to put on a masquerade which it seems that she has been keeping at some cottage—and you talk as if I were cutting off her head! It seems to me that she escapes very lightly! Go! go! and see you that you are arrayed in five minutes, or I will deal with you!"



THE TWO HAD NOT PROCEEDED HALFWAY DOWN THE GALLERY BEFORE A LOW MURMUR BEGAN TO BE HEARD.

"Perhaps Mademoiselle de la Force will go with her, and see that nothing is omitted," Bassompierre said with malice.

The laughter and applause with which this proposal was received took me by

Knowing what I did, I had by this time

surprise; but later I learned that the two young women were rivals. "Yes, yes," the Queen said. "Go, Mademoiselle, and

a fair idea of the discovery which Bassompierre had made; but the mass of courtiers and ladies round me, who had not this advantage, knew not what to expect—nor, especially, what part M. Bassompierre had in the business—but made most diverting suggestions, the majority favouring the opinion that Mademoiselle Paleotti had repulsed him, and that this was his way of avenging himself. A few of the ladies even taxed him with this, and tried, by random reproaches, to put him at least on his defence; but, merrily refusing to be inveigled, he made to all the same answerthat when Mademoiselle Paleotti returned they would see. This served only to whet a curiosity already keen, insomuch that the door was watched by as many eyes as if a miracle had been promised; and even MM. Epernon and Vendôme, leaving the King's side, pressed into the crowd that they might see the better. I took the opportunity of going to him, and, meeting his eyes as I did so, read in them a look of pain and distress. As I advanced he drew back a pace, and signed to me to stand before him.

I had scarcely done so when the door opened, and Mademoiselle Paleotti, pale, and supported on one side by her rival, appeared at it, but so wondrously transformed by a wig, hat, and redingote that I scarcely knew her. At first, as she stood, looking with shamed eyes at the staring crowd, the impression made was simply one of bewilderment, so complete was the disguise. But Bassompierre did not long suffer her to stand so. Advancing to her side, his hat under his arm, he offered his hand.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "will you oblige me by walking as far as the end of the gallery with me?"

She complied involuntarily, being almost unable to stand alone. But the two had not proceeded halfway down the gallery before a low murmur began to be heard, that, growing quickly louder, culminated in an astonished cry of "Madame de Condé! Madame de Condé!"

M. Bassompierre dropped her hand with a low bow, and turned to the Queen. "Madame," he said, "this, I find, is the lady whom I saw on the Terrace when Madame Paleotti was so good as to invite me to walk on the Bois le Roi road. For the rest, your Majesty may draw your conclusions."

It was easy to see that the Queen had already drawn them; but for the moment the unfortunate girl was saved from her wrath. With a low cry Mademoiselle Paleotti did that which she would have done a little before, had she been wise, and swooned on the floor.

I turned to look at the King, and found him gone. He had withdrawn unseen in the first confusion of the surprise; nor did I dare at once to interrupt him, or intrude on the strange mixture of regret and relief, wrath and longing, that probably possessed him in the silence of his closet. It was enough for me that the Italians' plot had failed, and that the danger of a rupture between the King and Queen, which these miscreants desired, and I had felt to be so great and imminent, was, for this time, overpast.

The Paleottis were punished, being sent home in disgrace, and a penury, which, doubtless, they felt more keenly. But. alas! the King could not banish with them all who hated him and France; nor could I, with every precaution, and by the unsparing use of all the faculties that, during a score of years, had been at the service of my master, preserve him for his country and the world. Before two months had run he perished by a mean hand, leaving the world the poorer by the greatest and most illustrious sovereign that ever ruled a nation. And men who loved neither France nor him entered into his labours, whose end also I have seen.



Photo by C. Vandyk, Gioucester Road.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM IN HIS ENGLISH HOME.

By DAYRELL TRELAWNEY.

THE King of Siam has shown himself to be a far-seeing ruler and wise father, in unselfishly parting with his two sons for the period necessary to complete

their education in England.

The Crown Prince of Siam, and his brother, Prince Aphakara, are being quietly but thoroughly educated by private tutors in their temporary home at North Lodge, Ascot, under the governorship of Mr. Basil Thomson. So unostentatiously have all the arrangements been made for the residence of the two young Princes among us, that comparatively little has transpired as to their home life at Ascot, and the progress of their English education and training.

When I received an invitation to North Lodge, I accepted it with a full realisation of the interest of such a visit, and an anticipation of the pleasure of renewing my friendship with Mr. Thomson, whom I have known all my life, but whose work for the Colonial Office has taken him for

some years out of England.

North Lodge (the original structure of which has been considerably added to) presents a very picturesque appearance from the outside. The house, which is built of red brick, is almost entirely overgrown with ivy and creepers. A raised terrace, bordered by standard roses, runs round two sides of the building, and on to this open the low French windows of the drawing room. Trim lawns and gay flower-beds stretch beyond the terrace to where a great bordering of shrubs and evergreens screens the drive from view; while further still is a background of tall pine and fir trees.

Inside, the house is a delightful, rambling, home-like country residence. The large entrance-hall is lofty and well proportioned; in the centre is a full-sized billiard table. The walls are lined with handsome groups of arms, and curios collected by Mr. B. Thomson during his official residence in New Guinea, Fiji, and Tonga. One corner of this hall has been turned into a studio by Mrs. Thomson,

and a clever figure-study on the easel shows that she has considerable artistic

powers.

A second hall has a staircase leading to the upper rooms, and is connected with the main, or entrance hall, by a quaint window opening in the wall. On every side are skins, arms, and trophies, collected one by one during many years of travel. To the right of the hall lie the diningmorning-room, and Mr. Basil Thomson's study. The most pleasant room in the house is the long drawingroom, with its low window-seats, divans, and chairs covered with light chintzes. Personally, my views about drawing-rooms are unorthodox; but here, at least, I found a room that combined all the charms of a boudoir and study. A writing-table at which you can write, an arm-chair in which you can sit, and, better still, books and papers that are readable and interesting, all combine to make this room an ideal one.

A very handsome carved cabinet, the reliefs quaintly gilt, attracted my attention. This turned the conversation on to Brittany, where the cabinet came from, and I was taken upstairs to see a magnificent set of carved oak, consisting of a four-poster bed, a linen press, and a cradle, all recently brought from Brittany, and very fine specimens of the kind they are.

Mr. Thomson, who is now well known to the public as the author of "South Sea Yarns" and "The Diversions of a Prime Minister," is a son of the late Archbishop Thomson of York. He has, for so young a man, had a career of singular promise and even brilliancy. He commenced work under the Colonial Office as a stipendiary magistrate in Fiji. Upon the annexation of New Guinea he became private secretary to Sir William McGregor, the first administrator, and accompanied him in 1888 on a seven months' yachting cruise, tracking down and bringing to justice murderers and disturbers of the public peace, whose numbers had at this time seriously increased. The good effects of this procedure are to be felt even in the present day. Formerly it had been the custom to send an English gun-boat to demand that the murderer be given up, and it is needless to add that the wrong man was not infrequently handed over. In 1889 Mr. Thomson was invalided home for a year, at the end of which period he was appointed by Sir John Thurston,

The suggestion of the appointment to Tonga emanated from the King himself. whose acquaintance Mr. Thomson had made on a former visit to the islands. I do not propose to deal more fully with this interesting period of Mr. Thomson's career, of which he has told us much in his own words in his last book, "The Diversions of a Prime Minister."

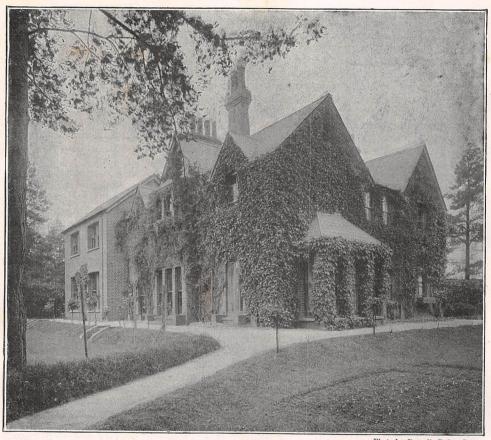


Photo by Russell, Baker Street.

NORTH LODGE, ASCOT, WHERE THE CROWN PRINCE OF SIAM RESIDES WITH HIS GOVERNOR.

Governor of Fiji, to the responsible position of adviser and virtual Prime Minister of Tonga. Sir John Thurston is reputed to have a more perfect knowledge of natives and their requirements than any man alive, and Mr. Thomson has in these respects followed closely in his footsteps. His anthropological knowledge is of no mean order, and the secret of successful colonisation, the pride of the English nation, lies in the hands of such men as these, who have lived the very life of the people they are sent at once to serve and protect.

suffice to say that his official work in Tonga was brought to a very successful close.

In appointing Mr. Thomson as Governor to the Prince Royal and his brother, the King of Siam has chosen a man well calculated to fill the post. When it is remembered that the Crown Prince will probably at some future date be the sole ruler over from eight to ten millions of people, in a land where autocracy is a reality, not a myth, it is easy to realise that the post of Governor to the young Princes is no sinecure as regards responsibilities. In the course of conversation, I



Photo by Russell, Baker Street.

MR. BASIL THOMSON.

learnt from Mr. Thomson that, with the exception of certain necessary modifications, such as the substitution of political economy for the study of the dead languages, etc., the two Princes were receiving a thoroughly sound European education.

The household of the Princes consists of a Siamese companion, a physician in ordinary, an English and a Siamese tutor. A French tutor will shortly be added to the number. The Princes both show

unguarded thing. I have my better feelings, and therefore I shall not record the conversation word for word; but I have also my journalistic instincts, for which reason I cannot resist saying, for the benefit of the readers of *The English Illustrated Magazine*, that two more naturalmannered, intelligent, bright-looking boys than the Crown Prince and his brother no one could wish to see.

After luncheon, a visit to the stables and to the rockery in the garden occupied some



Photo by Russell, Baker Street.

ENTRANCE HALL OF NORTH LODGE, ASCOT.

considerable aptitude and ability where their studies are concerned. The Crown Prince is the greater student of the two, while Prince Aphakara is keenly interested in all sport and games. I was anxious to learn how the Princes enjoyed their life in England, when the luncheon-gong sounded, and Mr. Thomson suggested that as we were about to join them, I should judge for myself.

When you trust a journalist so far as to let him sit down at table with two Princes, and a rising author, none of whom have ever been interviewed, you either appeal to his better feelings (if he has any) or you do a very time. The rockery was the unaided work of the Princes and their companion, and is a very clever piece of engineering, a water-pipe having been laid from the house under the carriage-drive to supply the tank in which some goldfish take their pleasure sadly, after the manner of their kind. Every now and then one of them dies, whereupon the remains are promptly embalmed and placed in a miniature mausoleum on the banks of the rockery.

The Crown Prince has a singularly mobile, expressive face, and both he and his brother have that courteous yet dignified manner which is the special heritage of



The Crown Prince of Siam.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street.

Mrs. Thomson.

Miss Thomson.

A GROUP IN THE GARDEN.

the Siamese nation. It struck me in conversation that the two brothers spoke English with ease, their accent being marked, but far from unpleasant. I noticed also their complete appreciation of the general conversation going on round them, and their keen sense of humour. The following is an example of this. Russell was occupied in photographing the drawing - room, and Mr. Thomson explained to the younger of the two Princes, with some elaboration of technical detail, that if he went into the drawingroom which was under exposure his image would not be fully outlined, but a mere shadowy form. I was wondering whether the boys grasped the meaning of this, when the Crown Prince looked up with a quick "It would be Aphakara's ghost," he said, a remark which was greeted with much amusement by his brother, who, with his merry laugh and mischievous pair of eyes, looks very far removed from the spirit world at present.

Upon my suggesting that I should like to have, for reproduction in The English Illustrated Magazine, a special portrait of the Princes and also of Mr. Basil Thomson, we adjourned to the lawn, where the photographs included in this article were taken. The large group includes, besides the Princes and their companion, Mr. and Mrs. Thomson and their little daughter, and a very pleasant picture it is. It will be seen that the Crown Prince is still in mourning for his brother; while Prince Aphakara, his half-brother (who rather regretfully doffed his blazer for the photo-

When the question arose of changing plates for more photographs, the two Princes promptly volunteered to rig up a temporary dark-room, and retired into the house with hammers and nails. than a quarter of an hour new plates were in the slides, and I was begging Mr. Thomson to "Stay quite still, please," in a comfortable attitude he had taken up

graph) is dressed in a grey suit.

while chatting to me under one of the trees on the lawn. I give the result—an excellent likeness, from the crown of the hat to the tip of the cigarette—from which it will be seen that the original is, in spite of his career of heavy responsibilities, quite a young man. What no portrait can give is the pleasant laugh and cultured voice, and the genial, unaffected manner that make Mr. Thomson a welcome companion to all who know him.

Of Mrs. Thomson's experiences in Fiji and Tonga enough could be said to fill a separate article. There are few women who have had her experiences, and fewer still who could have filled successfully the positions she has held. At Tonga she rapidly established friendly relations with the officials of the Court, and with the King himself. Her tact avoided the complications which might so easily have been incurred in a position hedged in with endless difficulties and restrictions.

The evident affection which exists between the young Princes and herself is pleasant to see, and the influence of her womanly personality cannot fail to make a

lasting impression upon them.

When the Prince Maha Vajiravudh was, in January last, proclaimed heir to the throne of Siam, her Majesty the Queen, who is never backward in her kindly interest in foreign Princes resident among us, received the two young Siamese at Windsor Castle.

The King of Siam is one of the most absolute and the most enlightened rulers of the East. Six to seven millions of people owe and render to him a willing allegiance. The Siamese are an intelligent and progressive people. They are friendly to England, and desirous of learning all that is good and wholesome in self-government. This, they believe, we can teach them, and we only hope that the Crown Prince's visit among us may have the desired result, of better fitting him to become the ruler of the great and progressive nation of Siam.

YOUNG BARNEBY.

By A. H. MARSHALL.

Y young brother isn't a bad sort. He is getting a bit cocky, as a youngster who is nearly at the top of his private school always does, but he is coming to Rugby next half, and we'll soon change all that for him. I don't encourage too much intimacy when I'm at home for the holidays, because, of course, he'll have to knock off that sort of thing when we're at school together, and it's just as well to begin early; but the other day I asked him to come for a bit of a walk with me as there wasn't anything else to do.

We hadn't gone far before we met a little girl coming along the road; a pretty little girl she was, too, and about my young brother's age. I didn't recognise her, but to my surprise when she passed us she gave a little smile and a sort of half nod, and when I looked down at my young brother I found him as red as a turkey-cock.

"Hulloa! what's this?" I said.

"Who's that you're grinning at?"

"Oh, that's young Barneby's sister," he "He's a new fellow-came this said. term."

"Well, why the deuce didn't you take your cap off to her if you know her?" I said, for I'm rather particular about that sort of thing.

"I don't know her," he said, "at least I've never been properly introduced."

"Well, then, what do you want to go making eyes at her for?" I asked.

"I'll tell you all about it," he said. "Young Barneby came at the beginning of this term; his people had just come to live here. He wasn't a bad sort of kid, and most of the chaps liked him best of the new fellows, because he was generally pretty cheerful and didn't mind being ragged, or fagging for chaps; besides, he used to get a lot of tuck given him at home, and he always brought it to school and didn't keep much for himself. Of course we knocked him about a bit at first, but we soon left off when we found he didn't really mind, all except that cad

Cookson, and he seemed to have taken a dislike to him somehow.

"Well, soon after the beginning of the term the Triumvirate issued an edict."

"What on earth is the Triumvirate?"

"Oh, it was my idea," said my young brother. "It has bust up now, but we used to elect the three most popular chaps in the school, and they were called the Triumvirate, and issued edicts. Everyone had to obey them."

"Were you one of them?" I asked.

"No," he said. "I ought to have been. Of course I knew Welch and Sanderson would be elected when I invented it, and I thought I should be the other; but that beast Cookson got in, 'cos he's such a bully."

"You'll have to knock off all that silly rot when you get to Rugby," I said.

"Yes, I know," he answered meekly.
"Well, go on," I said.

"Well, the Triumvirate issued an edict that nobody was to wear gloves, because they said they'd have a hardy school or they'd see themselves blowed. You know what the mater is about that sort of thing, and of course I daren't go out of the house without them; but directly I got round the corner I took 'em off and shoved them in my pocket. Of course I might have got into a row with the Triumvirate even for doing that, but I explained it to them, and they said it was all right for me. You see I've got a good deal of influence—"

"All, right, chuck all that," I said,

"and get on with the story."

"Well, everything went all right for a few days, and the Triumvirate was thinking of issuing another edict when one morning young Barneby had the coolness to turn up with a great new pair of woollen - knitted gloves. We were all pretty surprised at his cheek, but there wasn't time to do anything before school. But when we got into the playground the Triumvirate summoned him, and told us They made all to stand round and listen. me jailor, as I was the most important chap after them, and I had to see that everything was all right. I felt rather sorry for the little beggar, for he wasn't a bad sort, and he looked in a bit of a funk.

"First Sanderson asked him if he knew

them, and he wouldn't promise not to do it again, so then the Triumvirate said he was rebellious, and must be punished, and all the school was to give him 'toko'—you know, with knotted handkerchiefs. I didn't



SO COOKSON BEGAN TWISTING HIS ARM.

of the edict, and he said yes. Then Welch asked him if he was aware that he had disobeyed it, and he said yes. Then that beast Cookson asked him what he meant by it, and he didn't answer. So Cookson got baity at that, and said he 'd teach him to have a tongue in his head, and began twisting his arm. He tried not to blub, but he couldn't help it, a bit—he was only a kid—and then the other Triumvirs told Cookson to leave off.

"Well, he wouldn't say why he'd worn the gloves or that he was sorry for wearing hurt him much because I felt rather sorry for the little beggar. I thought there might be some reason for his wearing them like there was with me and the mater, and perhaps he didn't like to tell. But some of the chaps gave him pretty hard ones, and especially Cookson, who had tied a stone in his knot at first, only the Triumvirate said it wasn't fair, and he must take it out.

"When the 'toko' was over the Triumvirate didn't quite know what to do, so Cookson said that he must give up the gloves so as he couldn't wear them again even if he wanted to. He had shut up blubbing by that time; I suppose the 'toko' had stopped stinging a bit, but when they said he must give up the gloves he started again worse than ever, and asked them not to take them away from him. Then Cookson called him a blubberbaby and told me to hold the prisoner while he searched him for the gloves. So I did. I wish I hadn't now. Cookson managed to get them out of his pocket although he wriggled about a lot and called out that he would let them give him

'toko' again if they wouldn't take the gloves away.

"Then Welch said, 'Will you promise to obey the edict if we don't take them away?' But he wouldn't promise, so Cookson bagged them. Then he flew at Cookson and tried to get them out of his hand till Cookson got savage and hit him and knocked him down. Then he got up and went into the lobby to get his books, to go home, blubbing like anything all the time.

"I felt beastly sorry for him by that time, and I hate that beast Cookson, so I



"I'LL PUNCH YOUR HEAD FOR YOU."

caught him up going home, 'cos he was going rather slowly, and I said, 'Don't blub any more.' He blubbed all the more at that, so I put my arm round his neck, 'cos he's only a kid, and said, 'Why didn't you promise not to wear them any more? Then they wouldn't have taken

them away from you?'

"Then he told me that it was his birth-day, and his sister—that was the girl we met just now—had knitted them for him, and bought the wool out of her own money, and of course he didn't want to tell her he couldn't wear them, because she'd taken a long time to make them, and had kept it a secret, and when he put them on and his mater and sister stood at the door to see him start for school, then he didn't like to take them off when they couldn't see him any more, so he wore them till he got to school, but he said he felt in an awful funk.

"Of course I felt a beastly cad when he told me all that, and especially when we got opposite his house and his sister was standing at the window to see him come home. She looked jolly, too; she had a white pinafore on and her hair brushed ready for dinner, and she was swinging the tassel of the blind and grinning; but when she saw he hadn't got his gloves on she left off. So I said, 'Well, look here, young Barneby, I beg your pardon for giving you "toko," and I'll make Cookson give the gloves back,' and then I hooked

it.

"So that afternoon when I got to school, and all the fellows were in the school-room rotting about before school began, I went up to Cookson, and said, 'Where are those gloves of young Barneby's?' And he said, 'What's that got to do with you? You're not a Triumvir.'

"So I said, 'I don't care, you've got to

give them to him back.'
"Then Cookson cocked a snook at me

and said, 'Funny ass!' and the chaps laughed.

So I got in a bait at that and said, 'All right, young Cookson, everybody knows

your pater's a cad.'

"Then the chaps laughed at him, because, of course, they all know his pater is that big linendraper's shop in the High Street.

"Well, that made him in a pretty good wax, and he said, 'I'll punch your head

or you.

"I said, 'Come and do it.'
"But he didn't seem to want to, and just

then Kemp came in, and we had to shut up.
"We had drawing that afternoon. I sat
next to Welch and told him all about it,
and he told Sanderson, and they sent a
note along to Cookson to pass the gloves

down to young Barneby. He wanted to know why first, and they said they would tell him afterwards. So he passed them along. There's a secret railway of string under the desks, and he put them on that, and when they came to young Barneby he

"What became of the Triumvirate?" I

asked

looked rather pleased."

"Well, after school that afternoon when they told Cookson, Welch said, 'I think this Triumvirate business is rather rot,' and Sanderson said he thought so too. So Welch said, 'I vote we chuck it.' Cookson didn't want to at first, but Welch said he would have to be the Triumvirate all by himself if he didn't, and nobody would obey his edicts, so then he had to."

"And what happened to young Barneby?"

I asked.

"Well, when the chaps heard about it they all begged his pardon, and he said it didn't matter a bit. Cookson did too when he found all the other fellows had. And young Barneby brought a wopping birthday cake to school that his mater had made, and divided it up, and gave Cookson about the biggest piece."

THE SENTINEL OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

By PERCY A. HURD.

TOLTAIRE once spoke contemptuously of Canada as "quelques arpents de neige." The average Englishman thinks of Newfoundland as little else than a very few acres of snow with fogs, dogs, and codfish thrown in, and huge fires and constant faction fights to give a people isolated in mid-Atlantic something

to think and talk about.

Yet, if the whole truth be told, Newfoundland is rich in historic interest. She is England's oldest colony. That of itself is no mean distinction. Upon her shores England began her great work of conquering and peopling half the world and building up a Greater Britain beyond the seas. Canada opened her career under the rigid tutelage of French seigneurs and Jesuit priests. South Africa began as a Dutch colony; Australia was first a dumping ground for English convicts; but Newfoundland has been the home of the free Briton from the very start.

Nearly four centuries have passed since John Cabot sighted her bleak coast from the prow of the good ship Matthew, of the port of Bristol, and when we remember all that has happened since then—the harassings of Basques and French, the tyranny of English Court favourites and monopolists, the stupidity and neglect of English statesmen, and last, but not least, political the incessant religious and squabbles of Catholics and Orangemen, merchants and "people"—when we think of all this, we realise the truth of Lord Salisbury's remark that Newfoundland has indeed been the sport of historic misfortune. Yet there is abundant life in the old colony. Standing at the Atlantic gateway to all British North America, she holds a position of rare strategic importance; and her sturdy British stock and her wealth of fishery, forest, and mine may yet secure for her an honoured place in the future of English-speaking peoples.

The beginnings of Newfoundland well illustrate Professor Seeley's aphorism that England seemed to set about her mighty work of State expansion in a fit of absentmindedness. Fired by the example of Columbus with a desire to explore the mysteries of the new highway to the East

by the West, "John Cabotto, citizen of Venes," and his sons, prayed "your most noble and habundant grace" King Henry VII. for letters patent, to discover new lands for the English Crown. They were bidden do so "upon their own proper cost and charges," and ordered to hand over one fifth part of the net profits of their voyage for the King's use. And when, having found the new land and given England without a penny's cost to herself a right to the sovereignty of North America, it was the magnificent gratuity of £10 that Henry bestowed upon "Hym that found the new isle." The "Hym" was probably the sailor who first sighted land from the masthead. John Cabot himself, though men "ran after him like mad" for a time, was rewarded with a beggarly pension of £,20 out of the revenue of Bristol. lies buried no one knows where, and until a few years ago there was not so much as a spot of land to perpetuate his name on the continent he gave to England.

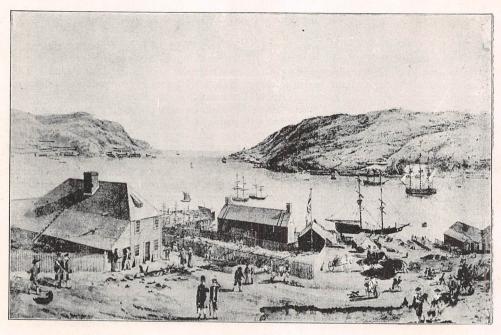
The foothold which the merchant adventurers of the West of England thus gained in Newfoundland they have never lost, and many a little Devon and Dorset seaport is still the "old home" of some of the best families in the colony. As recently as 1834 we read of hundreds of sturdy Devonshire "youngsters" going out each spring for two summers and a winter to the fishery. The little "Dartmouth Inn and Newfoundland Tavern" at Newton Abbott was the acknowledged place for shipping, and when the parson came to "Pruverbs" in the Church service every villager knew that the "Newfanlan men" would soon be home.

Judge Prowse, of Newfoundland,* whose researches make his newly published "History of Newfoundland" a work of the highest historical value as well as of absorbing interest, has disposed of the idea which previous historians had that after Cabot's discoveries Newfoundland was deserted for nearly a century. A son of Devon himself, Judge Prowse laughs at

^{*} We are indebted to Judge Prowse for the use of the photographs, etc., from his "History of Newfoundland" (Macmillan), which illustrate this article.

the idea that "the most pugnacious and pertinacious race in all the three kingdoms" would enter upon a most profitable business and then give it up. A contemporary account of Cabot's voyage,

splendid and profitable fishery, we feel, with Judge Prowse, that this is hardly "the west country way." It is, moreover, contrary to the records, for in the Acts of Henry VIII., 1541, and Edward VI., 1548,



VIEW OF ST. JOHN'S ABOUT 1770.

written in the same year, 1497, speaks of the sea off Newfoundland as "full of fish, which are taken not only with the net, but also with a basket in which a stone is put, so that the basket may plunge into water"; and the Englishmen with Cabot are reported as saying that "they can bring so many fish that the kingdom will have no more business with Islanda [Iceland], and that from this country there will be a very great trade in the fish they call stock-fish." Portuguese and French records show that the fishermen of those countries knew of this harvest of the sea, and as early as 1506 we find the King of Portugal gathering a handsome revenue from his tenth share of profits in Newfoundland. When, therefore, the historians of the past assure us that for the first half of the sixteenth century no English fishers or traders were to be seen in Newfoundland, and that our sailors jeopardised their lives on these lonely waters just to bring home "strange birds and savage men to amuse the citizens of London," leaving the French and Portuguese to gather all the benefits of a

the Newfoundland fishery is classed with old-established trades like the Iceland and Orkney fisheries; and in later years we find Raleigh, the great coloniser of the Elizabethan age, declaring the Newfoundland fishery to have already become "the mainstay and support of the western counties"—then the great maritime centre of England—and asserting that "a successful attack on the Newfoundland [fishing] fleet would be the greatest misfortune that could befall England."

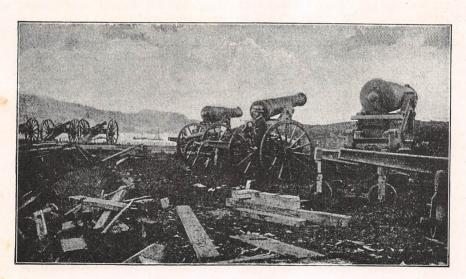
This fact—that England's dominion in Newfoundland was a continuous dominion from the time of Cabot's discovery—is of far more than academic interest. It throws light upon the most brilliant period of English history—the golden age, when the New World came to redress the balance of the Old. The historians have been so busy weaving romance round the voyage of the Mayflower and the settlement of the little band of "Pilgrim Fathers" on the barren coast of Massachusetts, that they have overlooked the real source and origin of the beginnings of colonisation in North America. When the harassed

Puritans sent from Holland to King James for leave to go to America he asked, "What profit might arise?" "Fishing" was their sole answer. "So God have my soul," the King replied, "'tis an honest trade; 'twas the Apostles' own calling," and so they got their leave. It was the fishing which the hardy sons of Devon had carried on so quietly and yet so profitably year after year that acted as a magnet to the forefathers of American civilisation when they sought a land free from tyrannies of Church and State.

Every spring with the advent of the easterly winds venturesome mariners set out from Dartmouth, Bideford, Bristol, and other ports in the west, in their ships of from fifty to eighty tons' burden, to compete with Portuguese, Bretons, and Normans and Basques in the inexhaustible cod, whale, and seal fisheries of Newfoundland. The historians were too much concerned with the doings of kings, queens, and courtiers to record the fact, but Judge Prowse has no difficulty in proving that this trade, growing year by year, almost unknown to the Court, and therefore to the dreaded tax-gatherers,

learnt their first lessons in the taming of the Spaniard. Without these lessons the Invincible Armada might have met quite another fate.

But though these were great days for English seamanship, they were poor days for Newfoundland. She was left without law, without religion or government—the haunt of pirate-traders. The island was. in the words of an Under-Secretary of State in after years, looked upon as nothing more than "a great ship moored near the banks during the fishing season for the convenience of English fishermen." The bold attempt of Sir Gilbert Humphrey, a scholarly knight of Devon, half-brother to Sir Walter Raleigh, to colonise the island in 1583 was a dismal failure. Some of the 250 followers who went with him from Devonshire have left us a record of their doings, and we can picture the scene. The gaily dressed Elizabethan courtier had rough English, Spanish, and Portuguese fishermen gathered round him on Garrison Hill in the centre of St. John's Harbour, and there, beneath the banner of England. his commission under the great seal of England was "openlie and solemnlie read."



POINT AUX CANONS, ST. PIERRE.

was the nursing mother of England's maritime supremacy. Voyaging to and fro, these West-countrymen gained a rare skill and daring in seamanship. St. John's, Newfoundland, was even then a rendezvous for all foreigners; and meeting them there in days when the spoiling of a foreigner was as regular an incident as the sharing of cod, these rough West-country fishermen

and he received a turf and hazel wand in feudal fashion as token of his jurisdiction for 200 leagues in every direction. The "royalties, liberties, and privileges" were indeed "many, great, and large," for they included Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, part of Labrador, as well as the islands of Newfoundland, Cape Breton, and Prince Edward Island. But Sir

Gilbert was more a dreamer than a man of affairs. He was ill-fitted to meet the bitter hostility of the West-countrymen, who resented the intrusion of a courtly coloniser into their fishing quarters; and his patent and his great schemes came to nought with the sinking of his little frigate

on the homeward voyage.

The next great epoch in Newfoundland history—the colonisation era—covering almost the whole of the seventeenth century, presents some curious features. Every man of influence at Court must have his part in the work of colonisation. The great Chancellor Bacon, Sir William Vaughan and his brother, Lord Carberry, Lord Falkland and Lord Baltimore were among the Court colonisers, and their schemes were often as fantastic as they were aristocratic. As in so many colonisation efforts of later years, there was zeal without knowledge. Of them all, not a vestige remains. The elaborate charters to which princes and potentates lent their names are buried away in musty and forgotten records, and all the grandiose names of New Falkland, Cambriol, Colchos, Golden Grove, Vaughan's Cove, Brittaniola, with the one exception of Baltimore's Avalon, have disappeared from the maps. The colonisers whose colonisation has endured were the poor and humble men, who, driven from England by harsh laws, made their way to isolated hamlets on the Newfoundland coast. They had to face utter neglect of Governments at home, and the deadly enmity of the Devon ship fishermen, who feared the effect of settlements upon their fishing monopoly; but they clung to the patches of farm where they had built their rude homes, and became a bulwark against the foreign invaders who in later years sought to wrest the colony from England.

It was easy in those days to secure the dignity of admiral. A skipper had only to enter the harbour first and he became admiral and judge over all for the entire fishing season; while the masters of the second and third following vessels were vice-admiral and rear-admiral respectively. The admiral had, it is true, no gold lace. Pitch-besmeared jacket and trousers were enough for him, and seated on an upturned butter-tub in a fish-store, he dealt out justice to the man who paid most for The fishing admiral was, indeed, the servant of the merchants, and the worst offence a resident could commit was to till a portion of the soil. The litigant who began his case with the production of a

flowing bowl of calabogus was, says Judge Prowse, pretty sure to captivate the judicial mind, and sometimes the case came, alas! to an abrupt close by the collapse of the judge on the floor of the court. But what of that? He fined and whipped at his pleasure, and made his personal foes smart for it. During his first visit to one of the outports the Chief Justice found that the fishing admiral had given judgment after judgment in favour of his own firm. "How dare you, Sir, commit such a perversion of justice?" exclaimed the angry chief. "Well," was the calm reply of "the Lord High Hadmiral," "I must be a pretty sort of a vule of a judge if I couldn't do justice to myself!" No wonder the residents prayed the Home Government that they might be "governed as Britons, and not live like banditti or forsaken people, without law or gospel."

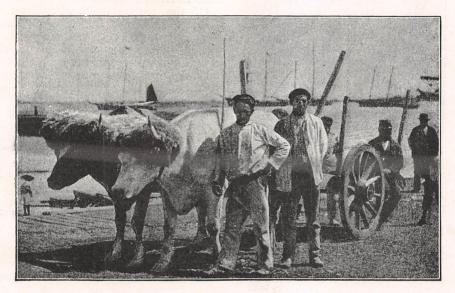
After a century of the unbridled rule of the fishing admirals came a century of naval governors, each dealing out martial law in his season. Lord George Graham, the Hon. John Byng, Lord Rodney, Commodore Francis William Drake, Lord Graves, Lord Radstock, and other famous heroes of the sea-duels between England and France were among the governors, and though as the population of the colony increased, their quarterdeck justice became an anomaly and a sore grievance, their rule marked a great advance upon that of the rude fishing admirals, and gave effectual recognition to the position of Newfoundland as a British colony. As an instance, note how Rodney dealt with the magistrates of Harbour Grace who asked leave to reduce the servants' wages on account of a bad fishery. "I can by no means approve of it," says Rodney decisively; "law and equity declare the labourer to be worthy of his hire. I have only one question to ask-namely, had the season been good in proportion as it has proved bad, would the merchants or boat-keepers have raised the men's wages?"

With the advent of the railway, steamboat, and telegraph, Newfoundland, like the rest of the world, passed into the era of education, responsible government, and courts of justice. This is, of course, as it should be, but one cannot help regretting that the picturesque old days are now no more. What a sensation it would make in St. John's were a Chief Justice of today to send the Governor such a reply to specific charges as Chief Justice Tremlett sent to Governor Duckworth in 1811!— "To the first charge, your Excellency,"

he wrote, "I answer that it is a lie; to the second charge I say that it is a d—d lie; and to the third that it is a d—d infernal lie! And, your Excellency, I have no more to say.—Your Excellency's obedient servant, Thomas Tremlett." There is a bluff breezy freshness in such an official document as that, and we rejoice to think that the accused was sustained both by the Governor and the authorities in England.

Then, again, there are no more jolly, good-natured princes like Prince William Henry (afterwards William IV.) to temper justice with fun on the magistrate's bench. An old gentleman who had known the Prince well in Newfoundland called at

escape is yet clear. At home the trouble of the moment is largely one of ways and means. Isolated as she is from her continent, and dependent upon the precarious fisheries for a bare means of subsistence, Newfoundland finds it difficult to pay her way as a self-governing colony. Abroad there is the vexatious French shore question to harass and impede colonial effort. In treaty after treaty, from the treaty of Utrecht in 1713 onwards, English Ministers have sacrificed the interests of the colony to France, so that the French fisherman is still found building his hut and fishing-stage on the Newfoundland shore, and the little islands of St. Pierre



OX-CART, ST. PIERRE.

Kensington Palace after the Prince had come to the throne. His Majesty was, Judge Prowse relates, delighted to see him, gave him a glass of the favourite calabogus, and talked pleasantly over a pipe. "And may I ask after her Majesty's health?" said the old Newfoundlander, thinking it the right thing to do. "Thank you," was the reply, "her Majesty" (Queen Adelaide) "is quite well, and would have had much pleasure in seeing you but, unfortunately, this is washingday."

One turns regretfully from times like these, especially when they find such delightful records as they do in Judge Prowse's pages. They have, alas! left behind them a legacy of political and commercial turmoil from which no way of and Miquelon on the south-west coast, which were ceded to France as a mere shelter for French fishermen during the fishing season, have become a fully fledged French colony, and the resort of all the smugglers of North America, to the harassing of legitimate trade in Newfoundland.

Carlyle once said of Ireland, "England's job of work inexorably needed to be done cannot go on at all, unless her backparlour belong to herself." Newfoundlanders say much the same of the only permanent solution of their difficulty with the French. The trouble is that no English Ministry has yet been able by exchange of territory or purchase to make Newfoundland mistress of her own house.

Apart from these political questions, the three little islands of St. Pierre, Great Miquelon, and Little Miquelon, or Langlade, are a delightful survival of quaint eighteenth - century France, left almost untouched by all the bustle of the New World. When the Motherland had its



MARY MARCH,
ONE OF THE LAST OF THE BEOTHICS.
Reproduced from a Drawing by Lady Hamilton.

Revolution in 1789, St. Pierre, too, had its "Assembly General of the Commune," its "Committee of Notables," its "Club des Amis de la Constitution," and even its "Reign of Terror" and "Tree of Liberty." To-day, tourists who reach it in four days from New York, and in less time from Boston and Halifax, speak of St. Pierre as the Bordeaux, Marseilles, and St. Malo of a hundred years ago rolled into one, and reproduced in miniature. There are the brightly coloured sashes of the ox-drivers—the only horse ever imported

is said to have died of ennui-the gay headgear of the fisher-lasses, the brickfloored, wood-beamed cafés, the huge oillamps at every corner, the brightly painted images of the Virgin in niches here and there, the pattering of the sabots on the narrow brick footways, the gold-laced gendarme, and at ten o'clock each night that other great functionary—the letter-carrier and town-crier in one-marching round the town to the beat of the drum to warn good citizens to put out their light. These carry the thoughts far back into the past. It is all very quaint and interesting in itself; it is doubly so when we remember that these few square miles are all that remain to France of her once vast possessions in North America.

Of the natives of Newfoundland we know little. When Cabot landed at Bonavista, he found them to be a powerful tribe of Red Indians, using the skins and furs of wild beasts for garments, and, expert as they were in the use of bows and arrows, spears, darts, clubs, and slings, we can imagine what a paradise they found a country stocked with game and fish of all kinds. A cranium and a few bones in the museum at St. John's are all that is left to recall the vanished Beothics. For them, as for the kindred Red Indians of the American continent, the white man with his firearms and his fire-water proved too much. One of the last of the Beothics was Mary March, who was brought to St. John's in 1819, and sent back to her people loaded with presents in the hope of making peace between white and red man. The peace was never made. Years afterwards a traveller found a white deal coffin in an ancient burying-place of the natives, and within was the skeleton of Mary March, neatly shrouded in white muslin, with the body of her murdered husband at her side.

A RIGHTEOUS WOMAN.

By MARGARET WATSON.

H dear! oh dear! I'll tell our mother, Alf!"

"You'd better not!"

"I will. 'Ere's Dick a-comin'."

"I daunt keer fur Dick."

"Dick! Make 'im leave 'old of my kitty!"

"You let Bess alone, Alf! 'Ere, give

me that there cat."

Dick being a good size larger than Alf, the cat was reluctantly given up, and Dick untied from its neck the stone which had been destined to take it to the bottom of the pond.

The kitten had foolishly followed Bessy to school, and her brother Alf had found the close proximity of a kitten and a pond

too great a temptation.

The kitten clung wildly to the breast of Dick's jacket, and Dick held it there, and took Bessy's little cold clammy hand with his free one.

"Come along o' me, Bess; no one

sha'n't 'urt you, nor kitty neither.'
"Ha! ha! Dick's agoin' sweetheartin'

a'ready."

This from another boy, who had watched Bessy's trouble, but sided with neither party.

"Sweetheartin' yerself!" said Dick over his shoulder as he trudged away with

Bess, still tearful, but clearing up.

This happened during the one year's schooling these two enjoyed. It was before the days of Board Schools, but this school was started in the village when Bessy was seven years old and Dick ten. There had been a school before of a sort, but it was only for girls. Lace-making was taught all the week, and reading on Sundays, and Bessie never attended it, as her mother had quarrelled with the woman who kept it; and when it was superseded by a regular school, in which children did lessons on a weekday, learnt to read and even a little writing and summing, though such ways were looked on as an innovation and a terrible encouragement to idleness, still, some of the village mothers did send there such of their children as they did not want at home to mind the baby, or in the fields to lead the plough-horses.

So Bessie went. She was the youngest

in her home; and Dick went too, for work was slack and he could not get a job in the fields. So day by day these two walked together the mile that lay between the school and their homes—two two-roomed cottages next door to one another—and Dick protected Bess from the roughness of her brother and the other boys, and Bess adored Dick all the more that it was quite against village traditions for a boy to take any notice of a girl, except, perhaps, to tease her.

Schooling over, Dick was promoted to field-work, and Bessy would often get leave to carry his dinner up to the field to him, and in the spring evenings he would sometimes leave the boys' games and go to "pick vi'lets" with her under the

hedges.

Then, at the age of twelve, Bessie went to service as little maid-of-all-work in a little shop where there was a large little family. She was a mite for her age—plain and insignificant, with sallow complexion, irregular features, and bright black eyes. Food had been none too plenty at home, and of what there was the most nourishing must go to the men and boys, who had to work from morning to night in the fields, and could not sit down by the fire when they felt "fainty-like."

But in her "place" Bessy had sixpence a week and her food, and, the food being enough, she grew a little, and was healthy. A quick, active child she was, and her mistress liked her and was as considerate to her as a woman with five little children and the shop to look after could be.

At fourteen Bessy "bettered herself" by taking the place of nursemaid at Peg's Farm; on this farm her father and Dick both worked, and here she had four

pounds a year wages.

Dick also was rising in the world, and their friendship was as warm as ever, though now they were shy of expressing it and were never seen out together; one reason of this was that Bessy's mother had "dared her" to walk with any lad—and Bessy had a wholesome fear of her mother.

Time went on, and Bessie at seventeen was advanced from the nursery to the kitchen. As a "general" she shook off the yoke of her mother, and Dick and she walked out regularly on Sunday evenings. This lasted for a year. Then their master gave up the farm for one some twenty miles away "up country." Dick was engaged by the new tenant of Peg's Farm, but Bessy's mistress did not want to part with her, and offered to raise her wages from eight to nine pounds if she would go with her, and Bessy went, agreeing with Dick before parting that when he rose from working the odd horse to being a carter with eleven shillings a week wages, they should be married.

This odd pair of lovers had never had a quarrel. To Dick Bessy was not small and plain, but neat and bright, and quick and clever; and to Bessy Dick was the one man she believed in and trusted entirely. From the day he saved her kitten he had been to her the embodiment of strength and kindness. She had never "looked the way of" any other man, and no doubt of him ever crossed her mind. She felt as

sure of him as of herself.

The new tenant of Peg's Farm had a wife and two young sons. They brought a servant with them—a quiet girl, who made no friends in the village, and who

stayed about twelve months.

All this twelve months Dick felt lonely and miserable. Once only he managed to see Bessy by tramping the twenty miles, after work on a Saturday night, and back again on the Sunday night, so as not to lose a day's work. But this was such hard work that Bessy begged him not to do it again; and she herself got no holidays.

At the end of the year the servant at Peg's Farm left, and a new girl arrived. She also came from a distance. She was fair, and rather short, with regular features and a bright complexion; and she appeared at church so smartly dressed as to arouse

criticism.

"That new gal as the missus 'ave got is a smart 'un," said old John Jones to old William.

"Ah! a deal too smart. If the young chaps know'd wot they was about, they 'ouldn't ha' nowt to say to a gal as puts all 'er money on 'er back."

"The gals didn't dress like that when us was young chaps. They knowed us 'ouldn't ha' looked at 'em." And with a chuckle of superior wisdom, John and

William went their way.

It appeared that the "chaps" of to-day were less wise, for they certainly looked at Sarah Toovey, but they got no further; for, though she lingered and looked about

her, none were bold enough to make advances; so she went on alone up to the farm.

But at the yard-gate she paused, for a solitary man's figure was coming up the lane. It was Dick, coming to feed his horse, which lived across the yard in a stall by itself.

"You works 'ere, I s'pose?" said Sarah.

"Ah, I does so," said Dick, with a slow wonder at the bold manner.

"Got anythin' to do this evenin'?"
"Not partic'lar as I knows on."

"I'm goin' for a walk. I told missus I must 'ave my Sunday evenin's out."

Dick blushed, and slowly endeavoured to clean his boots on the fence to hide his embarrassment as he blurted out—

"I—ha' got a young woman."

"That don't make no odds, do it? I din't ast leave to be your young woman, did I? I got a young man, too, on'y he's too fur away to walk with. Your young woman ain't here neither, I s'pose?"

"No—she ain't."

"Well then, what's the 'arm?"

"I—daun't think as 'ow she'd like it."
"I wouldn't be rewled by a woman if I was a man! you ain't tied to her apernstrings. Besides, 'ow'd she know?"

"Somebody 'd tell 'er if they seen us

out walkin'."

"Well, they no call to see us. You go up t'other side o' that 'ill there about 'alfpast six and I'll be there waitin'."

"I don't know as I wants to."

"Well, if you don't want a bit o' fun, and 'ud soonder moon about Sunday evenin's all by yourself, I can get plenty chaps as'll be glad to walk with me," and she left him, tossing her head, and walking quickly across the yard to the back door, which she closed with a bang behind her.

Dick stood where she had left him, with his mouth open. This rapid way of doing things took his breath away. Then he slowly moved down to the stable, thinking hard as he went: It was dull Sundays. Would there be any harm in a walk or so if no one knew of it? and if she had a young man she would want it kept quiet. But he'd offended her now and she wouldn't go over Gilton Hill to meet him; but maybe he might as well walk up that way when he'd had his tea. It wouldn't do any harm just to see if she was there.

So over the hill he went after tea—and there was Sarah, who, of course, had not expected him.

"What! it's never you!" she exclaimed.
"Well, who else mid it be?" he

answered rather sulkily.



WITH A CHUCKLE OF SUPERIOR WISDOM, JOHN AND WILLIAM WENT THEIR WAY.

"I thought you was tied too tight to some gal's apern-strings."

"Bain't tied to no gal's apern-strings, but I tell 'ee as it's her as I be to marry."

"Who's talkin' of gettin' married?—not me, for one. I don't want no man for a master yet awhile."

Months went by. The walks became regular, and were more and more prolonged. The mistress scolded now and then when Sarah made the supper late, but at first supposed, as Dick was careful never to be seen with her, that she was walking with one of the village girls, and the evenings were light and long, and tempting for straying out of doors.

But one Sunday evening Sarah's own

young man turned up, having walked ten miles to see her. He was a respectable fellow, a blacksmith's apprentice, hoping soon to have a business of his own. He went to the farm-house, and was told that Sarah had gone out, but that if he went over Gilton Hill he would be likely to find her. And he went.

A footpath ran up over the hill and down the other side through a fir plantation.

He reached the top of the hill and looked along the path. The setting sun was behind him, and streamed full in the faces of a couple coming out of the plantation. The man's arm was round the girl's waist, and hers was round him. She was leaning upon him as she walked.

He knew her in a moment; but she, dazzled by the sun, did not see him till they were close upon him. Then she knew him.

"Tom!" she cried, as she and Dick

dropped apart.

"Î 'ouldn't ha' thought it of 'ee, Sarah," he said.

"I didn't mean nothin' by it, Tom," she protested, "we ain't keepin' comp'ny."

"Don't look like it, neither!"
"We ain't—be us, Dick?"

"No, not as I knows on," said Dick.

"Well, Sairey, it's goodbye to you, my gal. I don't keer about a gal as walks wi' one chap to-day and tother to-morrow. I ain't so much as spoke to a gal sence you went away, but I be goin' back now to onst, and I shall talk to Mary Baker, as 'ave spoke to me several times a-passin' the shop."

"Tom! You won't never take to that Polly Baker—a gret fat piece! I'd teach 'er!—talkin to another gal's chap! I'll give Dick up, and I won't walk with no

one-for trewth I won't, Tom."

"No! I won't 'ave nothin' more to doin' wi' ye. You may walk with Dick, as you calls 'im, for me; and I wish 'im joy of 'is bargain!" And he turned and started

back over the hill.

Sarah rushed after him, and seized his arm, but he shook her off roughly, and strode away. She sat down on a fallen tree and began to cry. Dick had stood aside, sheepish and uncomfortable, but now he was moved with a feeling of pity for the girl who had lost her sweetheart through him, and sat down beside her to comfort her.

"I suppose you'll give me up too, now,

Dick," she sobbed.

"I can't marry you," he said doubtfully.
"But you'll walk out with me, Dick?
Dear Dick—you won't give me up?" She
edged close up to him, and he put his arm
round her and kissed her.

Months passed, and presently a rumour grew, and grew, that all was not right with

Sarah at Peg's Farm.

She was more and more irregular in her hours, and at last her mistress heard a report that she walked with Dick. Now, she knew that Dick was thinking of marrying another girl, for he had told her husband so, in applying for the post of carter, which was soon to be vacant; so she spoke seriously to Sarah, and forbade the evening walks. Then, suddenly, everyone knew, for Sarah would watch for Dick at the yard-gate, or hurry after him on his way home from church, and Dick would avoid her, as evidently, never speaking to her if he

could help it. And then it became impossible to hide her condition from her mistress, and Sarah was sent home to her widowed mother "in trouble."

All this time Bessy knew nothing. The villagers all blamed Sarah. "She ran after him, so what could she expect? And she knew as he were promised to marry Bessy." So they regarded it rather as an episode which scarcely concerned Bessy at all, and her own mother openly hoped "Bessy wouldn't get to hear of it—not till after she was married, 'awever. 'Twould be a pity if she was to lose Dick for that hussy." Just about this time Dick got his long-expected promotion: he was given a pair of horses to work which he had long coveted and now called proudly his. A vacant cottage, too, made everything convenient; and one Saturday evening he again walked the twenty miles to see Bessy and tell her to give notice to her mistress and come home and be married. Bessy was as pleased and cheerful as a little brown sparrow; she wondered that Dick did not seem happier over it, but thought he must be tired after his long walk.

The month slipped by. Her mistress gave her her wedding-dress—a pretty sprigged muslin—and home she came

late one Thursday evening.

Dick did not want more delay than was necessary, and the banns were to be put up the following Sunday. On the Friday he asked for leave to stop work at three, and by four o'clock he was at Bessy's door, having had his tea and put on his Sunday suit.

Bessy was waiting for him in her neat stuff gown and shady hat. They were to walk into the town to buy the ring.

Their way lay along a footpath between waving corn, yellowing already, and then down a narrow lane where the hedges on each side were sweet with honeysuckle, then out on the high road, bordered with yellow gorse, and on till they came to the ferry—a few moments' gliding across the quiet river, and then the footpath by the river's edge to the town.

Wherever there was no one to see them they held hands, dropping apart when footsteps or wheels were heard. The July sun was sinking slowly in the west, touching everything with a golden glory; and as she looked at the blue sky, flecked with fleecy pink-tipped clouds, and held Dick's hand, Bessy felt as if she were walking straight into Heaven.

Dick was happy too, for he had resolutely put away the remembrance of the



The setting sun was behind him, and streamed full in the faces of a couple coming out of the plantation.

last twelve months, labelling it: "'T was

the gal's fault."

They reached the town and found their way to a small jeweller's in a side street, where the ring was chosen, and, wrapped in tissue paper and cotton wool, and placed in a little box, was safely deposited in Dick's pocket.

This most important business being done, they strolled through the streets, stopping at all the furniture-dealers' and iron-

At her door they stopped, leaning on the railing in front, loth to go in.

"It's bin a beautiful night," said Bessy at last, breaking the spell of silence with a sigh, and turning to him to say "Goodnight" before going in.

She held her face up to him in the moonlight, and he kissed it, noting the peaceful happiness on it with a kind of awe; and, as she turned away, a shadow

fell on his heart.



"THEN IT'S TO BE ALL OVER BETWEEN US, AND THE BANNS STOPPED AND ALL?"

mongers' shops, noting the different prices, and here and there making a purchase.

The sun had set when they started home, leaving his lingering radiance behind him for a while, and they walked hand in hand now all the way, for who would see in the gathering dusk? And the colours faded out of the sky and off the hills, and a pearly-grey fell on all around, and the crescent moon changed slowly from white to flame, and the stars came out and looked at them, and they walked on in silence, feeling as though in all the world there was no one but just themselves two, walking hand in hand to the end of it.

"What would she say if she knew?" he thought.

Saturday morning Bessy's first thought was—

"We're to be asked in church tomorrow."

Early in the afternoon her mother started off to do the week's shopping in the nearest large village. The moment she was out of sight a neighbour appeared. She was a great gossip, and Bessy had never liked her, but now felt obliged to ask her civilly to take a seat and to inquire after her health.

"Very sad," she said, "that I be; and last night I thought as every breath 'ud be

my last. 'Ave the windy spazzums dreadful. I did, and nothink wouldn't move 'em; but" (quickly) "'ave you heard the news?"

"What news?"

"Sairey Toovey's got her increase."
"Who's Sairey Toovey?—the new carter's wife at Chapman's?"

"Law bless you, no! Ain't you heerd? That gal Dick kep' comp'ny with all last 'ear.'

" Dick ?"

"Ah, Dick; ain't no one told you? 'ee walked out with 'er on the quiet-like, and then when it all come out Mrs. Bentley soon packed 'er off. A bold hussy she were. I wouldn't keer if I was you; she run after 'im shameful, and 'ee never meant marryin' of 'er."

"Do you mean—my Dick—got that girl into trouble?" said Bessy very slowly,

with a white face.

"In course I do—ain't I tellin' you? The child were born 'isterday it were—a boy I thinks they telled me." This was said with an air of indifference, for she felt the blow had been even greater than

she expected.

Bessy sat white and silent, said no other word, good or bad, and presently the woman took herself off, and Bessy still sat there through the long sunny afternoon, till she heard her mother's step on the garden path. Then she moved a little, and stood up as her mother came in.

"Why, Bess, whatever's the matter? You've let the fire out, and I do want my

tea—I'm that tired!"

"Mother, did you know? is it trew?"

"What's the gal drivin' at? I know I'm that 'ot and tired luggin' all these things 'ome."

"Mother, did Dick get that girl into

trouble?"

"Who telled you that?"

"Old Ann King—is it trew, mother?"

"Well, yes—it's right enough—but doan't 'ee go for to take no notice o' that, my gal—the chap didn't mean no 'arm, and

she were a forrard piece."

"You'd ought to ha' told me, mother," said Bessy, and then relit the fire, put the kettle on, put away the numerous parcels in their proper places, and then spread a clean cloth on the table and set out four coarse cups and saucers, with pewter spoons, four plates, a loaf, and a half-pound of butter.

By the time her father and brother came in the kettle was boiling, and she made the tea and cut bread and butter for them, and no one noticed that she ate nothing herself,

but only drank a little tea.

Then the others went out to work in the

garden, and Bessy washed up the teathings and then sat down to wait for Dick.

She had not to wait long. He came in looking shamefaced; the men had been giving him some very rough chaff about the poor little baby which had arrived so inopportunely in a world where no one wanted him; and his first glance at her face told him that Bessy knew.

"We must part, Dick," she said.

"Part?" he said stupidly.

He had not been prepared for this: tears, reproaches, anger, he felt he deserved, but surely, surely, she would not break with him for good. Anything so bad as this had not entered his thoughts.

"Yes, Dick; I've thought and thought, and I can't think no other way, nohow. If that's your child its mother must be

your wife."

"My wife!" he broke out, "that — hussy my wife! Na, Bess, you're to be my wife and no other. I allus told 'er as I 'ouldn't marry 'er."

He was standing close to her, leaning on the table. She sat looking up at him, with a face which was white and sad, but

had no wavering in it.

"No, Dick! I'll never be your wife and another girl's child to call you father. 'T ain't fair, Dick, to leave 'er in 'er trouble. You've done wrong, and must stand to it.'

"'T was 'er own fault," he said gloomily.
"Now, Dick, what call 'ad you to walk out with 'er? She couldn't ha' made you if you'd ha' bin trew to me as I was to you-She finished with a quiver in her voice.

"Then it's to be all over between us, and the banns stopped and all?" he asked

in a dull hard voice.

"Yes, Dick."

He started to go, but turned and caught her in his arms.

"Bess! Bess! you can't 'ave the 'eart to send me away! me that's loved you ever since you was a little thing."

For a few moments she clung to him

too, crying a little—

"Dick! Dick! I've loved you trew and faithful all my life! you shouldn't ha' done it, Dick! you shouldn't ha' done it!"

Then, controlling herself, she released herself from his arms, and with all her small strength pushed him from her and out at the door.

"You must marry 'er, Dick," she said, and she closed the door between them.

A month later the banns of marriage were published between Sarah Toovey and Richard Walters.

Bessie went back to her old mistress.



Love not me for comely grace, For my pleasing eye or face, Nor for any outward part: No, nor for a constant heart! For these may fail or turn to ill:

So thou and I shall sever. Keep, therefore, a true woman's eye, And love me still, but know not why! So hast thou the same reason still To doat upon me ever.



HEN Madame Smartly, fashionable modiste, advertised in the morning paper for "first-class bodice hands; also apprentices," it occurred to me that here might be an opportunity for me to start on a career as a needlewoman. My early education in the distinctly feminine accomplishment of sewing had been sadly neglected, and I had grown to woman's estate without being able to handle a needle properly. So when I called upon Madame Smartly to offer her my services, I did not think it politic to attempt to pass myself off as a "first-class bodice hand," but instead, I requested to be allowed to enter her establishment in the humble capacity of apprentice. At first the lady looked upon me with a certain degree of suspicion. She said she was accustomed to take only very young girls as appren-They usually came to her at the age of fourteen, just after leaving the Board School. It took all my cajoling and argumentative powers to-convince her that it would really be to her advantage to give the preference to a person who had attained to years of discretion. She finally laid aside her prejudices and expressed herself as pleased with the fact that I was willing to "give time" for any number of months or even years in order that I might gain a knowledge of the dressmaking business. She doubtless thought that a young woman to whom

time was no object might really prove to be a valuable acquisition, so at the end of half-an-hour's interview I was engaged, and agreed to make my first appearance the next morning at half-past eight, the hour at which she informed me the working day commenced. I was told that the girls' entrance was by the basement door, that I was to carry my dinner with me, as only half an hour was allowed for dining, but that Madame Smartly herself supplied the girls with afternoon tea. I was to leave my wraps in the hanging cupboard off the kitchen, after which I would ascend to the work-rooms on the third floor and inquire for Miss Fitley, the forewoman, who was to initiate me into my duties as

apprentice.

When I arrived the next morning only a few of the girls had assembled, it being a few minutes before the time for commencing work. The atmosphere of the basement was not remarkably cheerful. The front and back kitchens were separated from each other by an archway, and although there were two grates, no fires brightened the hearths. The floors were of stone, and as I walked over to the hanging cupboard, the heavy boots I wore made a loud clatter beneath me. The girls soon began to arrive by twos and threes until there were about twenty-five of them. In age they ranged from fourteen to thirty, and in looks they represented the distinctly pretty, the passably attractive, and the absolutely ugly. I was quick to note that they paid considerable attention to the matter of personal adornment, and I reflected that I need not have taken such pains to array myself modestly and plainly for fear of dressing better than my companions. My unpretending hat, coat, and black gown were entirely



THE GIRLS SOON BEGAN TO ARRIVE.

eclipsed by the flowers, feathers, furs, and bead-trimmed frocks worn by the other girls. I had combed my hair back into a homely knot, and my "fringe" drooped straight and disconsolate; but the various fringes of my comrades were curled ever so tightly, and every girl's back hair was done up in a "bun," set off by a black or gav ribbon bow.

A red-haired young woman, with blue eyes and large freckles, made her way over to me to inquire if I was one of the new bodice hands, and she expressed surprise when I informed her that I was only an

apprentice.

As the single stroke of the kitchen clock proclaimed the time for going to the work-room, I followed the other girls up several flights of stone stairs, and was conducted to one of the bodice-rooms. Seven or eight girls took their places about a long table in the centre of the room. The forewoman in charge had a table to herself near one of the windows. She was rather an attractive young woman, not over twenty-two; though notwithstanding her youth, I noticed that there was a network of horizontal and perpendicular lines on her forehead, which I felt sure must be the result of frowning. She had a good figure, was tall and stately, and her black silk dress fitted her to perfection. I asked the girl who sat next to me whether the silk dress was Miss Fitley's own personal property, and was informed that it was lent to her by Madame Smartly, who desired that her forewoman should make a good appearance in the "trying-on room.'

Miss Fitley came over to me, and with elevated eyebrows inquired my name.

"Lizzie Blake," I answered.

"Very well, Miss Blake," she returned, "you may overhand this bodice. Take

number forty black."

She handed me a black bodice with a checked lining, and left me in a quandary as to just what "number forty black" could mean. She had taken it for granted that I knew the stock expressions of the trade. Before I had time to display my ignorance my neighbour handed me a reel of black cotton, on which I saw the number forty, and then I congratulated myself that I had solved the mystery of "number forty black."

My knowledge of overhanding was very limited indeed; but by dint of watching the girl who sat next to me and closely examining two seams of the bodice which had been finished off, I managed to worry through a seam, and nudging the girl who had come to my rescue in the matter of the cotton, I asked-

"Do you think that will do?"

"No; the stitches are too big," she answered. I ripped it out and started again, bravely and confidently. I pricked my fingers, broke two needles, still I was not discouraged, and after an hour's hard labour I came to the end of the seam. Then I felt it incumbent upon me to take a rest before starting on a second

"What's your name?" asked neighbour of me in an undertone. I had observed that all conversation among the workers was carried on in whispers, so I answered under my breath that I bore the name of Blake, requesting her name in

"Miss Wesley," was her whispered

reply.

"You're so little and so young I should think you'd go by your Christian name," I ventured to remark. She straightened herself with dignity as she answered-

"No indeed! We're never called anything but 'Miss' here. I'm not fifteen yet, but I suppose I'll work here a good many years; and I wouldn't like to be known by my Christian name, or they'd keep it up when I'm a young lady."

"How much money do you earn, Miss

Wesley?" was my next question.

"A half-crown a week. I'm only a month out of my apprenticeship," she returned.

When I told her that I was to "give time" for the next several months she looked at me in a superior sort of way and told me she only expected to work six months at her present rate of wages. After that they were to be increased to five shillings a week.

Then I started on the second seam, and just as I had begun to feel a special pride and interest in my work the voice of Miss

Fitley fell upon my ear.
"Miss Blake," she exclaimed impatiently, "I wish you would sit up straight on your chair. You irritate me. You must remember you're not at home. This is a work-room!"

It is needless to relate that for the rest of the day I made every effort to please the forewoman in regard to my position on my chair. I was glad when at one o'clock Miss Wesley informed me that it was time to go to the basement for dinner. Thimbles, needles, and white aprons were laid hurriedly aside, and there was a stampede down the stone stairs. The twenty-five girls scrambled for seats at the long tables

in the front kitchen. The tables were covered with oil-cloth, and in the middle of each there was a steaming pot of tea, surrounded by four huge plates of buttered bread. There was little ceremony about that meal. The cups and saucers had been heaped one upon the other until they threatened to collapse, and each girl grabbed one as though in terror there would not be a sufficient number to go around. Then the teapot was attacked. This was worked with a faucet, which was kept in constant motion by the impatient girls, who fairly tumbled over one another in their ambitious efforts to fill their cups. My own cup was the last to be filled, for, not being accustomed to regard the dinnerhour as a time for battle-field manœuvres, I did not join in the general assault. I was surprised to find that the table manners of these young women were in no way superior to those of servant-girls, laundry-girls, and girls in other so-called "lower" occupations with whom I had come into contact. Many of them drank from their saucers, chewed their food with their lips smacking and mouths partly open, used their sleeves for napkins, and had no scruples against making use of the one general spoon which was supplied for stirring and tasting eight or ten cups of tea. The manners of the prettiest and best-dressed girls were even worse than those of the others. majority of the workers had carried their dinners, which were necessarily cold, in bags, boxes, and baskets. There were a few, however, who, living in the neighbourhood of the place, had hot dinners brought to them by their little brothers and sisters, and they were greatly envied by the girls who lived at a distance. Before I started out in the morning I had filled my own basket with a goodly supply of bread, meat, cheese, and mince-pies. I found I was not able to eat all the contents, so I offered one of my pies to a girl who sat near me. She accepted it with gratitude, and begged me to share her cold kidney stew. This I felt under the necessity of declining; but we soon became rather friendly. The girl was a Miss Jansen, from the skirt-room. She also expressed surprise to find that I was only a learner.

"You'll have a long time to work before you earn money enough to live on," she said. "I've been here two years, and I only earn seven shillings a week; but, of course, they don't pay as much in the skirt-room as they do in the bodice-room."

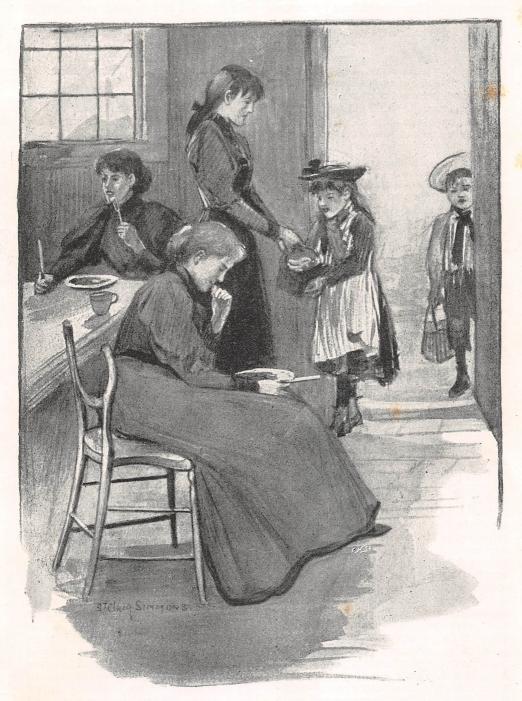
"Can you live on seven shillings a week?" I asked.

"Yes; but I would have a hard time to

manage it if I didn't live with my sister. I pay her four shillings a week, and the other three I spend on clothes. there's Miss Appleton, at the other end of the table, who has to do everything on nine shillings a week. She and another girl live together in one room, and pay six shillings each for board and lodging, so you see she has three shillings left for clothes, the same as I do."

The next day Miss Jansen and I again entered into conversation concerning the way she and her companions managed to make both ends meet. The wages ranged all the way from five to fifteen shillings a week. The girls who lived at home usually handed over their wages to their mothers to be added to the general fund for supporting the whole family, but there were eight or ten girls who, having no homes, or preferring to live away from their relations, hired rooms in cheap lodging-house districts, bought their own food and cooked it over spirit-lamps, which were considered cheaper than coal fires. Some of them were able to earn a few shillings a week extra by making dresses for some of their friends who were engaged in other occupations. Miss Jansen herself spent her evenings in making servant-girls' dresses for five shillings apiece, and, by working until twelve o'clock at night, was able to turn out one dress in two weeks. All the girls, of course, made their own dresses, even to little Miss Wesley, who boasted that she had cut, fitted, and sewn the rather remarkable-looking garment she called her "work-dress." During the few spare minutes at dinner and tea time, the girls often helped each other in cutting out, fitting, and draping the materials which they brought with them when they came to work. If Miss Ellis of the skirtroom draped a skirt for Miss Atwood of the bodice-room, Miss Atwood returned the compliment by fitting, to the best of her ability, a bodice to the form of Miss Ellis.

In listening to the conversation of the girls on the subject of where and how their evenings were spent, I found that few of them went to bed before one o'clock in the morning. The evenings passed with sewing, visiting, attending dances and theatres, or walking out with their "young men." Except on days when overtime was required of them, they left the dressmaking shop at seven o'clock, so that between that hour and the time for commencing the next day's work they were comparatively free and independent. There was one young woman among



THERE WERE A FEW WHO HAD HOT DINNERS BROUGHT TO THEM.

them who seemed to enter little into the amusements of her companions. She was a Miss Arthur, a thin, pale-faced girl and head bodice hand in Miss Fitley's room. She was but twenty-one years old, though her careworn face gave her the appearance of being very much older. She had started as apprentice at the age of fourteen. wages had been advanced from year to year, until now she held what was looked upon as an enviable position at fourteen shillings a week. Miss Arthur was suffering from lung trouble, and I could not help wondering whether the disease was not due, in part at least, to the fact that she sewed all day sitting with her back to one of the work-room windows which Miss Fitley always insisted upon keeping open, even in the coldest weather. The forewoman was what would be termed in the American vernacular a "ventilation crank." place would have been uncomfortably cold without the open windows, for no fires were allowed, although it was midwinter; but Miss Fitley was one of those persons who never feel the cold, and, having a predilection for "fresh air," she filled the room with draughts from the open windows, while the girls sat with cold feet, chilled backs, and fingers so numb that they could only with difficulty push the needle in and out. One of the most acute sufferers from the cold was poor little Miss Wesley, who often made a rather ludicrous appearance with her face swollen with toothache. She confidentially informed me that she thought she would not be troubled in this way if the room were comfortably heated and free from draughts. When I advised her to go to the dentist, she replied that only rich people could afford to have their teeth filled. I noticed that crooked and unsightly teeth were the rule among the girls employed at Madame Smartly's. With all the care they bestowed upon their fringes and back-hair nets there were apparently very few among them who made use of a toothbrush, and the idea of visiting a dentist never occurred to them unless it might be for the purpose of having their teeth extracted. This seems to be the state of things among English working girls of nearly every occupation. America one of the first things that would impress a foreigner are the white, even teeth for which American women-working girls as well as the more well-to-do classes-are noted.

Towards the end of the week, when, in my own opinion at least, I had become something of an expert at overhanding, Miss Fitley informed me that I might

spend a few hours in practising the buttonhole stitch. She handed me a bit of brown-and-red striped material in which she had cut a buttonhole, adding that she probably did not need to show me the stitch, as she supposed I had learned that at the Board School. This was the first intimation I had that buttonholing was taught in the English Board Schools, but I did not think it policy to disabuse Miss Fitley's mind of the impression that I had been educated at one of those noble British institutions, so I only said, "Yes, Ma'am," wondering how I was to manage to make stitches of which I was absolutely ignorant. However, fortune favoured me, as she usually favours the brave. joy I saw that Miss Arthur was making buttonholes in a serge bodice, and inventing an excuse to go to her for a larger needle, I watched her in the process until I felt able to manipulate my own needle and thread in the same way. For the rest of that day and the next and the next I practised the buttonhole stitch, always on pieces of brown-and-red striped linsey woolsey. At first I was fascinated with my new employment, but after a while the monotony of the thing began to affect my nerves. I found more difficulty in sitting still and straight in my chair than I had when I was engaged in overhanding. My St.-Vitus'-dance antics drew forth many a scowling reproof from Miss Fitley, who, one day when I was resting from my labours called out—

"Miss Blake, you must either sit up straight and work buttonholes or go home. Remember, 'practice makes perfect.' One of my rules is that an apprentice shall practice the buttonhole stitch two weeks before going on to other work, and you will have to obey that rule!"

This announcement struck terror to my heart.

"Miss Fitley," I said, "I don't think I'd mind the buttonholes so much if you'd be so kind as to give me another kind of cloth to practise on. Might I have a bit of blue cloth for the next buttonhole?"

But Miss Fitley only frowned more deeply than ever, declaring that she was not accustomed to being dictated to by her apprentices, and that as there happened to be a large number of brown and red striped bits about the place which she wanted used up, I would have to continue making buttonholes on linsey woolsey.

Try as I would I was unable to conceive any great affection for Miss Fitley. It seemed to me that she was lacking in sympathy for backward beginners; however, I tried my best to show her the respect which I felt was due to her position, and my dislike for her did not prevent my appreciating her true worth. She was the only real genius in Madame Smartley's establishment. For her valuable services she received a wage of twenty-five shillings a week and dinner and tea "found." The usually resulted in becoming gowns. Miss Fitley was ably assisted in her endeavours to provide suitable costumes by Miss Marguerite, the show-room girl, who, for looking pretty all day long and suggesting the proper style and colour of material to be used in making up, received a salary of fifteen shillings a week.

At the end of two weeks I resigned my

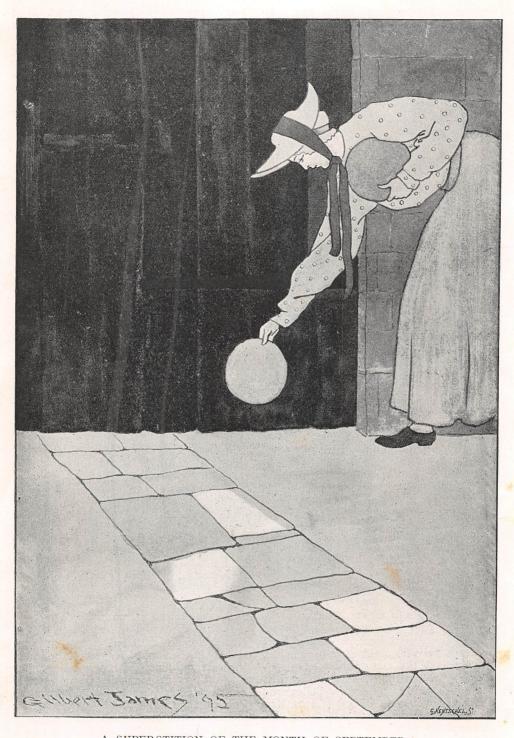


SHE HANDED ME A BIT OF BROWN-AND-RED STRIPED MATERIAL.

responsibility of the cut, fit, and style of all the bodices devolved entirely upon her. She decided the fate of many a fashionable lady who patronised Madame Smartly, and there were many society belles who had every reason to be grateful to Miss Fitley for her conscientiousness in providing them with bodices best suited for displaying their charms or hiding their defects. She made a study of each individual customer, and was always ready with advice and ideas, which, if followed out,

situation with shattered nerves, a sore throat, and a temper very much the worse for wear and tear. I felt sure that another week of buttonhole making on brown-andred striped linsey woolsey would drive me into a lunatic asylum, and thus prevent my starting out in business for myself, should I later on desire to do so, in which case I have thought of putting up a sign to the effect that I am

MADAME BLAKE, Modiste, Late with Madame Smartly.



A SUPERSTITION OF THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER.

Setting barley cake at the barn door for the rats, so that they may spare the grain stored there.

A CONVERSAZIONE.

BY BEATRICE DURHAM.

THAT a noise you make! Why can't you come to bed quietly, instead of waking everybody up?

might at least try!"

The speaker had been effectually roused from her first sleep, and was blinking fiercely at the light brought into the room by her sister Sybil.
"I'm sorry," she apologised.

"Sorry! What's the use of being sorry after the whole household has been disturbed? You always do it—every time that you go out."

Sybil made no answer; she seemed not to have heard. Maud watched her in sulky silence; nevertheless she was anxious to know how her sister had fared.

"That's an awfully pretty frock of yours—it suits you too," she allowed more amiably, and then, as her sister's fingers fumbled with the clasp of her necklace, "Here! come here, and let me undo that thing, or you will take all night undressing."

Her quick fingers soon loosened the

"Well? You might tell me about it now that I am awake. But I suppose it was horribly dull? Who was there? Anybody?"

Sybil turned, and faced her sister.

"It wasn't a bit dull," she said, "not a

"Why, Syb, you've been crying, I declare! Oh, Sybil! someone has proposed? Sybil?" Maud implored, but Sybil indignantly denied the charge of tears. Maud very gently moistened her finger on Sybil's cheek. "Look there, then! Sybil darling, do, do tell me all about it! Oh, dear! you always have all the proposals! I do wish that someone would propose to me-just for once."

"You're a goose, Sybil laughed. Maud. Besides, I have not had so manyand I really could not help it, as I told Charlie, and besides, Maud, Charlie—and

"Oh, Sybil! I am so glad!"

"Maud, you do like him, don't you?"

"Oh, Sybil! I think he's lovely. tell me—it must be so exciting." Sybil chuckled softly to herself as her sister caressed her.

"Anyway," she said, "I was not the only one this time. Aunt Sophy-

"Aunt Sophy! Do you mean to say someone What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. Aunt Sophy received an offer of marriage."

"Why, she's fifty if she's a day. Did

Charlie?—oh, do be serious, Syb." "I am perfectly serious. It's quite true. Oh, you should have been there! I tell you, it was just like a party on the stage; it was really. Don't you remember the other night, after the Adelphi, how you wished that parties were as thrilling in real life as they are on the stage? You said you would like to go to a stage party. Well, I've been!" Meanwhile she established herself comfortably on the edge of her sister's bed, laughing triumphantly. Maud begged for the story.

"Whoever would propose to Aunt Sophy? The white mouse! So old—so old maidish—so withered—so dowdy as

she is?"

Sybil smiled, with the pleased air of one

better informed.

"Well! all I can say is, that if you had seen her to-night you would neither have thought her withered nor dowdy, nor have remembered your favourite nickname for her-nor-

"Really, my dear Sybil, in that old black thing that she insists on wearing!

Why, she's as dowdy as—"

"Ah! you should have seen her tonight! As for being old, she might have been twenty, judging by her blushes—and, for that matter, I don't believe that she is fifty yet, for I know that she is younger than mamma."

"Oh, Sybil, give up talking nonsense! What did Charlie do to make you cry?"

"I did not know I had, Maud. Poor Aunt Sophy! Poor little thing! You've no idea what a hard time she has had, nor what a faithful old thing she has been!"

"Why not tell me, then? What in the name of goodness have you and she been up to?" Maud sat up in bed.

"Well! if I tell you, you must promise

talk with anyone interesting, and besides, there was no one——"

"But I thought Charlie was there."

"So he was; but he came late; it



HER QUICK FINGERS SOON LOOSENED THE TRINKET.

not to tell Mamma. I promised Aunt Sophy I would not. (You might as well unlace me while you are about it.) First of all it was horribly dull. I thought I should be bored to death. You know how Aunt Sophy is. She never lets one

was too bad of him. And there was Auntie all shrinking, and timid lest she should tread on propriety's toes (and she did, too!); and, of course, you know, there were very few people whom we knew. One ought to know

crowds of people to enjoy that sort of

thing. Either-

"Yes, yes; I know all that. We've said it before. Tell me about Aunt Sophy and Charlie."

"It was not Charlie. I was going to tell you, but you will interrupt—

"I was pining to come home again, wondering what the time was, and watching the Greens-how they do know everyone!---"

"Oh, hurry up!"

"-When Charlie came. It was horrid of him to be so late, wasn't it?" Sybil

asked smiling.

"Bother Charlie! How slow you are!" "Yes; well, you know, Charlie's the first point. Charlie had been dining with the Macregors-he was asked to meet Sir William Collins."

"What! the Sir William who went on

that expedition?"

"The same. He and Charlie came on together. You should have seen Aunt Sophy's face when Charlie explained all this. 'Am I to understand that you have had the honour of dining with Sir William Collins?' she asked in her most dignified manner, 'and that he is here now?' Charlie just pointed him out. Aunt Sophy flushed quite red with sudden excitement; and Charlie, who always is amused at her, you know, offered to introduce The great man was crowded about with all the swells making up to him, of course. Aunt Sophy was much too engrossed in watching him to notice Charlie's impertinence, so he repeated it! 'Thank you. I need no introduction,' she replied, and suddenly she got up, and walked towards Sir William. He, of course, did not notice, but you can imagine how Charlie and I stared! We could hardly recognise the old lady in her new-found courage. Charlie gasped, 'By Jove! I do believe she is going to speak to him! Whoever would have given her credit for so much pluck?""

"Well? And then?" put in Maud.
"For one moment we thought her courage would fail her—but no, she went straight through the crowd. Charley seized my arm, and we followed to see what would happen. We were just in time. Aunt Sophy held out her hand; she was evidently beginning to quail before so many staring eyes. We could only catch a word or two: she asked Sir William 'to honour her with a hand-shake,' or something of that sort, and she was as red as a rose. Charlie said, 'By Jove! what a

pretty old lady your aunt is!' Sir William broke off in the middle of what he was saying—he took her hand—and—and— Maud! you'll never believe — he kissed it, Maud, then and there!"

Maud looked most incredulous.

"Yes; but he did!—and so prettily! You should have seen him bow over her hand—mittens and all, you know: not even gloves! Talk about courtly grace! I told Charlie that I wished every

"Oh, bother Charlie! Always Charlie! Can't you stick to the point? Did not

everyone stare—

"Charlie said to me, 'Bravo! that was nobly done!' but Sir William flushed almost as pink as Aunt Sophy herself. I could not hear what he said. As for Auntie, she beat a precipitate retreat, and the people all closed round the great man again. Charlie and I had only just enough presence of mind to pretend that we had not seen. She was dreadfully flustered and nervous, poor old dear; but there was a gleam of triumph in her eye—I don't know what. Charlie thought that she was just awfully proud of her achievement. He offered to get refreshments; but she refused, and wanted to come home. But, you see, of course, I did not want to go—just the very moment Charlie had come; and, of course, I did not realise how upset and excited she was, because—well, you know, it's too silly to miss a chance of ices, is it not? So I begged for an ice, and Aunt Sophy stayed reluctantly. As a matter of fact, I believe that she was too agitated to move. She ought to be grateful to my ice, too. For by some means or other Sir William escaped from his admirers, and made his way to our corner-

"Gracious! Whatever did Aunt Sophy

do then?"

"'May I be allowed?' he asked, and seated himself on her left. Poor Auntie! She was in a flutter. She lost her words, and she blushed, and stammered, and tried to smile. Sir William led her on ever so gently-

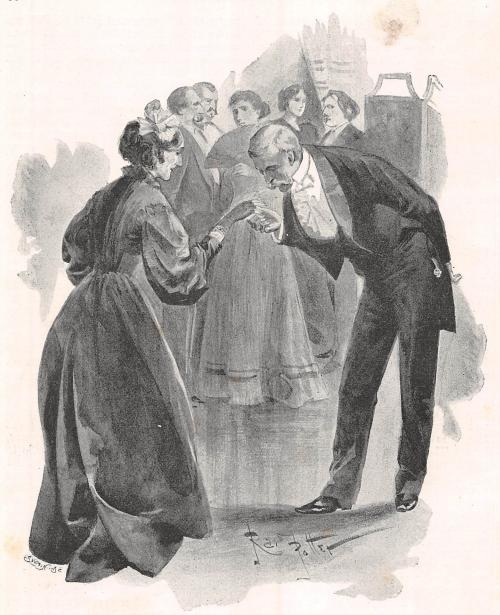
"Sybil? Do you really mean that he proposed to her? Really?"

Not then. I have not got to that yet."

"But he did?"

"He asked to be introduced to the daughter—meaning me, you know. should have seen Aunt Sophy! niece, Sir William, Miss Sybil Langham; not my daughter. I—I am not married."

"Oh, I see; after that the poor man had to offer himself," interrupted Maud.



HE TOOK HER HAND AND KISSED IT.

"Fancy Aunt Sophy throwing out such broad hints!"

"Ah, you can laugh! You should have been there and seen him look at her. Such a glance! I don't believe he saw me at all. But Aunt Sophy, by way of keeping up conversation, inquired after his wife and family—his wife and family, Maud! Of course, anybody but Aunt Sophy would have known that he was an antique bachelor; but, bless you, she didn't. He laughed ever so nicely, saying, 'I, too, Miss

Liddell,—I, too, have kept my maiden name!' And then, I assure you, they just looked at each other in astonishment and blushed. Charlie winked a great big wink."

"Oh, Sybil, it's lovely! I do wish that I had gone with you. Go on—do go on and tell me all."

"Well, then Sir William suggested refreshments; but Aunt Sophy was much too conscientious to leave me, because of Charlie, you know; so like her, wasn't it?

Anybody could have seen that she wanted to go with him dreadfully all the same. So we all moved off together. I can tell you, it was worth while passing the Greens with Aunt Sophy hanging on to Sir William's arm. They were absolutely bursting with astonishment. But we were parted in the crowd. Charlie and I somehow got separated from the other

"Oh, Sybil! Somehow got! How could you in the middle of such an exciting drama? It's a shame! Any other time would have done. So I suppose you missed the best part? you do not know for certain that he

proposed?"

"Oh, yes, he did! We just came in for the tag-end. You see, Maud, Charlie thought that having once escaped her vigilance, we might as well make the most of our opportunity. You see, Maud, of course-Charlie-well, of course, he likes me better than Aunt Sophy, and so, you see,

"So he chose the most inopportune moment in the world to offer you his hand and heart. It was a shame. Shall you have him? Syb, Syb, I am only teasing.

I am so glad, dear, for you."

The sisters kissed. A pause ensued. Maud gazed with frank admiration at her pretty sister, who still sat on the bed, half undressed, smiling and busy only with her

recollections of the evening.

"I say, Syb, it was a good thing that I did not go, after all, wasn't it? If I had, I should have been horribly de trop; it seems to me you would not have wanted me, neither would Aunt Sophy."

"Oh, Aunt Sophy needed a chaperon badly, I can tell you, Maudie!"

"I wish you would! instead of sitting there, smiling as though your life depended on it. Do tell me the rest, Sybil."

"Where did I get to?" Sybil asked. "Why, Sir Maud took up the tale. William and Auntie walked off arm in arm to the refreshment-room, and you—you let them go just at the most interesting-

"Well," continued Sybil, "Charlie and I were just thinking that we ought to be looking for them again, when we came unexpectedly upon them from behind. Aunt Sophy was white as a sheet, and looking dreadfully sad. Sir William was staring gloomily at nothing, and chewing the end of his grey moustache. They did not see us, nor anyone else. I think they were looking back on years long past. Aunt Sophy was speaking. We heard a few words: 'No, no, William; it's too late,

dear-too late now. I cannot do it. I am set in my ways, as I expect you are in yours; and I am too old now to adapt myself to new ways. I am an old maid—an old woman, and the life is almost gone out of me. You should find a younger bride.' Then Sir William answered huskily-but we could not stay there, where we could hear, could we? Of course we would not have heard even so much, if we could have helped it. We went back to the big hall, and presently Aunt Sophy joined us. Poor dear! She looked so tired, Maud. We went to get our wraps almost at once, and Charlie had the carriage called. Sir William was in the hall, waiting to hand in Aunt Sophy. 'Then I may come and call?' he asked, as he took her hand. 'Oh, William, if you will!' she murmured, and Charlie was so interested that he never even wished me 'Good-night.' Aunt Sophy shrank back into a corner of the carriage as we drove off, and burst into tears. Poor Aunt Sophy! She gave way completely, and sobbed and sobbed. I did not know what to say, because, of course, she could not suppose that I had seen or heard anything, and it was so sad to see her crying like that-"

"Poor Sybil!" said Maud, caressing her

"So, after a minute or two, I just told her all about Charlie. It seemed a little bit selfish, you know, but I thought that it would distract her-and it did."

"Wasn't she dreadfully shocked?"

"No. She simply said, 'God bless you, my dear!' and after a little while added: 'And don't let anyone come between you, my dear,' as though anybody could or should, Maud! She likes Charlie very much. I always thought that she did. She dried her eyes, and told me that she thought him a most estimable Won't he be flattered when young man. I tell him? But the poor old thing was terribly conscience-stricken. 'He is an estimable youth,' she said, 'but I doubt whether your mother--' Maud! Maud! will mother be pleased? Mother is—

"Oh, nonsense, Sybil! she'll be as

pleased as all of us."

"I don't know. Aunt Sophy is so afraid of her; but she said to me, 'Never mind, my dear; if you really love one another, I will help you as much as I can.' "

"Bravo, Auntie!" whispered Maud, "I had an idea that she disapproved of marry-

ing, and giving in marriage!"

"So had I, but she does not, not a bit. 'Don't let anything come between you,

my dear,' she kept on repeating. 'Marry, and live your own lives.' And then she told me her own story: 'When I was your age,' she said, 'and wanted to-he was plain William, then, my dear, and had not won a title—poor Will, poor Will! . . . Mother—

to get to bed, and as I was leaving the room she called me back. 'I wanted to ask you, dear, not to mention this to your mother, because, dear, I should not like to grieve her. If she knew how unhappy I have been . . . So, my dear, if you would



AUNT SOPHY SHRANK BACK INTO A CORNER OF THE CARRIAGE AND BURST INTO TEARS.

your grandmother, I mean, dear—had other views for me. She said he was not eligible, and she was a hard woman in her way, though I would not let anyone else say so, and Marion (your mother, my dear)—she disliked him, too, and I—well, we never met again—never, until to-night; but I might have been Lady Collins. I was right all the time, only I gave way, and now it is too late. I could not do it now.' And she wept all the way home, Maud. I tried to comfort her. When we got in I went to help her

not mind- God bless you and yours, dear! Good-night!"

Sybil's cheek was wet again. "Poor Aunt Sophy!" she sighed, contrasting her own happiness.

"Whoever would have thought it!" ejaculated Maud. "Dear old lady!-I say, Sybil, hurry up, there is three o'clock striking. Get into bed."

A little while after the light had been

extinguished, she asked-

"Sybil, do you think he will call?" "I'm sure of it," was all the answer.

WITH THE ESSEX FARM FOLK.

By ARTHUR T. PASK.

THE mellow light of evening streams over the ragged hedge and spreads the shadow of the blackthorn on the dusty road. Through the straggling pinebranches that fringe the copse the wood-

ON THE BROW OF THE HILL.

pigeon flies with heavy wings; the cuckoo has "tipped its tune in the middle of June," and left the woods long since; the martin, who is busy with his nestlings under the barn eaves, discourses anything but the sweetest music. One! two! three! four! five! six! seven!—the village

clock has just struck, and, as if in answer, a leaf falls from the Says Sentiment: rugged elm. "Now is the time for the nightingale to start its song"; answers prosaic Common Sense: "They like to kill the pig just after twilight." But neither Philomel nor porker add or take from the still beauty of the evening. Still—yes, the evening is almost too still. The dog-roses and the honeysuckle may link their sweetness, the white geranium may rise above the burdock, the robin's eye may give friendly greeting, above all may be the blauen Himmels freundlich Bild, yet a sense of dull sadness weighs

heavily upon you. It does not even pass away when you have reached the top of the little hill, where, the hedges being somewhat lower, there is something like a

broad view of the country around. How different it all looks here from what it was twenty-five years ago! Then Farmer Jones came by with his spaniels—for it is not very far off from the marshes—and met

your glance with broad sympathetic smile—yes, the wheat did look well; there could be no doubt about that. Now, as if to epitomise everything, the broken five-bar gate is left open, the fields are not worth the taking care of. Yes, where once the light breeze set the tall ears swaying, the thistle and the marshmallow hold their own. All good enough doubtless for a melancholy study; by no means cheering to the Essex farmer. Plenty of still-life detail of course for the artist: a broken harrow in the corner of the field, a rusty tea-can that was once slung in Giles's knotted red handkerchief, a sign of

bad times and decay in everything. It is best to walk on. There, down in the little vale below, is the small town where you mean to make a half-hour's halt. Though it is a quarter of a mile off, there can be seen the whole length and breadth of its one wide street. The red-brick houses are no Ruskin



A HUMBLE HOME.

eyesore. The old square church-tower at the end is a lovely bit of bluish grey. Nay, the ivy-clad buttress has quite a purple tint. By the wheel-pump the gossips make a charming group. But the town is almost deserted. Take the Red Lion to begin with. That rampant creature on the sign-post? From wind



A SON OF THE SOIL.

and weather and lack of the brush, he has faded to a dingy chocolate. From the posts of the portico the white paint has peeled off. They look none the smarter for being adorned with the yellow posters announcing the coming of a travelling circus. No brace of smart gigs with spanking mare between the shafts is drawn up in front of the hostelry. No

dogs are yelping and frisking in the road. It is Sleepy Hollow with a vengeance—the vengeance of bad times falling with a heavy shadow. Yet, "Hullo, there!" Good friend the doctor, who has been paying a call opposite, hails you from across the road.

"There has been a good deal of sickness about lately? Of course there has! In summer-time there is always a heavy percentage of measles and scarlet-fever among the

labourers' children. Defective sanita-Very likely, but how is the farmer capable of keeping the cottages in repair? It's as much as he can do to pay his own rent; as to doing what's wanted and then, say, deducting it from his wages at sixpence or a shilling a week, Giles is not at all in a hurry to jump at any terms of that kind. A shilling a week means, if he be a moderate man, two-thirds of his threepenny beer money. Not to be thought of. In winter-time the children suffer a good deal from bronchitis and pneumonia. Bad clothing, lack of nourishing food. and the want of physique in consequence, in severe weather raise the sick rate among the children to quite forty per cent. And the boys? Well, as an old-service man, it can be safely said that not above five or six per cent. of them would be taken as naval recruits. With the children generally the stooping to weed, hoe, or pick up potatoes and the like causes great contraction of the chest. From thirteen to sixteen the boys do stand a bit better from their work, being more upright. Physical drill in the Board School? Yes, an excellent idea. Among the farm - people's children it should be increased, as at any rate it gives them something of a set-up that may last them the rest of their lives. Again, it gets them in the way of doing things by rule—helps, in fact, to make 'em smarter altogether. And when are the men at their best physically? Why, from twenty to twenty-five, particularly if they don't happen to get married. The truth is their health depends entirely on the matter of finance. Could a man afford to



THE LABOURER'S HOME.

drink good mild ale instead of that beastly saccharated threepenny he would be all the better for it. And meat? A man must have plenty of that if he wants to keep up his muscular fibre. As a rule Giles, if he is at all overdone and underfed, begins to fall off at about thirty; at sixtyfive he is no good at all—pneumonia or bronchitis in the end manage to finish him off, even as they had a try at it when he was a youngster. Still, for all that, though he may not be up to work he is not out of the There's old way of enjoying himself. -, now; he's close on eighty, or more, perhaps; he can only hobble about on crutches, but as he's not in the Union and his sons are well-to-do, they keep him

going, and so he can enjoy his halfpint and crack a joke with anyone. Reading and writing, of course, are not much in his line, yet his headpiece is quite as good as the average town mechanic's. But let's go into the Red Lion. I've got a case there."

Inside the Red Lion? The poor beast would hardly get along were it not for the cyclists who now and again turn up. For a wonder, in the parlour there is a small company—

a company as dismal as it might be. Take number one: as handsome a type of the Essex farmer as you could wish for; still, meanly clad indeed as compared with the ruddy, smart, half-sporting character who held the same land twenty-five years back. Times are bad, of course. "After the Crimean War, father made quite £350 a year out of the 180 acres. Forty year ago horsemen's wages were only twelve shillings, labourers' ten shillings, or even eight shillings. Thirty year ago wheat would fetch sixty-five shillings. A man would open his eyes wide now if he got thirty shillings. What's the good of it now if rents are only a pound now when they were two and three formerly? My ploughin' costs me ten shillings the acre, and harrowin' three times three shillings. Then there's seed (tho' that's cheap enough!), and the manure stands me in nigh forty shillings the acre. People come down here and say why don't we grow wegetables—what's the good o' that? Four hundred and seventy ton of onions came in from Egypt not so long ago in one load. And as to speculatin' anyways when all's going on wrong around you, you haven't got the heart to do it."

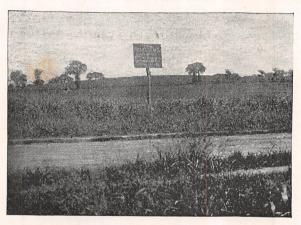
Well! well! Yet, as in the Red Lion parlour there is not overmuch to cheer the haphazard traveller's spirits, you soon find yourself outside with your friend the doctor. He also seems to be in a somewhat depressed humour. At length he breaks out with—

"Yes, it is the dullness of things all round that takes the heart out of them all,



A VETERAN LABOURER.

so that they cannot grasp at any chance that comes to hand. Much less have they the energy to go out of the way to start anything new. Take market-day. In the old times a farmer started from home as if for a day's lark. He called on his way at another fellow's farm, and there was the whisky-bottle ready, and again at times afterwards the two men had a stroll round to look at the stock and chat. There was some grand market news to be picked up that was useful in making a deal. The two went on together to the next farm, and the same thing took place. I don't mean that they got to the town the worse for liquor. They were jolly, that's all. They looked at things in the best light altogether. were brisker and spryer There's no doubt about it, the men have a much lower mental tone than their fathers. Better education can't fight against bad times. When they call on each other's places now they say, "Will you have a glass of beer," and don't seem to be in any violent hurry to bring it out.



LAND TO BE SOLD.

There's none of the old free-and-easy fun there used to be. And no wonder. Look here now."

The doctor leaves off to point to a notice-board announcing freehold land for sale.

"Twenty-five years ago that land kept ten men. Now? It isn't worth while to attempt to cultivate anything that's at all near a railway-station. The builder does, or thinks he does, better with it than the farmer. By-the-way, in the plans of uncultivated Essex this has not al-

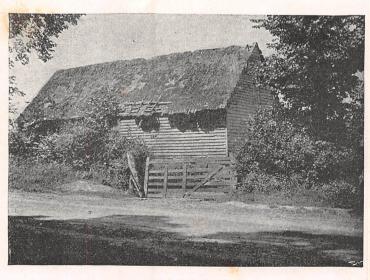
ways been plainly enough pointed out. The farms near the railway stations will fall into the hands of the Cockney squires."

In the green shady lane, however, the doctor cheers up, perhaps in the pleasure he feels in seeing his statements supported by stare-in-the-face fact. You halt to look over a five-barred-gate that has been mended with rugged faggots. See the big barn! It is almost tumbling

to pieces. The thatch has rotted off, and the mouldering rafters come through. All the buildings are in a state of picturesque semi-ruin. Against the cow-

sheds the nettles grow in huge bushes. There are plenty of broken lines for the artist, and plenty of signs of broken-down times for the economist. The very pig-sty is half a ruin. Yet for all this the look of the live-stock is not half so bad as you might expect. Fowls and ducks—particularly the latter can be counted in good round numbers. But then Essex has always been a good duck county. Here again, though the farmer must needs have his say about the cramming of the county with foreign produce, and the high railway rates at home, he mentions incidentally something of some importance. Several Kentish farmers he

knows of are sending their green market-garden produce to London by coasting steamer. Perhaps the same experiment might be tried in his own county. He's not over-sure about it! Things are bad! "Round about here there are quite eleven or twelve farms to let, and comparative-like lying idle." But as the farmer appears to be growing somewhat irritable with the subject, once more a start is made in the high road. A group of labourers pass by. They are of somewhat poor physique and shambling gait. They



OUT OF REPAIR.

rather call to mind both in face, look, and figure some of the peasants in the potato districts about Oudenarde. "As I said



"TO LET."

before," says Mr. Doctor, "they don't have enough to eat to keep them well up. Take the horseman who rises at four o'clock! He gets a cup of tea, perhaps, not as a matter of course, an ounce and a half of fat bacon, and something less than four ounces of bread. He comes home to

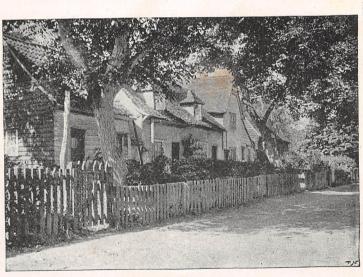
breakfast at eight, and has it with his children before they tramp off to Board School, the meal being much the same as before. Dinner-time with him is rather late. He cannot spare it until his team is put up at, say, two o'clock. There is nearly always a little bit of meat kept back from Sunday's dinner for two days in the week. It is only an ounce or two of hash, but with a mess of potatoes, if he have a fairish garden, sometimes

with cabbage, the wife can make up a kind of lobscouse. If he be a married man with a family he seldom has less than two bread-and-cheese dinners in the

week. On Sundays he always does get a good feed. Five or six pounds of beef is bought for himself, wife, and three

> youngsters. Essex man is extravagantly particular as to quality, thinking nothing of giving one and threepence per pound (sic) for best top ribs. Legs of mutton, as a rule, are not purchased. Necks, however, are occasionally condescended to. Any idea of economical cooking is unknown. The sensible pot-au-feu of the French peasant would be looked upon with utter contempt. I don't suppose that they ever heard of

currie; yet I'm sure that it would warm them up a bit in the winter. As to the children, they're so many 'bubble and squeakers'—that is, excepting on Sundays. Bubble and squeak—hotted-up potatoes, cabbage, and dripping—is a common meal in these parts. When they have cheese



A SUNNY ESSEX LANE.

the men go for American, and look with contempt upon Dutch—why, I don't know; perhaps because it's cheap and fairly wholesome. Yes; it's the want of meat food—nourishing food, to keep up the body's heat, that makes the little ones so subject to bronchitis and pneu-

Of course, monia. some there's overcrowding. How can it be helped in a fourroomed cottage with five to sleep? When one gets sick the front room, the parlour, is turned into the hospital. No, no. I don't believe that there is one case in five hundred of a questionable character arising from thus being huddled up. The girls who drift away from what's right have been out to service in the small towns or, so to speak, run away to London. I think the lads, if they do use bad language, on the whole behave very well

indeed to the cottage girls. Yes, in the face of all over-crowding, the moral standard is much higher than it is in

the towns."

Now, as you journey on and the mellow evening light throws the long shadows of the elms across the straggling weeds of a

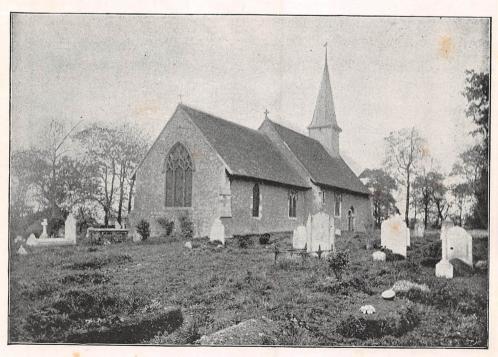
fallow field, the nightingale makes a few trial notes. Alack! This part of the country has suffered much from the small-bird catcher. The bullfinch is growing quite a rarity, and the linnets are taken away in thousands. In these bad times even the birds are not left to cheer one up.

Still, there is something to be seen that yields some sort of satisfaction. The cotters' gardens are unusually well kept. Here is one well worth noting. It is separated by a hedge and broad ditch from the high road. There

the high road. There is a stretch of land about 120 ft. by 35 ft., a bit at the side 40 ft. square or so, and a small duck-pond. If the crop turns out all right there will be two full sacks of



THE LABOURER.



THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF THE ESSEX LABOURERS.

potatoes. One side of the long bed is bordered with broad beans, well free from fly of any sort. There are scarlet runners, carrots, onion patch, lettuces, summer cabbages, and a new plantation of late. On the plot, also, are five fairish good fruit-trees. Two of them, being planted near the hedge, save the garden growth from being over - shadowed, even if they may offer too strong a temptation to roadside petty economists. The farm horseman, who is standing amid his little wealth of produce, is a slight but well-built, sharp-eyed man of forty or thereabout. He is decently clad, and carries a watch and chain. On this land he has only been working some five or six years, having migrated from more northern His wages are fifteen shillings There is no look of poverty per week. about either him or his children. Perhaps, though, he is an exceptional personage, who is able to make the best of everything. On the duck-pond are swimming thirtytwo well-fed quackers. He also counts twelve cocks and hens and fifty chickens. He is a man capable, then, even of better things under better circumstances, though it looks as if present circumstances are by no means bad. Peeping inside the front door the interior is at least comfortablelooking, whatever it may be from a sanitary point of view. There is a goodly show of mounted photographs upon the walls, a few oleographs, and two engravings of the Queen and Prince Albert. A Seth Thomas clock, three or four mahogany chairs, a looking-glass, an old sofa, and a patch of carpet suggest but little idea of anything like squalor and misery. On the round table supper is neatly set—bread, cheese, lettuce, bottle of marmalade, but no sign of beer. It is possible that the cotter is a teetotaler, although he has not made mention of it. Perhaps the two miles' walk from the ale-house is the real reason. "But," says the doctor, "the men about here are not at all a drunken lot—a pot a day is about as much as they usually take the only pity is that it's not better in quality. This fellow has brought up his children decently enough; the eldest girl is in service, and the boy next works on a farm nigh by—he lodges out, so that there are only three little children besides the father and mother sleeping at home. Well, I don't say that it's exactly an exceptional model household; still, it's better than a good many. It's only fair to say that most of the men about here make the best of their garden patches. No; they cannot be said to be badly off-at least, bar the tumble-down cottages they have to live in."

The horseman stands at his little gate and nods a farewell as you turn out into the sunset glow. After all, can he be so very badly off as some social scientists would wish us to believe? But when the next hill is mounted how many well-acred fields are to be seen lying fallow! Whatever the peasant may do, the farmer must be having a bad time of it.

Says the doctor: "But the Scotchmen who have come here say that they can make a 'do' of it."

You answer: "I was thinking only of the Essex farm folk who are Essex men."



AN ESSEX LANDSCAPE.



Phyllis is my only joy.

Faithless as the winds and seas,

Sometimes cunning, sometimes coy,

Yet she never fails to please;

If with a frown

I am cast down,

Phyllis smiling

And beguiling,

Though, alas! too late I find
Nothing can her fancy fix,
Yet the moment she is kind
I forgive her all her tricks;
Which, though, I see,
I can't get free;
She deceiving,
I believing,

Makes me happier than before. What need lovers wish for more?

REMINISCENCES OF A PLEASURE-TRIP.

By ROBERT GANTHONY.

THE drawback to a cruise like that which Sir Donald Currie gave his friends in the *Tantallon Castle* is that when the excitement of the trip is over and you shake your kindly host by the hand at Fenchurch Street Station, you feel as you drive home that you are nobody—men no longer stand at the street corners and raise their hats, blue-eyed maidens with blonde

tresses no longer smile on you and whisper a welcome, and clerks do not tear themselves away from entrancing accountbooks and rush to their office windows to greet

you.

The newspapers no longer chronicle your doings, and you eat your meals without being surrounded by kings, princes, and notabilities, and without being daily perplexed as to what dainties you should select from the elaborate menucards presented to you by an obliging steward.

I felt all this as acutely as a dethroned Lord Mayor when I drove from Fenchurch Street, and I said in the fullness of my heart to a porter at Waterloo Station as I alighted—

"I have just come from the Baltic."

"'Ave yer?" he replied. "Well, I'm

just agoin' to my dinner."

The enthusiasm to which I have alluded, the lack of which now makes me disconsolate, began as we went up the Elbe, when the binocular glasses often revealed fluttering pocket-handkerchiefs at distant villa windows which the unaided eye would have passed unnoticed.

When a steamer on the Elbe is run into

and sinks, it is allowed to remain as a delicate hint to those still floating to be careful. We passed several half-submerged vessels; and if they have many more accidents, and don't gather up the fragments, there will be no room to pass.

At Hamburg there is plenty of life and bustle and no wrecks. Knowing that chronology varies when travelling, every-



Photo by R. Ganthony.

THE PILOT BOAT LEAVING KIEL.

body on board began twisting their watch-hands to agree with a large clock that stood opposite to our mooring-station, only to discover afterwards that it indicated the depth of water in the river.

Down the Elbe the deputation from Hamburg boarded us like a lot of bearded and smiling pirates, armed to the teeth with bouquets and umbrellas, and bound us, not with ropes, but to keep the two

following days—tags they call them—according to their pre-arranged and printed programme.

In America the first thing they do to cheer you is to show you a cemetery. At



STUDYING OUR PROGRAMME.

Hamburg it is a shade better, for at 8.30 a.m. we were taken to see the Wasserwerke. The next German friend that visits me I shall trot off to Chelsea or Surbiton soon after daybreak, and give him an equally pleasant outing. What they call "Ab Passagierhallen per Lauenburger Dampfer," means a trip down the river, which was much pleasanter and far less complicated than it reads.

We had a capital brass band in tall black hats on board the Dampfer, and also a woman with a handkerchief on her head, who handed round beer, which had a head but no handkerchief. Indeed, we had everything to make us happy—a fine day, plenty of cameras, Mr. Wyllie, A.R.A., and his macintosh, and no sea-sickness.

The manager's house and grounds are really pretty, and our party may be seen above threading their way under the trees. Their slow and stately gait is due to the fact that they were not aware at the time that drink other than Elbewasser was awaiting them in the distant buildings.

I tasted the water, which appeared to me to be of the same brand as the beverage in our cistern, only more so, and was then escorted to another building, where, after being shown Elbe animalculæ through microscopes to modify our wild enthusiasm for water, which to many of us was a new drink, we were induced to taste of wine

and liqueurs, and asked to smoke some very choice cigars.

I do not understand what connection there is between tobacco and waterworks, but I enjoyed the cigar presented me until forced to re-enter the building to express an opinion on German animalculæ. thought they looked like my English eyelashes, and I turned out to be right, for during the glass - clinking and mutual compliment, the water under inspection had dried up, to the discomfort of the insects, and the temporary postponement of entomo-

logical investigation.

After our return from the Wasserwerke we tackled the next item—after studying it, as will be seen by our Illustra-

tion—viz., "Rundfahrt durch den Hafen," and steamed about the shipping in the Dampfer, where our brass band was much appreciated by the sailors and wharf labourers, who shouted lustily for music as we passed, if the band happened to be showing its appreciation of the foaming lager, which we as a body sometimes neglected.

On disembarking we found a whole string of well-appointed pair-horse carriages with cockade-hatted coachmen ready to drive us to the Alsterlust, where we arrived arm-tired from continual hatraising.

After lunch at the Alsterlust—a charming restaurant on the Alster river, we embarked on two small steamers, as soon as Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and the ladies had joined us, and steamed up the Alster past the houses and gardens of the merchant princes to Sophienterrasse, where Sir Donald went ashore to assist in christening a child. We remained on the Alsterdampfböten, and, as it came on to rain, we had a christening also, but no child, and the Alsterdampfböten became very damp boating indeed.

The genial clergyman who performed the ceremony came down to the steamboat, and was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. The enormous Elizabethan ruffle he wore did not seem to me calculated to create a deep religious feeling in the minds of the uninitiated if sprung on them suddenly.

We returned to the Tantallon Castle to dress, and then, via the Ariadne and carriages, went off to dine at the Zoo-

logischen Garten.

The Zoo rather suggests seeing animals fed than dining oneself, but it turned out all right, and we were not, I was relieved to discover, put in cages and fed through the bars.

Banquets that read well in the papers are always to me rather trying, especially when they last from seven to after midnight. The speeches—in ornate English by the way—were sandwiched in between the courses, which plan, though it allows you time to get hungry between each instalment of food, must worry the life out of the chef, who never can tell how

long any speech may be, and is consequently always on the brink of uncertainty as to whether the dishes upon which his reputation depends will be uncooked or over-baked.

I suppose speeches at dinners are necessary, but Daniel in the lions' den had this comfort that if there was to be an after-dinner speech, he would neither have to make nor listen to it.

During the elocutionary portion of the banquet I wandered about the grounds, heard the band, smoked a cigar under the trees, and studied the populace enjoying itself; then I clambered over the rope that protected our portion from the crowd, and heard all about what I had missed as we returned to the ship, and

that finished what the official programme

calls "Freitag, den 14. Juni."
Sonnabend I took quietly, as we had dropped down the river into pretty country, and lunched on board with Mr. Gladstone, leaving the young ones to "Frühstück bei

Jacobs" (vide programme), and I found that I lost nothing, as the "Frühstück," if I may accept Mr. Garland Soper's report. turned out to be a frühstück on a mud bank opposite Jacobs, where, while enduring the pangs of hunger, those who went frühstücking could see on shore the decorated tables groaning under the weight of luxuries, beside which idle waiters stood prepared to serve the collation to which, owing to their stranded condition, our party could not do justice. In despair Mr. John Paddon of Africa gallantly pushed the steamer off with his silk umbrella, which to this day remains stuck in the mud bank, and evidence of how the brave are rewarded, and the uncertainty of human plans and desires.

When the stranded ones returned to the Tantallon Castle, minus their lunch and a silk umbrella, they found the awnings up, and the vessel gay with bunting, to make our Hamburg friends welcome at the banquet on board that evening to their honour and appetites.



Photo by R. Ganthony.

MRS. GLADSTONE ON BOARD THE "TANTALLON CASTLE."

Never did a body of men work with such unflagging zeal and with such loyalty as Sir Donald's staff to make everything go off well. Mr. Walker's handsome face looked a shade anxious, and though Mr. Jack surveyed matters calmly, there

was a nervous twinkle in his flashing eye that even his smoked glasses could not

altogether conceal.

Where to seat everyone and please everyone was no easily solved puzzle. Every cabin was brought into requisition, and even the second-class saloon was graced by the company of lords, one admiral, and several knights, in addition to my own presence.

After the banquet we joined the others in the saloon, and Mr. Gladstone gave us a speech, "made in Germany," which we cheered as though we were in a police-

court.

After the speeches we had a concert, Mr. William Nicholl charming us with

singing and Mr. Robert Ganthony making an emphatic hit with his comic lecture on geometry, Mr. Gladstone heartily applauding this novel employment of mathematics. It gives me great pleasure to record the success of these deserving young entertainers.

The Hamburg visitors, ladies and gentlemen, shook hands with the concert-givers at the conclusion of the entertainment as they went on deck, where conversation became general until, with cheers and counter-cheers, the *Ariadne* paddled away back with our visitors to Hamburg; and I am sure neither Sir Donald's English nor his German guests will ever forget that evening on the Elbe.





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